

### Business Cards.

#### NEW STORE —AND— FASHIONABLE GOODS!

MRS. M. A. BUTLER, has removed to the  
new and elegantly situated store one door west of  
the Woburn Book Store, which she has had hand-  
some fitted up expressly for her.

#### MILLINERY BUSINESS.

She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of  
Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE  
STOCK of  
Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries,  
Bonnets, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c., &c.  
Particular attention given to bleaching, pressing and  
altering Bonnets, in the most fashionable style.  
Woburn, April 25, '57.

#### Groceries, Provisions, W. I. Goods —AND— FAMILY STORES!!

THE undersigned respectfully gives notice that he  
has taken the store recently occupied by the late  
Mr. McLaughlin & Colman, where he will keep  
constantly on hand, and for sale, at reasonable  
prices, a good assortment of  
West India Goods, Groceries & Provisions.  
He solicits from the customers of said late firm  
a continuance of their favors, and invites the public  
generally to call at said store and purchase their goods.  
PATRICK CALAN.  
Woburn, Feb. 13, 1858.—15.

#### HAT MANUFACTORY.

W. A. HASLAM,  
PRACTICAL HATTER,  
invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn  
and vicinity to his stock of  
Hats & Caps  
of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to  
business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call  
upon him.  
Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who  
find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one  
made by having their measurements taken, and will be as easy  
to wear as an old one.  
Hats renovated in good style, from 25 to 50  
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### Poetry.

#### The Treasured Harp.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

All the splendid furniture of his late resi-  
dence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp.  
That, he said, was too closely associated with  
the idea of herself; it belonged to the little  
story of their lives; for some of the sweetest  
moments of their courtship were those when  
he had leaned over that instrument, and lis-  
tened to the melting tones of her voice. — *Ir-  
ving's Sketch Book.*

Go, leave that harp!—twined round its strings  
There's many a magic spell,  
Leave that untouch'd, — the strain it brings  
This heart remembers well.

Let that remain! — all else beside,  
Go scatter to the wind!  
The chords that won my home a bride,  
No other home shall find.

It hath a power, though all unstrung  
It lies neglected now,  
And from her hands 'twill ne'er be wrung,  
Till death those limbs shall bow.

It hath no price since that sweet hour  
She tuned it first, and played  
Love's evening hymn, within the bower  
Her youthful fingers made.

A spirit like a summer's night  
Hangs o'er that cherished lyre,  
And whispers of the calm moonlight  
Are trembling from the wire.

Still on mine ear her young voice falls,  
Still floats that melody,  
On each low'd haunt its music calls,  
Go! leave that harp and me.



For the Middlesex Journal.

## The Return.

Since early dawn I've waited, sister,  
At the cottage door for thee,  
I caught a glimpse of the rising sun  
As it glided the old elm tree;  
I saw it kiss the stern old man's brow,  
And rest on the stream as it murmured low  
At the foot of the lawn where the willows  
grow.

But you came not then.

At noon I wandered up the road,  
Watching, waiting long for thee,  
And weary at last, on the mile-stone sat,  
With my head bowed on my knee;  
I heard the coach before it came nigh,  
And held my breath, while my hopes ran  
high;  
Nearer it drew, but alas!—it went by,  
For you came not then.

Still waiting, at night by the gate I stood,  
And heard the winds as they sighed,  
And thought of the loved of our early youth,  
Now 'mong the glorified.  
You were all that was left to bless my sight,  
And as I dreamed by the gate that night,  
A form from the darkness flashed into light,  
And oh! you came then.

But not as I dreamed you would, sister,  
With God's blessing on your brow;  
The world's vain love and cruelty,  
Has stirred your being now;  
The heart whose waters, with innocent flow,  
Went out from our home one year ago,  
Has mingled with sin,—but even so,  
Thou art welcome back.

With the same old prayers of our early youth  
That we liped beside her knee,  
I'll then will to hope and love again,  
Then will you not pray with me?  
The unspoken words are still in thy heart,  
They formed of thy childhood the better part;  
Yes, feeling is there,—tho' the crowded mart,  
Has hushed the tone.

And whose but a sister's hand shall touch  
The chords of thy inner life;  
And bid the soul which has suffered much  
Rest from its weary strife?  
To the only faithful heart draw near,  
Poor, sorrowing one, that is left here;  
I'll calm each doubt and dry each tear,  
And point to peace!

Boston, Sept., 1858.

H. A. K.

## The Journal.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2d, 1858.

## To Our Patrons.

The present number completes the seventh volume of the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL. It was established to meet a want which was believed to exist. Some were a little dubious at first respecting the success of a paper in Woburn. Every preceding attempt had come to naught. But, nevertheless, the Brothers Fowle believed that they understood the public want, and started the *Journal*. After publishing it several years, with fair success, it became the property of the present proprietor. Determined to establish it on a firm basis, and to make it a first class paper, he has spared neither labor nor expense in order to make it worthy the patronage of an appreciating public. It is gratifying to know that his efforts have not been unsuccessful, but that the *Journal* has become a necessary and ever welcome visitor in a large number of families in Woburn and in several of the adjoining towns.

It has been the aim of the Editor to occupy high and unquestioned ground respecting all important matters. Education, morals, literature, general intelligence, passing local events, have all found a place in our columns. Some of our correspondents and contemporaries have had the kindness to speak favorably of our sheet, and our humble efforts in the world of letters. We thank them most heartily for their good opinions, and kind wishes. We do not like to brag, or publish what others say of us. We think it would be rather foolish in us to do so. We are glad to know that we are pleasing our friends, and that is satisfaction enough for us.

The year through which we have passed has been one of peculiar trials. Many men's hearts have been ready to fail them in view of the prospects before them. But, while compelled to economize in most of the necessities of life, they have clung to the *Journal*,—with now and then an exception,—like tried friends and true.

We thank our correspondents for their hearty co-operation, and for their interesting contributions on a great variety of topics. We question whether there are many country papers with a more able, interesting and reliable set of correspondents than is possessed by the *Middlesex Journal*.

We think it not vanity in us to say that the *Journal* exerts a salutary influence upon men and measures where it is circulated. It has been a warm advocate of reform in respect to all public abuses. It has opposed all monopoly, and extortion in trade, and goes in for home patronage in all cases where it is practicable. We have done what little we could with our pen and by freely affording others the use of our columns to render Woburn second to no town in the State in respect to all that is truly worthy and noble in any community.

Kind reader, we have met regularly week after week, till the wheel of time has come round, and we are about to enter upon a new volume. We shall retain as many as possible of our present efficient assistants, and trust that our constant efforts will secure to us the continued approbation of the public. We shall still endeavor to make the *Journal* the people's paper, having no fear whatever respecting a liberal support. To our patrons, one and all, we extend a kindly hand. Most truly we can say to them,

"We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade,"

and such we are quite sure we shall continue to be. May we all live to see the completion of many more volumes of the *Middlesex Journal*, and when called to go hence, may it be with the consciousness that we have done our duty faithfully and conscientiously toward God and our fellowmen.

## Middlesex Agricultural Society.

Through the politeness of Hon. John S. Keyes, President of the Society, we received a ticket to the Agricultural Exhibition and dinner at Concord, on Wednesday of the present week. The day was beautiful, marked by that soft, warm haziness characteristic of a true New England Indian summer. It was just such a day as the farmer loves to see in September, for it brings golden visions to his mind of well ripened corn. It was just the kind of a day to call those who are not farmers from their arts, trades and professions, to the enjoyment of nature in her autumnal loveliness, and to make them feel that there is no employment so desirable, in all respects, as the cultivation of the soil.

In company with a friend we started from Woburn at about half-past nine in the forenoon—rather a late hour—and rode leisurely to Concord, surveying and enjoying the rare beauties of the harvest fields constantly presented to our view. We arrived at too late an hour to witness the ploughing match, but the large and convenient field where the exhibition was held, seemed filled to overflowing with delighted visitors. We were in season to witness the exhibition of trotting horses. There was quite a variety in appearance and quality, and some very good ones, if our judgment is not at fault.

Passing next to the hall where the various products of the farm,—the dairy, the orchard, the garden, the grapiery, the needle, and the kitchen—were displayed, we spent an hour or more in examining the fine display presented. We have neither time nor space to give a full report of what we saw. The display of fruit, including apples, pears, peaches, quinces and grapes was very fine indeed. There were specimens of the Northern Spy, Ladies' Blush, Danvers Sweet, Seck no Further, Baldwin, N. Y. Russet, Orange Sweet, Porter, N. Y. Pippin, Ramshorn, Sea Cone, Bell Flower, Hubbardston, River, Roxbury Russet, Rhode Island Greening, Pearmain, and Cat's Head, that ought to satisfy the most fastidious. The display of Melons was good, though the specimens were not numerous. The Peaches looked the best of any we have seen this year. The Pears defy description. They must be seen—and we rather "guess" tasted—to be fully appreciated. We did not record the names of the different varieties. If such fruit could be raised with a reasonable amount of care and labor, we should advise its cultivation. We did not notice the exquisite Rosticker. Perhaps it was on the table, but escaped our notice. The specimens of Grapes, though not numerous, presented a fine display. Of their real quality we cannot speak, as we did not taste of them. We think we should like the birth of tasting committee—better than "smelling committee."

If Bull's Concord Grape is as good as it looked, it must be very fine. We had not seen any of the mature fruit before, and were surprised at its beautiful and rich appearance. There was one specimen of Grape on the table, from Bedford, with the following label: "Native cultivated Grapes. Writhe the last of August." It seemed a pity that the man who could raise such fine fruit, could not spell better. John Cummings, Jr., of this town, exhibited some fine specimens of the Black Hamburg, and received a premium of \$5.00 for them.

There were mammoth Squashes, large enough to make Thanksgiving pies for a small town, marrow and crook-necks, in rich abundance, potatoes, and all the multifarious products of the garden, including a fine specimen of sweet potatoes. And then the display of needlework,—there must be some good housewives in Middlesex County, and not a few candidates fully qualified for all the duties of wives and mothers. The collection of stock on exhibition, we understand,—we had not time to take a look at the pens—was very large and the specimens good.

But, one o'clock having arrived, the Marshal gave notice that dinner was in readiness, and soon a long procession was seen wending its way to the dinner hall. Though the hall is of good size, and as many tables were spread as it would contain, many who had bought tickets could not obtain seats. It was wholly unjustifiable in the Committee of Arrangements to allow any such thing to be done. No more tickets should have been sold than there were plates at the tables. The dinner itself was not what would naturally be expected from the Middlesex farmers. In some parts of the hall, at least, if the statements made are correct, there was a lack of eatables and a lack of attendance from waiters. One thing in particular struck us as a little singular; with such fruit as was seen on exhibition, it did not look well to see third quality apples, uneatable peaches, no pears, and no grapes upon the tables. There is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction in respect to the whole dinner arrangement, the more to be regretted, because founded on just ground of complaint. The tables were quickly relieved of what was upon them, after which the President introduced the Orator of the day, R. W. Emerson. He delivered a characteristic address, scholarly and interesting. We shall not attempt a report of it, as Mr. Emerson is left to sketch. At the close of the address we left the hall and returned home.

The exhibition must be regarded in most respects, as successful. One thing struck us, however, as objectionable. All the fruit, squashes, &c., &c., were the largest that could be secured, as though the larger the better. This would naturally convey a false impression. If a tree produces ten mammoth apples and three or four barrels of small ones, why exhibit the large ones only? And so of pears, peaches, &c. An average should be shown, and then an opinion could be formed of the facts of the case.

The matter of admission to the grounds has caused a good deal of feeling, as we happen to know—among some of the substantial farmers of the county. They demur at being obliged to pay a second, or third, or fourth admission fee, if they find it necessary to leave the grounds a short time. Such a course is unheard of. Checks should be given to those who wish to go out, be it ever so often. A strong feeling has been awakened, which it will require careful and wise management in future to allay. The sponge does not always work well, if the future is regarded.

These Agricultural Exhibitions are calculated, if rightly conducted, to exert an excellent influence. Many a mechanic and professional man wished, we doubt not, last Wednesday, that they were farmers, while some farmers, perhaps, were envious of the professional man. Let them reflect that the tillers of the soil are the truly independent men, the men who are to be envied, if anybody. Let them rejoice, rather, in thankfulness, that such a peaceful, happy lot, has been meted out to them by the Giver of all good.

## Burning of the Austria.

Many of our readers have seen, doubtless, accounts of the destruction, by fire, of the steamer *Austria*, on her passage from Southampton to New York. The loss of life was awfully great. Of six hundred who were on board, only sixty seven are known to have been saved.

The *Austria* had on board many German passengers belonging to this country who were returning from a summer visit to the land of their fathers. It is painful to contemplate such a scene as this burning ship must have presented. Danger, fearful, appalling danger was around that numerous company of passengers, but the officer who should have retained his presence of mind, united with a clear head to plan and a strong hand to execute, became panic struck with fear, and then all was lost. The life boats, sufficient in capacity to have sustained the whole company for a short time, became useless through a want of proper discipline on board the ill-fated steamer. The *Austria* was laden with an exceedingly valuable cargo of velvets and silks for the winter market. But what is the loss of these to that of so many valuable lives? Nothing—nothing. May we all thank Heaven that we have thus far been spared the experience of witnessing such an awful scene.

THE READING OLD FOLKS, consisting of 37 performers, intended to give a "Concert of Ancient, Sacred and Patriotic Music," in the Town Hall, South Reading, on Monday evening next, Oct. 4th. Our respected friend, "Grandiose Foss," though going on to 98, with the assistance of his "Grandson David," will play Ye Ancient Fiddles." We hope the people of South Reading will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear the good old stirring tunes of yore, which our sires loved so well to sing. "The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

We learn that it is the intention of the "Old Folks," before leaving for other parts, to give concerts in nearly all of the principal towns in this vicinity. We hope that their endeavors to please the lovers of good music, will meet with that success which they so richly deserve. Since writing the above, Father Kemp has informed us, that his troupe "will be in Woburn soon."

WE learn that Hon. D. W. Gooch was unanimously re-nominated for Congress by the District Convention, held at South Reading, on Thursday last. The following gentlemen were chosen a District Committee: H. G. Hutchins of Charlestown, W. H. P. Wright of Lawrence, Timothy Winn of Woburn, Eben S. Poor of So. Danvers, James Batchelder of So. Reading.

SPIRITUAL LECTURES.—We stated last week that Miss Harding would lecture in Woburn on the 16th, 18th and 20th of October. We are requested to say that she cannot commence her course till the 18th inst., and will continue it upon the 20th and 27th. She will be followed, probably, by Judge Chase upon the 3d of November, and Miss Amely upon the 10th. Miss Harding's first lecture will be upon "Magic," or the audience may select a subject themselves if they prefer to do so.

SIDE-WALKS.—We are glad to see the sidewalk at work in earnest upon sidewalks. They are doing the right thing upon Railroad street. Let them cast their eyes all about, and to what ought to be done. By the way a top-dressing of gravel upon the sidewalk between the Town Hall and the residence of O. C. Rodgers is much needed, more than it was on the other side of the street. Shall we not see it there?

APPLES.—The apple crop in this vicinity is unusually good, and the fruit very fair. We hear considerable said about a scarcity elsewhere, but wherever we have been there is no lack. People will do well to be on their guard, lest they are made to pay a higher price than is necessary for their winter supply. Our farmers do not like speculation prices of flour. We hope they will not act the same part in respect to the products of their farms?

WINTER SQUASHES.—Who does not like a first rate squash pie? If there is any one, we pity him. He does not know what is really excellent. Let us advise every family to lay up a good supply of this cheap and excellent vegetable. Go to a good farmer and pay him such a price that he will let you select those that will keep well. Put them in a cool, dry place, and you can have squash pies all winter.

FATHER HENSON is expected to preach in Lyceum Hall, to-morrow afternoon. Our citizens will thus have an opportunity of both seeing and hearing the original "Uncle Tom."

SENATOR SUMNER.—The latest accounts from Mr. Sumner are very encouraging to his friends at home; they represent him as being very much improved in health. He was at Aix la Chapelle when last heard from.

IT is mooted that the Phalanx will have a parade sometime during the present month. They hold a meeting this evening to take the subject into consideration.

A semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. will be paid by the Woburn Bank to its stockholders, on Monday next.

THOMAS' OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1859, has been received from the publishers, Messrs. Hickling, Swan and Brewer. It is unnecessary for us to say anything in regard to the merits of this old periodical; it is too well known. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Woburn Book Store.

## Editorial Correspondence.

ON THE WIND, Sept. 21, 1858.

Kind reader, did you ever go on a voyage at sea, when the weather was rough, and your stomach was slightly bilious? And, if so, did you experience a sensation in the region of the epigastrium that was not quite as pleasant as taking down a sherry cobbler, or a glass of "nice, cool lemonade," when the mercury is among the nineties? Within the past forty-eight hours we have taken a slice of both—not the cobbler and the lemonade, but the rough sea and the "sensation." We would give you the full benefit of the particulars were it not that they are indelible. To be seen and felt they must be experienced. Sea-sickness! Pah! There is nothing in the world that will take the starch out of a man so quick—not even getting the mitten from the girl he loves—as when his interior arrangements become stirred up by the uneasy, rolling, pitching motion of a monster of a vessel that won't keep still. The beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the ocean is all very nice to read about, but we venture the assertion that very few of the moon struck poets that write such stuff over "old fish-cakes" over a vessel's side—if they had, their eyes, and their mouths too, would have been opened to convince them of the absurdity of their rhapsodies on "old ocean." A sail down the harbor on a fine day may be well and pleasant enough, but it is very unlike being at sea with a stiff sou'-easter blowing the spray into your faces.

An intimate acquaintance of ours, who lives, when at home, some ten miles inland from the metropolis of the Old Bay State, conceived the singular notion that a voyage at sea was just the thing to afford him recreation and improve his physical powers. He accordingly embarked on board a staunch steamer at Boston, one day last week, bound for "away down East." Sailing down among the many islands in our beautiful Bay was pleasant, very; just enough breeze to make it invigorating; and he and his fellow-passengers appeared to enjoy it highly. "Glades" were passed, and the outer light left behind, and though the breeze had increased, and the motions of the ship had become slightly more undulating than was desirable, yet all seemed happy. But soon "a change came o'er the spirit of their dreams."

A cessation of the lively conversation with which the voyage had commenced, very faces, compressed lips, and an occasional groan, told of the fearful conflict going on under waist-bands and skirt-bands. There were many passengers of both sexes. Those who had state-rooms quietly took possession of them, but didn't remain quiet; those who had none remained on deck, and appeared to take great satisfaction in looking over the vessel's side every few minutes, though they all looked poorly, just as if something ailed them. Our "intimate acquaintance" stood it well for some time, as in former years he had been accustomed somewhat to "going down to the sea in ships," but the long heavy swell of the sea off Cape Elizabeth proved too much for him, and he, also, retired to his state-room. What took place there would not be interesting to the reader; suffice it to say that when he landed at Portland he stepped ashore, carrying with him a much diminished quantity of that bitter secretion about which "W." and "E. P." have so much to say in the *Journal* a few weeks since.

A hasty call on an old friend, and we are again on board, bound for Eastport. The weather having moderated, and the sea gone down, we sped on our way rejoicing. The sail down the harbor of Portland, Casco Bay, and along the rock-bound coast of Maine, is one of great beauty, when you feel well,—we happened to feel tolerably well, and enjoyed it. The next day, at 11 o'clock, a. m., we were at Eastport, after a pleasant and delightful sail up the Passamaquoddy. The attractions to the tourist at this frontier town are not numerous. Ascending the hill in the rear of the town, on which there is an old fort in a dilapidated condition, a scene of surpassing beauty was presented. The Passamaquoddy, with its innumerable islands, stretched far away to the right; hundreds of fishing smacks were floating lazily upon its bosom; in front, overlooking the island of Campobello—a friend at our side informed us that such was its name—the mouth of that ever restless sheet of water, the Bay of Fundy, greeted the eye, and brings back thoughts of the unpleasant sensations experienced on the way to Portland. A saunter down along shore among the fishermen was not devoid of interest. Here the fishers, and a settlement of Penobscot Indians, were promiscuously mixed; and, judging from the complexions of both, it would be difficult to tell which were Indians and which white men. Both seemed happy and contented. The fishermen were hilarious over a "great haul" of fish that had just been taken from the "weirs," but appeared, however, to belong exclusively to the whites. From Eastport to St. John we steamed it in four hours. This city, now numbering some 30,000 inhabitants, has nothing about it, that we have yet seen, very remarkable, except blue-noses, lumber-ships, saw-mills and salmon. Much against our will we were compelled to remain here three days, for want of a conveyance to take us North. Having looked at the Suspension Bridge, the Falls of the St. John, the gigantic rising of the tide, and the nine miles of railroad,—thus exhausting the sight-seeing in this locality,—we settled down in our easy chair upon the balustrade of the Waverly House, to watch the fashions, the passers-by and the funny things occurring in the street—an amusement not by any means to be despised. A great functionary—His Excellency the Hon. Manners Sutton, Governor of the Province, is stopping at this Hotel. Although he has been here three days, we cannot find that any one has yet had the extreme gratification of seeing the tip end of His Ex.'s honorable nose, though many have been the efforts on the part of some to get a sight of the great man. He is afraid of contamination with ordinary people, and so keeps himself hived up in his room like a hermit. Poor fellow, we pity him, and wouldn't be in his place if we had to so shut ourselves out from contact with the hearts and sympathies of the people, for his salary an hundred times told.

I expect to get away from here this evening, or some time about midnight, in the steamer *Maid of Erin*, bound for Petticoat.

Jack. I hope I may "not have time" to trouble you again, kind readers, with so long a letter. This is written for amusement; but it would be too much to expect that you will find any in the perusal of it. P.

A Provincialism for Petticoat—much in use here.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—As I have a few spare moments, I think, perhaps, that I can spend them in no better employment than in penning a few thoughts which experience suggests to my mind. They have reference to the early training of our youth. One of the most essential elements of success in public, or in private life, is the power of subduing adverse circumstances under our control by a reliance upon our individual resources, whether mental or physical. As our future destiny is shaped in our youth, how important it is that self-reliance should be early and carefully cultivated, both at home and at school. The child at school should have a lesson given to it within its comprehension, or else made so by the instructor,—and then it should become perfectly familiar with all the principles contained in that lesson; and when called upon to recite it, the questions should be put in a clear, pleasant, but firm manner; then the scholar should rise and answer them, if he can, or, if required, demonstrate the truth of the principles contained in the lesson, without any aid whatever from others. If it is done in language original with the scholar, and correct, so much the better. He had better fail, and try again, than to be dependent upon others for aid. Otherwise he will acquire the habit of relying upon others, and go through life held up by external influences; and, when these are withdrawn, the individuals, having no foundation of their own upon which to rest, sink at once to a very inferior position. They never stand up as giant land-marks to point out the way of success and eminence to others.

I would not have the mind of the child over-taxed at the expense of the body; but I do not agree with those who seem to think that the child should be led through all difficulties. I say let the child learn by experience, that the path of difficulty, when once trodden, hath no more returning. "Let not thy good hope depart, Sit not down bewailing; Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart! 'Neath despair's assailing. This will give thee fair start,— Knowledge of thy failing."

Yet still every rampant wrong In the dust be lying:— Soon thy foes, though proud and strong, In defeat be flying: Then shall a triumphant song Take the place of sighing."

Some parents raise a cry about what they call the enormous abuses of our public school system, and they remind us of the *Etah Esquimaux*, whose nasal projection assumes a most significant angular elevation at the luxuries of cultivated taste, while, at the same time, they will gulp down indefinite quantities of raw, frozen, walrus liver with intense satisfaction. Parents sometimes divide great anxiety in regard to the treatment of their children by others, but are fearfully negligent themselves in respect to the proper training of them at home. If they would do their duty better, the many so-called evils of our schools would give place to the exhibition of all that is lovely, pure, and high-minded. Why do some parents suffer their children to grow up with scarce any proper moral or physical training on their part, and send them to school about as soon as they can walk there, thereby throwing upon the teacher a burden which belongs to themselves to bear? If the teacher fails to suit their notions of early training, they are heard delivering bitter anathemas, against the whole system of public education.

If any one doubts the necessity of stricter home discipline, let him visit our public halls on any occasion which brings together a large and promiscuous audience, and there witness the exhibitions of rowdiness manifested by (young) men, which make respectable people blush with shame for those who should have taught them to do better. There are many parents who make it their duty, conscientiously, to promote the highest good of their children. But there are too many, we fear, whose children bear unmistakable evidence of a fearful want of wholesome home culture. Shall it continue to be so? Parents, we adjure you to awaken to a proper consideration of the momentous responsibilities resting upon you. Your children are given you to train for immortality, and you cannot delegate entirely to another the duties your Creator imposed upon you when he made you parents. Think candidly, conscientiously, and act in the presence of Him to whom you must answer at last.

OBSERVER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The travelling public will learn with much pleasure that the Eastern, and Boston and Maine Rail Road Companies, have reduced the fares upon their roads to all places within ten miles of Boston. Now, why, I should like to ask, cannot the Boston and Lowell R. R. Co., do likewise, lowering their tickets to former rates? Were the clerk of the Co., to make an exhibit of the income on the Woburn Branch, when former prices ruled, and compare it with the present, it might, yes, it would, it seems to me, lead the Directors to look about them and consult for the interest of the stockholders.

Come, Gentlemen Directors, be both generous and wise, and try former rates for six months, and reduce season tickets so that they will not be onerous to working men, restoring, likewise, the old Package System, and if you do not have the means of declaring a dividend, it will be because there are leaks somewhere that need stopping. There are many here who would be very glad to see a return to low fares and full cars.

WOBURN CENTRE.

AN article in regard to the approaching course of lectures before the Woburn Lyceum, together with several favors from correspondents, are unavoidably laid over.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.—Honorable Linn B. Comins has been nominated by the Republicans of the Fourth District, for reelection to Congress.

## New Publications.

MILCH COWS & DAIRY FARMING, comprising the breeds, breeding, and management, in health and disease of dairy, and other stock; the selection of milk-cows, with a full explanation of Guernsey's method; the culture of forage plants, and the production of butter and cheese; with a treatise upon the dairy husbandry of Holland; also, Horsfall's system of dairy management. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. 12 mo. pp. 416. \$1.25. A. Williams & Co., Boston. Will be ready Oct. 5th.

The subject of this book is one of great interest to the farmer, and the name of the author is an additional guarantee of its excellence. We have read the preface, and should say that every dairyman would want a copy.

BLACKWOOD for September is upon our table, through the politeness of the publishers. The article on Respiration and Suffocation is worthy a careful perusal. There are six other articles, all good.

PETERSON'S BANK NOTE DETECTOR for October has come to hand,—valuable as heretofore,—from the publishers.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.—We have received from an unknown friend a pamphlet of 173 pages, upon the difficulties connected with the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y. When we get a little more time we shall look it over with care, as we know some of the men connected with the matter.

During the fire on Milk street, Boston, on Thursday evening last, the store of the Messrs. Champney of this town, was damaged by water to the amount of \$1000. Fully covered by insurance.

A large fire occurred in Boston yesterday, on Kingston street. Loss about \$20,000. Two firemen were injured, one dangerously.

ACCIDENT.—J. G. Chapman, who fell from a tree last week, while gathering nuts, was so badly injured by the fall that he is not expected to recover. This should prove a caution to boys, when climbing trees, to be far more careful than many are accustomed to be.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1858. If there were any lingers last week along the sea-shore or on the mountain sides, they are back by this time, as fast as lightning trains would bring them. We begin to brush up the rusty grates and furnaces, and to throw out dark hints concerning new overcoats, and the sisters and mothers are in danger of "nothing to wear." It is said, indeed, that there will be an actual scarcity this winter of very high cost, rich robes of ion dollar silk or velvet, as retailers have lost so much by the rich robes of last year, many of which remain on their hands, that they are determined to ignore robes altogether, and, if possible, to put them out of fashion by making it impossible to get them. Velvet robes, "a Quille," are sold here now for \$29, while for goods of precisely the same cost, but of the new style, "a les," cannot be had from the importer for less than \$70. It is one of the secret laws of fashion, well understood by dry goods manufacturers, that when a thing ceases to pay it must be made to go out of fashion. There would be nothing more curious and interesting, if it could be got at, than the "secret history of the Court of Fashion," unfolding the maneuvers by which the fabricators and modists of Paris prescribe laws to the world of well-dressed people. The dress of the French Queen is a national matter; her adoption or rejection and abandonment of a certain style of dress has an immense and direct influence upon the great manufacturing interests of that country, and it is well known that changes of this kind are made a subject of very serious consideration in the cabinet of Napoleon the Little, fit emperor for the world's tailors and mantua-makers!

Trade is dropping off, as the Southern buyers have gone home; a few Western buyers are still here, and the trade of the New England and Middle States is but just beginning to come in. New England will, undoubtedly, buy light, owing to the great depression in the manufacturing interest. New York State, however, at least the central and north-western parts, is in a prosperous condition, and will buy well.

Amusements are in full blast. We have three opera troupes in this city, all of them strong ones, unusually so; and the grants of the managers are infinite. Every week there is a blow-out of fire-works, left over from the cable celebration. Lectures are multiplying with fearful rapidity. The Fair of the American Institute has opened, but few people have the courage, now-a-days, to venture up to the Crystal Palace of an evening; if any do, it must be for some very unusual attraction; and, in fact, old stereotyped "fairs," "conventions," and such things, held every year, in the same place, with nearly the same goods to show, find very little favor with our people. They are like the Athenians, on the *qui vive* for some new thing. The comet has attracted a reasonable share of attraction, though the boys will hardly descend to look at it after having had their eyes dazzled for three weeks with pyrotechnical fires.

The Staten Island rebellion still continues to excite some attention. There was a rumor during the week that this building was about to be burned by the emigrant runners. They would, no doubt, like to do it, as they are a desperate set of men, and the establishment of the emigrant depot at Castle Garden has almost totally destroyed a once profitable swindling business, which was done by these fellows. The German immigrants, generally, come here well supplied with money, and are a good haul for the boarding-house keepers, and other sharks, if they can only get hold of them. But now they enter Castle Garden from the emigrant ship, and leave the next morning from the same dock for their ultimate destination, which is usually some point in the far West.

The weather is rainy and disagreeable.

The New England Carpet Company of Boston have four advertisements in our paper of to-day, in which great inducements are offered to purchasers.

Morse's advertisement, in another column, may interest the ladies. We don't know though.

P. S.—Here comes an Indian with the skirt of a calico dress tied round his neck and hanging very gracefully over his shoulders, the extent of his wardrobe I presume.

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## SOUTH READING.

ITEMS.

On Monday evening a portion of the citizens of South Reading, assembled at the Town House according to notice. Abel F. Hutchinson, Esq., presided, and James Batchelder was chosen Secretary. The following persons were elected delegates to attend the Congressional Convention held at So. Reading this week:—Messrs Wm. H. Atwell, Wm. H. Hayden and James Batchelder. Messrs James Oliver, John B. Atwell, T. B. Walker and D. Wilbur Emerson were chosen to attend the Middlesex County, and Councilor Conventions to be held at Concord on Friday the 5th of October.

The Richardson Light Guard encamp on the Common next Wednesday











THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL,  
JOHN J. PIPPY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
Office—Main Street, Woburn, entrance at the  
Woburn Book Store.  
TERMS.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are  
paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any  
person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice  
thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous  
notice has been given or not.

**Rates of Advertising:**  
One square, (fourteen lines) one insertion \$1.00; each  
subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a square, (seven  
lines) one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion  
37 1/2 cents. One square per year \$12.00; six months,  
\$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a square per year,  
\$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less  
one-half square charged as half a square; more than  
half a square charged as a square. Special notices,  
classified, 12 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line  
for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not  
otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until  
ordered off, and charged accordingly. Yearly ad-  
vertisements payable quarterly; transient advertise-  
ments in advance.

**Agents.**  
NORTH WOBURN—Messrs. NICHOLS, WILSON & CO.  
EAST WOBURN—Mr. ALBERT L. RICHMOND.  
STONEHAM—Mr. T. T. WATKINS.  
READING—Mr. J. M. FROST.  
SOUTH WOBURN—Dr. J. M. WATKINS.  
WINCHESTER—Mr. J. M. FROST.

**Business Cards.**  
**BOSTON AND LOWELL**  
AND NASHUA AND LOWELL R. R.  
SUNDAY TRAINS.  
Leave Boston for Lowell, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Lowell for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Boston for Nashua, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Nashua for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Boston for Woburn, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Woburn for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Boston for Woburn, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Woburn for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.

**TRAINS FOR BOSTON.**  
Leave Woburn for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Boston for Woburn, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 2.30 p. m., 5.30 p. m., 8.30 p. m.  
Leave Woburn for Boston, Monday, May 10th, 1858,  
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**CONVERSE & CO.,**  
WOBURN AND BOSTON  
RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.  
3 Trips Daily.  
OFFICES: 10 Court Square, Boston,  
and 10 Court Square, Woburn.  
Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes,  
drafts, bills, &c.

**JOHN G. COLE,**  
PAINTING AND GLAZING,  
Paperhanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in  
the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling  
Shops, Oil and Glass of the best quality.  
Shop, first building south of the Branch railroad  
depot, Main St., Woburn.

**FRANK B. DODGE,**  
(Successor to Wm. M. Weston.)  
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER!  
Also, DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware,  
Musical Instruments,  
FANCY GOODS, &c.  
Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.  
Melodians for Sale and to Let.  
Woburn, 1 May 1858.

**A. E. THOMPSON,**  
DEALER IN AMERICAN & FOREIGN  
DRY GOODS,  
West India Goods, Flour & Grain,  
CROCKERY & HARDWARE,  
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.  
No. 3, Wade's Block.

**Edward Butler**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Nov. 7, 1857.—16.

**BRIGHAM & GILCREAST,**  
PAINTERS.  
PAINTING, GLAZING, GRASSING, PAPER  
HANGING, &c., done in the best  
style, at short notice and at  
reasonable prices.  
UNION STREET, WOBURN.  
(Opposite Jones' Blacksmith Shop.)  
B. T. BRIGHAM. J. GILCREAST.

**WYMAN'S**  
AMBROTYPE, MELANOTYPE  
and Daguerrotype Rooms,  
KELLY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Particular attention given to copying pictures.  
Woburn, March 5th, 1858.

**Harris Johnson,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.,  
SALES of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.

**William Winn,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, Mass.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.  
All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attend-  
ed to.

**DR. C. T. LANG,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
CORNER OF MAIN & WALNUT STS.,  
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

**NATHAN WYMAN,**  
—DEALER IN—  
English, French and American  
DRY GOODS,  
NO. 11, WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

WOBURN  
SOUTH-READING STONEHAM OUR LOCAL INTERESTS READING & WINCHESTER.

VOL. VIII. : : No. 1. WOBURN: OCTOBER 9, 1858. FOUR CENTS PER COPY.

**Business Cards.**

**PIANO-FORTES**  
Bought and Exchanged.  
Tuning and Repairing done promptly  
thoroughly and reasonably.

**O. GREEN,**  
No. 1 Spring St., Woburn, or 393 Wash-  
ington Street, Boston.

**Business Cards.**

**BOSTON AND LOWELL**  
AND NASHUA AND LOWELL R. R.  
SUNDAY TRAINS.

**PERSON'S**  
WOBURN & BOSTON EXPRESS.  
Leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and  
at 2 o'clock, p. m. Offices in Woburn at  
W. Trull's and Wm. Woodberry's stores.

**FASHIONABLE GOODS!**  
MRS. M. A. BUTLER, has removed to the  
new and elegantly situated store one door west of  
the Woburn Book Store, which she has had hand-  
specially fitted up expressly for her.

**MILLINERY BUSINESS.**  
She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of  
Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE  
STOCK of  
Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries,  
Hosiery, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c., &c.,  
which will be sold at very moderate prices.  
Particular attention given to bleaching, pressing and  
altering Hosiery, in the most fashionable style.  
Woburn, April 25, '57.

**Groceries, Provisions, W. I. Goods**  
—AND—  
**FAMILY STORES!!**  
THE undersigned respectfully gives notice that he  
has taken the store recently occupied by the late  
firm of McLaughlin & Caban, where he will keep  
constantly on hand, and for sale, at reasonable  
prices, a good assortment of  
West India Goods, Groceries & Provisions.  
He solicits from the customers of said late firm  
a continuance of the favor, and invites the public  
generally to call at said store and purchase their goods.  
PATRICK CALMAN.  
Woburn, Feb. 13, 1858.—15.

**HAT MANUFACTORY.**  
W. A. HASLAM,  
PRACTICAL HATTER,  
Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn  
and vicinity to his stock of  
Hats & Caps  
of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to  
business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call  
upon him.  
Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who  
find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one  
made by having their measures taken that will be as easy to  
wear as an old one.  
Old hats renovated in good style, from 25 to 50  
cents each.  
Woburn, Sep.

**EAST WOBURN**  
GROCERY STORE!!  
H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants  
of East Woburn that he keeps constantly on  
hand a large and well selected stock of  
GROCERIES  
of all descriptions and of the best quality; also, Crock-  
ery and Glass Ware—all which will be sold at the  
very lowest cash prices.  
East Woburn, Sep.

**A. BUCKMAN,**  
—DEALER IN—  
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,  
Main Street, opposite the Common,  
WOBURN.

**T. W. Page,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
(Sales every Saturday evening.)  
New and Second Hand Furniture at  
Private Sale and at Auction.  
Sales of Real Estate and articles of Furniture and all  
personal Property promptly attended to, on reasonable  
terms.  
Salem Corner of Main Street and Oakley Court,  
April 28, '55, 16.

**NEW STORE AND NEW STOCK**  
—OF—  
FASHIONABLE & REASONABLE  
MILLINERY!  
Back to inform her numerous customers, and the  
public generally, in this and neighboring towns, that  
she has removed to the large store in  
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,  
where she has just opened an extensive and elegant  
assortment of NEW and REASONABLE GOODS,  
consisting of every article of Fashionable Millinery,  
Embroideries, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., which she  
offers for sale at the lowest cash prices.  
Particular attention given to altering & clean-  
ing bonnets.  
Woburn, Feb. 27, 1858.

**E. D. HAYDEN,**  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 Wade's Block, Woburn, Mass.  
Feb. 19, 58—y

**CENTRAL CASH STORE!**  
—AND—  
**MARKET.**  
Groceries and West India Goods,  
Fresh and Salt Meats of all kinds,  
Sold cheap for Cash,  
All kinds of farmers' produce taken in exchange for  
goods.  
Feb. 27, —16. O. BEAMAN.

**Poetry.**

**EUTHANASIA.**  
BY ROSWELL PARK, D. D.

The following beautiful lines from the pen  
of one who has himself drunk deeply of the  
bitter cup of affliction, will carry consolation to  
other sorrowing hearts by the thought that  
their lov'd ones are "not dead, but gone be-  
fore."  
She has gone to her peaceful rest.  
Where the loved shall never die;  
To the beautiful land of the bright and blest,  
And the mansions of the sky.

She has left this world of care,  
Of fife change and gloom;  
She has gone to live in a world more fair,  
Though its portal was the tomb.

She is with the happy, now,  
Where grief is no longer known;  
And she kneels with the host of saints that  
Before the Almighty's throne.

She has joined the countless throng  
Who back in the Saviour's love;  
And she mingles her notes in the grateful song  
Of the seraphim above.

Then weep for her no more,  
Who has ceased on earth to roam;  
Her spirit has reached that happy shore  
Which alone is that spirit's home.

Plant flowers around her grave,  
The choicest flowers of spring;  
There let the drooping willow wave,  
And the birds their carols sing.

Oh, in the twilight hour,  
You will deem her footsteps near;  
Oh, with a strange mysterious power,  
Her voice you will seem to hear;

A voice that will speak of bliss,  
Of love that can never die;  
And will call you away from a world like  
To a brighter world on high.

**THE WHITE FAWN.**  
A LEAF FROM AN OLD STORY.

Alas! for the man who is too great for a  
subject, yet can never be a king! Slight, but  
unmistakable signs point out, with frightful  
precision, his progress toward a pre-  
determined fate. Silently, stealthily, death ap-  
proaches, and the flowers begin to wither,  
and honors begin to fall, and the victim can  
hope nothing either from defiance or submission.  
Continuance in power is a vicious  
crime; to descend from his eminence only  
makes him an easier prey.

Quintus Sertorius was born in Nursia,  
a city of the Sabines. Losing his father early,  
his mother superintended his education, and  
succeeded in inspiring him with an intense  
and enduring respect for himself, and a pa-  
triotism which resisted multiplied and strong  
temptations. Many years after, upon hear-  
ing of her death, he gave himself up to ex-  
cessive grief. For seven entire days he would  
see no one, issue no directions, nor even give  
the pass-word. He studied law, and obtained  
some success in civil causes, but his great-  
er military talent turned his thoughts in the  
direction of the camp. Compelled by the  
enmity of Sulla to fly to Spain, he endeavored  
to control the government there, in order to  
protect such friends as might find it expedient  
to follow him. With the few soldiers who  
had joined him in Italy, he led for a time  
a rambling and adventurous life. He crossed  
into Africa, defeated there one of Sulla's gen-  
erals, and dreamed of settling in the "Fortu-  
nate Isles," the Elysian fields of an unex-  
plored ocean.

At length the Lusitanians invited him to  
take command among them. Unwilling to  
submit to Rome, yet unable to maintain their  
freedom, they saw in Sertorius the only per-  
son who could insure them a national exis-  
tence. Knowing him to be at feud with the  
then dominant party, they believed him  
wholly alienated, and thought he would gladly  
identify himself with their interest and  
prosperity. Their confidence in his leader-  
ship was not misplaced. He was absolutely  
fearless in danger, yet never elated by good  
fortune, daring in emergencies, but uniformly  
cautious, a master in stratagem, and capable  
of securing all the fruits of a victory; un-  
suspicious and generous, prince-like in re-  
warding, and moderate in punishing. He  
never drank wine, and indulged in no luxury  
of the table. He accustomed himself to  
every hardship, to long marches, want of  
sleep and scanty diet. He spent his leisure  
in hunting, and became so intimately ac-  
quainted with every part of the country that  
he was able to fly or to pursue with prompt-  
ness and speed. With seven thousand three  
hundred men, he sustained a war against four  
Roman generals who had a hundred and  
twenty-eight thousand, besides many cities  
under their control. Even Metellus was  
obliged to call Lucius Lullius from Gallia  
Narbonensis to his aid, and Pompey the  
Great was despatched from Rome with a  
fresh army. Of course he was no match for  
these on the open field, but his troops could  
live on flour and sweet acorns, could climb  
mountains like the deer, spread themselves in  
a moment over a wide space, and rejoin each  
other at all manner of times and places.  
Sertorius could thus cut off his enemies from  
water and foraging, he galled them if they  
remained quiet, harassed them on the march,  
placed ambushes everywhere, and destroyed  
them by piecemeal.

He never failed his allies, and the manner  
in which he relieved the Langobrite was  
characteristic. They were besieged by Met-  
tellus, who, knowing that they had but one  
well in the city, furnished his troops with  
only five days rations. Sertorius immedi-  
ately ordered two thousand soldiers to be filled  
with water, and sent them by his swiftest  
and trustiest messengers along difficult moun-  
tain paths, with directions to take away all  
useless persons when they delivered the mes-  
sels. Metellus was thus detained longer  
than he expected, and sent Aquilius with six  
thousand men to collect provisions. Sertorius  
placed a band in the shady channel of a  
brook, who attacked Aquilius in the rear,  
while he himself charged him in front, killed  
many, and took the rest prisoners. Aquilius  
fled with the loss of his horse and arms, and  
Metellus was compelled to retire in disgrace.

By various means, Sertorius established his  
rule over the barbarians. He gradually  
trained them to the exact discipline of his  
countrymen. He furnished them with gold  
and silver to gild their helmets and shields,  
and embroidery for their vests and robes.  
He set them an example in his way also, and  
notwithstanding his Spartan disregard of  
comfort, he dressed magnificently, and his  
attire blazed with jewels. He also collected  
the children of the nobles in the city of Oscar,  
where he furnished them with teachers and  
supported them at his own expense. He of-  
ten examined them in their studies, distribut-  
ed rewards, and bestowed censures. When  
the parents saw them walking to school in  
gowns bordered with purple, adorned with  
the bull which they had earned by superior  
scholarship, they forgot the power thereby  
lodged in the hands of the sagacious general,  
forgot that all offices were filled by Romans,  
and that if Sertorius were opposed to Sulla,  
Metellus, and Pompey, he was none the less  
an incorruptible patriot. This was indeed  
his one passion—the strong susceptibility of  
a nature which seemed indifferent alike to  
pleasure and to pain. More than once in the  
very flush of victory, he had made it a con-  
dition of laying down his arms, that he should  
be permitted to live as a private citizen at  
home. But this was refused him, and he  
knew well that but for his constant activity,  
he should be lodged in the lowest of her dun-  
geons. So he again girded on his armor,  
though he yearned for the old familiar land,  
escape dear to his infant eye. O for one more  
roll over the Sabine farm, where he had  
played in childhood! O, to quench his  
ceaseless thirst from its grass-rimmed foun-  
tain, into which peeped the violet and lily,  
and in whose shadowing tree the nightingale  
sang through the dewy night! O, to rest his  
brain with one dream on its smiling upland,  
or beneath its whispering olive groves! Yet  
he felt that this could not be, and he bore  
his burden without a murmur, fighting for  
protection, not ambition, forgetting injuries,  
remembering benefits, and seeking amidst his  
trumpets only to maintain an unblemished  
manhood.

One evening, upon looking up from his  
writing, he perceived a beautiful girl standing  
before him, holding a snowy fawn by a leash,  
into which she had twisted an embroidered  
scarf. In her countenance gentleness and  
strength were equally blended, a capacity for  
passionary storms as for inextinguishable love.  
Her ample robe of white was fastened at the  
neck, shoulders and waist, by ruby clasps,  
and, enveloping her whole person, there fell  
from her braided hair a veil of the gauze of  
Cos, into which threads of gold were woven,  
and which, reflecting softly the light from the  
glowing coals in the brazier, looked like a  
sun-tinted mist. She was apparently ab-  
sorbed in the study of him, and seemed  
unconscious of his words as, rising, he push-  
ed slightly forward his massive chair, and in-  
vited her to sit. "It is, indeed, unworthy of  
you," he continued, as she remained silent,  
and he threw over it some fine leopard skin,  
drew up a foot-stool, which he also covered,  
and repeated his invitation.

"It is not necessary," she replied; "I came  
but to see more nearly the renowned general  
whose art and arms are alike successful, and to  
judge of the honesty of his intentions by the  
nobility of his face. My countrymen are  
dazzled by your victories, but they are indeed  
yours, not ours. They rejoice to behold their  
children initiated into your learning, but I see  
them becoming scholar-like only, not man-  
like, sighing for the bustle of Rome, and the  
passing glories of the Greek cities. They are  
hostages for the faith which is not your right.  
They may be slaves without a blow  
struck, or a word said to defend them."

"We can scarcely discuss matters of such  
important standing," answered Sertorius, and  
leading his guest to the chair, he sat down at  
her feet, and for more than two hours exerted  
all the power of his winning eloquence.  
Many things he explained, some he glossed  
over, appealed to her sympathy as an exile,  
and charmed her by his brilliant narratives  
and graphic descriptions. He was greatly  
interested, more than he was himself aware,  
and as she rose to retire, he exclaimed, "Lady,  
I have no ties. In the wide world there are  
none to claim kindred with me. My home  
is the patch of ground covered by my can-  
vass. I have many friends, but they are  
rude men, accustomed only to the coarse en-  
ergy of a soldier's life. I have no one to  
soothe my irritation, to lighten care, to help  
me to walk steadily in the path of honor.  
May I not see you sometimes, sometimes listen  
to your voice, and fancy, even though I  
deceive myself, that you are not wholly in-  
different to me?"

"It must not be," replied the maiden. "I am  
Zea, a Hesperian princess, descended from a  
long line of ancestors, illustrious in our  
songs and traditions. If all else become traitors  
to my native soil, I, at least, will prove  
myself true to my parentage." Her cheek  
flushed, and a tear sprang to her eye, and  
trembled on its curling lashes.

"Princess," returned Sertorius, "I will  
make a home lovely with the productions of  
every clime, and I offer you a name, which,  
if not royal, is yet as stainless as the snows  
of your own sierras. Be my wife. Let my  
manhood be crowned with something better  
than the leaves of a fading tree."

"Do not tempt me," replied Zea. "The  
affections are often false to principle, and  
mine were long ago but too warm toward the  
enemy of my house. I see that in your face,  
nay, in your very air, which forbids me to  
hope anything for my people, and though it  
was prophesied that love should be to me a  
curse, I swear by your gods, as well as mine,  
that it shall never bring me dishonor."

"Nevertheless," said Sertorius, "we shall  
meet again. My heart leaps at your tones as  
if acknowledging its mate. I will seek you  
through Hesperia, and there is no palace so  
proud, no cavern so dark as to conceal you  
from a search, which shall be as thorough in  
its progress, as honorable in its aim. Mean-  
time, accept this trifle," and he offered her a  
diamond star from his vest. "You need not  
fear it. It is no trophy of battle. It was torn  
from me on an unwilling hand. It was the  
gift of an African Chief, whose life I saved,  
lady, at the risk of mine."

"It is superb," answered Zea, "and I  
doubt not pure as its own flashing bright-  
ness; but I will have nothing to add the  
treachery of my weak heart."

"Give me then something, princess, as a  
memento of the mingled pain and pleasure of  
this hour."

"This little fawn is yours, if you desire it,"  
returned Zea, and she began to unfasten the  
scarf from its neck.

"Nay, leave that, also, lady," said Sertorius,  
"perhaps it has bound your hair, at least it  
has felt the pressure of your fingers."

"It is my own work," answered Zea, "but  
you may take it; and farewell."

Sertorius had stooped to detach the silken  
band from the animal, and she glided away  
unperceived. He rushed to the door of the  
tent, but it was dark, and he could not so  
much as catch a gleam of her dress, or a  
sound of her retreating footsteps.

Strangely enough, the fawn did not mourn  
for her mistress. Feeble as the noise and  
tumult, she seemed to desire only to follow  
Sertorius about, to feed from his hand, and to  
lie at his feet when he read or wrote. And  
he loved her in return, partly for her mute  
attachment, partly for the giver, who, in their  
private interview, had made a deep impression  
upon his heart. Her unusual color, her se-  
ducing, beguiling motion, the aspect of her  
pose which she shed around, suggested the  
possibility of making her an instrument for  
exciting the superstitious reverence of the  
Lusitanians. Gradually he succeeded in en-  
veloping her in mystery, making it appear  
that she was a gift from Diana, and that  
through her he received much important in-  
formation. When secret intelligence was  
brought him of any hostile movement, he  
pretended that she had communicated it to  
him, and if he received any news that his  
officers had gained a victory, he purchased si-  
lence of the messenger, and, crowning the  
fawn with garlands, bade the people offer  
sacrifices for the good fortune of which they  
were soon to hear. The ignorant multitude  
listened and believed, blinded, not so much  
by the assertions of their idolized commander,  
as by the long series of triumphs, which  
seemed impossible but for the direct assist-  
ance of the gods. Sometimes a feeling akin  
to awe crept over Sertorius himself, as awak-  
ing from perturbed and restless dreams, he  
found the little creature nestled to his side,  
or lying in the moonlight, with her soft eyes  
fixed steadily upon him, or stretched at  
length by the brazier, her silvery coat chang-  
ed to a lurid tint by the glare of the red em-  
bers. His mind perpetually recurring to the  
lovely princess, who, despite all his adroitness,  
still cluded him, although he felt as-  
sured that this could only have been done by  
unfailing watchfulness. Twice he had seen  
her on the field of battle, busied among the  
wounded, but she had vanished at his ap-  
proach; twice he had nearly come upon her,  
as she bent over a forest spring, but she had  
escaped almost from his very grasp. Once,  
at the foot of a lonely tower he had picked up  
a garland of myrtle which she had dropped  
in her haste; and once he found at the mouth  
of a cavern, and ruby clasp which had con-  
fined her girdle when she visited him in his  
tent. Many times he had traced intelligence  
of the utmost consequence directly to her,  
yet neither bribes nor threats had extracted a  
word or sign by which she could be found.  
Some mystery of birth, relationship, or prop-  
hesy, lifted her from the mass in the eyes of  
her tribe, and gave her a control second only  
to that of Sertorius himself. After every  
disappointment, he drew closer to the white  
fawn, which he began to think destined to  
form the only link between them.

"Equally beloved and feared, nothing seem-  
ed impossible to him save the two objects  
which lay nearest his heart. It was at that  
time customary, both in Gaul and Spain, for  
certain guards of a General to form them-  
selves into a band devoted to his services in  
life, and vowed to a voluntary death where-  
ever he should fall—usually the most admin-  
ed had but a few of these soldiers, but Sertorius  
had great numbers. Once, having been  
deceived as to the strength of a besieging  
force, he issued from the city with a small  
band of troops, and was hard pressed by the  
enemy. His men, utterly regardless of them-  
selves, with one impulse sought only his safe-  
ty. Snatching him up, regardless of com-  
mands and menaces, they passed him upon  
their shoulders to the wall, waited to see him  
received by the garrison, and then, availing  
themselves of their matchless speed, scaled  
a moment.

The provinces and cities which Sertorius  
had conquered were less true than his soldi-  
ery, but as often as they wavered, he gave

them some new proof of his genius. The  
Matacan dwell in caves high upon the  
side of the mountain. They believed them-  
selves impregnable to assault, and amused  
themselves by insulting him when he encamp-  
ed near them. At first he despaired of pun-  
ishing them, but observing that the mouths  
of their dens all faced the north, and that, at  
that period of the year, a strong north wind  
called *causas* prevailed, he erected a vast  
mound of dry and crumbling earth opposite to  
their abode. The barbarians laughed loudly,  
but they did not laugh long. The *causas* blew  
the dust into their dwellings, and the soldiers  
galloped up and down on the light soil, ad-  
ding to its suffocating denseness. The third  
day they surrendered without terms.

But the most brilliant abilities offer no  
screen from treason. Perenna, a general of  
high birth, aspired to the supreme command.  
When his schemes were matured, he invited  
Sertorius to a banquet. After striving in  
vain to draw him into a quarrel, he left a  
wine-cup. This was the signal agreed upon,  
and the conspirators immediately dispatched  
their victim.

The favorite freedman of Sertorius obtained  
possession of his body, and silently and hap-  
pily prepared it for burial, not daring to make  
lamentations, or even to burn it with the sol-  
emnities due to his exalted rank. Upon  
withdrawing his mantle, he was surprised to  
find beneath it a little scarred, slightly em-  
broidered, and within its folds, fastened by a  
diamond star, a wreath of faded and broken  
myrtle leaves. He reverently placed them  
upon the bosom by whose throbbings they  
had so long been stirred, garlanded his head  
with laurel, scattered a few blossoms of cy-  
press over his shroud of snowy silk, and  
threw himself upon the ground in the bitter-  
ness of his unalloyed grief. Presently a lit-  
tle hand put back the curtains against which  
he lay, and a female passed swiftly by. Bend-  
ing down, she kissed the brow, the cheek,  
the lips of the deceased, drew a dagger from  
her girdle and severed a lock of his hair, and  
throwing over him a handful of rare pearls,  
she withdrew, murmuring, "Now, at least,  
we belong to each other." The freedman was  
too much astonished to question or restrain  
her, but, looking from the tent, he fancied  
she dissolved in the moonlight, and believed  
that some goddess faithful to her servant thus  
attested his purity of soul, and descended to  
aid his pilgrimage to the land of shadows.

Perenna, deserted by many of the troops  
of his murdered commander, gave battle to  
Pompey, was defeated, and taken prisoner.  
Thinking to obtain better terms, he offered to  
produce letters written by distinguished men  
at Rome, inviting him to return thither, and  
institute a new administration. But Pompey  
collecting these, burned them without read-  
ing or permitting them to be read, and put  
Perenna to death, lest by divulging the  
names of those compromised, he should excite  
new seditions. Other conspirators being car-  
ried to him, were beheaded by his order;  
some were shot by the Moors, and the only  
one who escaped dragged out a miserable ex-  
istence among the barbarians.

**THE BROKEN HEARTED.**  
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE  
LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a  
stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man  
fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field  
of battle—the miserable convict standing up  
on the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering  
on his lip—I have viewed death in all his  
forms of darkness and vengeance with a fearless  
eye—but I never could look on woman, fad-  
ing away from the earth in beautiful and  
uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling that  
something lovely in the universe was ceasing  
from existence, and broods, with a sense of  
utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts,  
that come up like specters from the grave to  
haunt our midnight musings.

Some years ago, I took up my residence for  
a few weeks in a country village in the east-  
ern part of New England. Soon after my  
arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely  
girl, apparently about seventeen years of age.  
She had lost the idol of her pure heart's  
youth love, and the shadows of deep and  
holy memories were resting like the wing of  
death upon her brow. I first met her in the  
presence of the mother. She was indeed a  
creature to be worshipped—her brow was gar-  
landed with the young year's sweetest flow-  
ers—her yellow locks were hanging beautif-  
fully and low upon her bosom—and she moved  
through the crowd with such a floating and  
unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer al-  
most looked to see her fade into the air, like  
the creation of some pleasant dream. She  
seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw  
that her gaiety was but the mockery of her  
feelings. She smiled, but there was some-  
thing in her smile which told that its mourn-  
ful beauty was but the bright reflection of a  
tear—and her eye-lids, at times, closed  
heavily down, as if struggling to repress the  
tide of agony that was bursting up from her  
heart's secret urn. She looked as if she  
could have left the scene of festivity, and  
gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her  
forehead down upon the fresh, green earth,  
and poured out her stricken soul, gush after  
gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain  
of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet  
girl gave me her confidence, and I became to  
her as a brother. She was wasting away by  
disease. The smile upon her lips was fainter,  
the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible,  
and the cadences of her voice became daily  
more weak and tremulous. On a quiet even-  
ing in the depth of June, I wandered out  
with her a little distance in the open air. It  
was then that she first told me the tale of her  
passion, and of the bright that had come  
down like midday upon her life. Love had  
been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils  
had been twined around her heart in its earliest  
years; and, when they were rent away, they  
left a wound which flowed till all the springs  
of her soul were blood. "I am passing a-  
way," said she, "and it should be so. The  
winds have gone over my life, and the bright  
buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of pas-  
sion are scattered down, and lie withering in  
the dust, or rotting away upon the chill wa-  
ters of memory. And yet I cannot go down



## Recollections of the Past.

I'm thinking of the place, Tom,  
Where oft we used to roam,  
That little cot beneath the trees  
We called our forest home.  
And well I know you'll ne'er forget,  
Where'er your lot below,  
That dear old spot we loved so well  
Just fifteen years ago.

I'm thinking of the school, Tom,  
The master, too, so grim,  
And how when he would turn his back,  
We twain would mimic him.  
The master sleeps death's dreamless sleep,  
The bright green turf below,  
Our childhood's home has vastly changed  
Since fifteen years ago.

Last summer-time I wandered, Tom,  
To where we used to play;  
The school-house was not on the hill,  
The brook had dried away;  
The old mill-wheel had ceased to move,  
The cottage was laid low,  
The faces were not those we knew  
Just fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom,  
And stepped beyond the wall;  
The graves were many, and the grass  
O'er them grew thick and tall;  
Upon the stones I read the names  
Of those who slept below,  
They were names we loved to speak  
Just fifteen years ago.

With saddened heart I turned away,  
And gained the dusty road,  
And from that spot, dear to me,  
With rapid steps I strode;  
I could not bear to look around,  
It made me sad to know  
That all were gone whom we had loved  
Just fifteen years ago.

My eyes are wet with tears, Tom,  
They're falling while I write,  
Friends that I loved are cold in death,  
And I am sad to-night;  
But, Tom, our sorrows soon will end,  
Life's stream will cease to flow,  
And we shall rest where erst we played  
Just fifteen years ago.

## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Oct. 9th, 1858.

## Spontaneous Combustion of Charcoal.

The public mind has been called recently to this subject as one of great practical importance. In a time like the present, when fires are occurring almost everywhere, and people sometimes lay their heads upon their pillows with the ill-defined dread that their own dwellings may be in ashes before morning, it becomes our men of science, they owe it to the public, that they make investigation into the probable and even possible causes and causes of spontaneous combustion. Whenever a building is burned at the present day, the cause is sure to be charged upon an incendiary, while the lantern, the pipe, the cigar, or substances that ignite sometimes spontaneously, are the real culprits. There is no question but that many buildings are deliberately set on fire, but we cannot believe that there are those in any community who would dare to follow up the practice of firing buildings, or could do it long without detection.

Several chemists at Philadelphia have claimed, recently, that charcoal, when exposed to dampness, will take fire spontaneously. The *Scientific American*, in reply, denies that any such result does or can take place. The attention of Dr. Charles T. Jackson has been called to the subject, practically, with results of the highest importance to the public. He says that charcoal made at low temperatures is the most liable to spontaneous combustion, or ignition at a low temperature. His theory in the case is the following: "The cells of the coal are filled with water. Heat expels the water as vapor, and the air rushes in, and oxygen is rapidly condensed, producing great heat, just as takes place in platinum sponge over the jet of hydrogen." Charcoal that has not been wet, but has just been made and extinguished, is liable, he says, to re-ignite, since the extrication of the natural moisture of the wood, and the discharge of light-carbonated hydrogen gas, leaves the cells empty, and the air rushes in to supply the vacuum, and condensing gives out much heat.

He says he has found that the light, porous kinds of charcoal, which have been saturated with moisture, are very liable to take fire when dried, at a temperature lower even than boiling water. This fact he ascribes to their being poor conductors of heat; hence, the heat rapidly accumulates, as the oxygen condenses in the cells. He has frequently repeated the following experiment, using common pine charcoal, with the same result. He took a piece of wet, porous charcoal from the cellar and attempted to dry it upon a stove, on which was standing a jar of water. The coal was placed close to the jar, and received no more heat than the water. As soon as the charcoal became dry, it took fire, while the water was not boiling hot, and had not boiled. The coal was so thoroughly ignited that it continued to burn when placed upon a cold marble table, till it was reduced to ashes. The oxygen of the air must have penetrated the cells, as it was on fire all through the specimen.

Another, and a very striking experiment, was the following: Wishing to dry some gun-powder and pulverized charcoal very dry, he spread the gun-powder upon a stove, and placed the pulverized charcoal, done up tightly in a sheet of letter-paper, upon the powder. When he thought them sufficiently dry he took the package of charcoal from the stove and placed it upon a table. Upon opening it a few minutes afterward, he found that the coal had taken fire. The powder, at the same time, was remaining upon the stove, and the water in a vessel upon the same stove was not boiling hot.

He comes to the conclusion that wood, and charcoal made at a low temperature are liable to take fire at a low temperature under the conditions assumed. The wood-work around many chimneys becomes wet frequently during rains. Large fires sometimes heat the chimneys, thus causing the wood to dry. Spontaneous combustion may, and doubtless does, sometimes result. More particularly are the conditions secured when the wood-work comes too near stove-pipes, and hot-air-pipes. Hot air, it is well-known, will char wood, and set cotton and linen on fire almost as readily as flame itself, if the tem-

perature is as high as is frequently the case with air in a small hot-air chamber. The wood-work is often found charred in the situations mentioned, and the wonder often expressed is, that the buildings have not taken fire. Probably the only element wanting to bring about such a catastrophe, was water. Had the house leaked around the chimney, that element would have been supplied, and a defect in the chimney set down against some innocent brick-layer. A red heat is not necessary to ignite wood. Shavings have been set on fire by steam escape-pipes. Strips of painted carpet, packed in a barrel and placed in a garret, have been known to take fire from the heat of the sun's rays, which is great in such situations.

It becomes builders and families to be far more careful in respect to the wood-work around chimneys and pipes for smoke or hot air, and in respect to the location of their charcoal and certain articles of waste. Probably wood ashes ignite under circumstances similar to that required by charcoal, as it is well-known that a barrel of ashes will sometimes be found burning over, after a quantity of hot ashes has been placed upon them.

As we stated at the beginning of this article, we have always believed that far less fire were the work of an incendiary than many suppose. Will our readers cast their thoughts about them, and recall the instances of fires where, in all probability, the conditions required, according to the above theory, were present. They would be found in old houses from the leaky condition of the roof about the chimneys. They would be found in new, tight houses from the relative position of the wood-work and stove-pipes, or hot-air pipes. This is certainly a subject of peculiar interest and should secure for itself the most careful attention and observation on the part of every one.

## Woburn Lyceum.

We are informed that the Committee have completed their arrangements for the season so nearly, that we are disposed to communicate to the public what so much interests them. It has been the object of the Committee, we understand, to insure good lectures at reasonable rates. Twelve lectures constitute the course. Only fifty cents is charged for a season ticket, or four and a half cents per lecture by the season;—single tickets will be ten cents each.

No pains have been spared to secure good lectures on the particular subjects which the Committee thought would be most useful and interesting to our citizens. The price of the tickets is very low, hence a large number must be sold to sustain the course. As at present arranged, the following gentlemen will lecture in the order named; this order is, however, liable to change, which will be duly announced, if made.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher, who resided many years in Brazil, South America, and who has lectured to the best acceptance in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, will lead off with two lectures, describing the countries which he visited while abroad. If his lectures at all answer to his reputation, they must be most instructive and entertaining.

Rev. Lyman Whiting, formerly of Reading, will follow Mr. Fletcher. He is too well known to need introduction.

Prof. Tuttle, for many years connected with the Cambridge Observatory, and a most accomplished astronomer, will give a lecture on astronomy; a subject to which all minds are attracted by the splendid comet now streaming across our northwestern sky.

Rev. John Pierpont will read his last poem, entitled "Onward," a rich treat, past all question.

Prof. David A. Wells, editor of the "Annual of Scientific Discovery," will deliver a lecture on recent discoveries, which cannot fail to be very instructive and attractive.

Revs. B. F. Bronson, and J. A. Ames, of our citizens will favor us with lectures.

Rev. T. Starr King, the only star lecturer we have sought, will favor us with one of his unsurpassed lectures.

Prof. Rogers, the eminent geologist, will lecture upon his favorite science.

Rev. A. L. Stone, will give one of his favorite lectures.

Prof. Joseph Lovering of Cambridge College, will lecture on electricity and magnetism, especially as applied to lightning-rods and telegraphing.

It will be seen that the lecturers employed are of the first class, one of them even a star lecturer. A course of lectures, inferior to none we have had, may be expected; and the large infusion of scientific lectures by men of the highest repute in their respective departments, will make the course attractive to many who take little or no interest in literary lectures.

We would suggest to many of our citizens who love to do a favor, that there are many boys and girls who would accept with gratitude a ticket to attend the course, and who would not only be instructed but protected from temptation, by such a method of spending an evening.

The lectures will commence on the first Monday evening of November, and continue twelve consecutive Monday evenings, commencing at 7½ o'clock.—[Com.]

## MIDDLESEX COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

This Association will hold its eleventh semi-annual meeting at Malden, on Friday and Saturday, the 15th and 16th of October instant. The exercises will consist of lectures and discussions, valuable and instructive, not only to practical teachers, but to all persons interested in the cause of public education. We hope Woburn will be well represented.—W. A. Stone, Esq., of this town, is President.

REDUCTION OF RAILROAD FARE.—In consequence of the horse railroad competition, the Boston and Maine Railroad Company have reduced the fare between Boston and South Malden to eight cents. It was formerly twelve. Why cannot we have a horse railroad to Woburn? All that is necessary is for somebody to take hold of the thing in earnest, and it would go, and pay too. We understand there is some talk about one to Winchester.

Atlantic Cable, and Stoneham Branch Railroad stock, will be in demand—some time, if ever. So it is surmised.

## Reading Old Folks.

On Monday evening, Oct. 18th, our citizens will have another opportunity of enjoying the Reading "Old Folks," and we hope they will not be backward in turning out and giving them a full house. It is unnecessary for us to say anything, whatever, in their praise, they are too well known; their fame is not written on the sand, but firmly fixed in the estimation of the public. The "Old Folks" have been before the public four years, and have given upwards of "three hundred concerts in nearly all of the principal cities and towns, from Bangor to Washington," and wherever they have gone they have been greeted with overflowing houses, and given universal satisfaction. The praise that has been everywhere lavished upon them, has been well earned, and no one, we are assured, who shall feel disposed to go and hear them at their approaching concert in this town, will be disappointed. The majority of the tunes sung by them, belong to an age long since past away, but nevertheless they will compare favorably with many of the present day. We will only add, that all ought to avail themselves of the present opportunity to hear those accomplished singers, as another may not occur again soon.

The "Old Folks" give a concert in the Town Hall, Malden, on Monday evening next. We hope that their success there, will be as great as it was in South Reading; and that they will have room enough to accommodate all who wish to hear them.

SINGING SCHOOL.—It will be seen by the Special Notice in another column, that B. F. Baker, Esq., of Boston, will meet all persons interested in the formation of a singing school in this place, in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. March's church on Monday evening next. We believe that we are perfectly safe in saying that Mr. Baker has not a superior in New England as a teacher of music. His long experience, his urbanity, good judgment, excellent taste and happy manner of communicating instruction, place him in the front rank with the few really successful teachers in this department of education. We trust there will be a general turn-out on Monday evening, and that the project of a school will be eminently successful. It will be remembered that Mr. Baker taught a school in this town in the winter of 1847-8 to the satisfaction of all. The terms and conditions of the proposed school will be made known by him on Monday evening.

DESTRUCTION TO CANKER-WORMS.—Messrs. Lovejoy & Titus of Reading, have purchased the right of applying Foster's Patent Tree Protector, in the towns of South Reading, Reading, Somerville, Stoneham and Woburn. It is a very ingenious contrivance, and is said by those who have tried them, to be a certain protector against that destructive insect, the canker-worm. Orders left at the store of L. G. Richardson & Co., will be attended to. A specimen of the "machine" may be seen at our Book Store.

THE COMET.—No man of the present generation will probably again witness so brilliant a comet as is now to be seen. It is a phenomena that occurs but seldom. We remember having seen but one or two others, and those far less brilliant than Donati's. The rapidity of motion, the size and the distance travelled by these eccentric inhabitants of space, is almost incomprehensible, yet they are only one of the wonders of His power who spake all things into existence by a word.

"UNCLE TOM."—Father Henson, better known as "Uncle Tom," addressed a large audience on Rev. Mr. March's Church, on Monday evening last. He gave a brief account of the sufferings through which he has passed—enough to make the blood of a free man boil with indignation. He is a clergyman, employed among the colored population in Canada, and is a man very acceptable in manners and address. He is endeavoring to sell a book compiled by himself, entitled "Father Henson's Story," the avails of which he will appropriate to the purchase of his only brother from bondage.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CRISTAL PALACE.—This immense building together with the almost priceless works of art contained within it, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon last. Nothing was saved except one horse carriage and a few articles of trifling value. The palace cost originally \$80,000. The articles on exhibition which were destroyed, are estimated as worth half a million of dollars. Among the names of losers we see that of B. D. Whitney of Winchester.

It is supposed that rangers were saturated with camphene and thrown into the lumber room. The flames spread so rapidly that the dome fell in 15 minutes from the commencement of the fire. No person was killed or seriously injured.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.—The people of these islands have petitioned to be annexed to the United States, and it is by no means improbable that, sooner or later, they will be received. Although comparatively small in extent, they would be no unimportant acquisition. They are situated in the South Pacific Ocean, and would be valuable as a naval rendezvous. The productions of these islands are yams, taro, sugar-cane, breadfruit, sweet potatoes, and many other excellent roots. Cotton there is perennial, and equal, if not superior to any in the world. Coffee may be cultivated profitably, and the cocoa-nut is found in abundance and perfection.

THE American-Republican Party of the Sixth District, met at Lynn on Monday last, and nominated John B. Alley, Esq., formerly of the firm of Alley, Choate & Cummings, for representative to Congress.

REV. MR. MARCH'S two sermons, entitled "The Religion for the Heart and Home," are now ready. Subscribers and others will find them at this office. Price to subscribers only, 18 cents, neatly bound in muslin, and lettered.

There is a large number of books remaining unclaimed at the Woburn Book Store, which were left to be bound. The owners will confer a favor by calling for them.

WE invite the particular attention of our readers to the article upon the spontaneous combustion of charcoal, and to that upon lightning rods. The former, to our mind, possesses an interest of the greatest importance. If any of our correspondents have any facts in their possession, bearing upon it, we trust they will send them to us for publication. We hope to hear from others respecting lightning rods. The question is yet to be answered, whether there are not houses in this town, in danger of being struck with lightning because they have rods—but not such as afford protection. We have no desire to awaken a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of those who have paid their money for what they supposed to be the best rod. All we wish to effect, is that they should examine into the matter for themselves and see if all is right." The remark has been made to us that most of the buildings struck by lightning in this town the past season, were supplied with rods. Are they good and sufficient conductors, and are they properly put up?

MR. O. S. Moulton, well known to the people of Woburn as an excellent teacher of penmanship, has a class of one hundred and fifty-seven scholars at Stoneham at the present time. He would like to open a school here if he could obtain a good room.

WOBURN BANK.—At the meeting of the stockholders of this bank, last Monday evening the former board of Directors were unanimously re-elected.

The Woburn Gas Company have also re-elected their former board of officers.

## To Correspondents.

"LIGHTNING VS. SCIENCE."—We do not think the writer would be satisfied with his poem, should he see it in print. The thoughts are good, but the versification is too faulty. If fused and recast, it will, doubtless, be much improved, and may then answer our purpose.

"O. S. M."—We have inserted an article touching the subject of your communication. You will excuse us for laying yours aside, as both were not necessary. Shall we not hear from you again soon?

## The Anthracite Coal Trade.

Thirty-one years ago the first coal went to Philadelphia, being ten wagon loads hauled over the mountains by George Shoemaker, of Pottsville. Very few persons could be induced to purchase it, and most of these were wholly unsuccessful in their attempts to make it burn. Everybody considered it a mere stone. Mr. Shoemaker was denounced in all quarters as a cheat, and measures were being taken to arrest him for swindling; but he escaped arrest by leaving the city by a circuitous road, and did not stop until he had got thirty miles on his homeward journey. The most remarkable feature in this extraordinary speculation was, that Mr. Shoemaker did not himself know how to make the coal burn. He was, therefore, unable to convince the public that it really would ignite. Had he experimented at home, and brought with him a grate or stove, which to kindle a successful fire, the exhibition would have, no doubt, hastened full ten years the development of the coal business. He reached home disgusted at the belligerent temper of the citizens, and heart-sick at the ill-success of his adventure. His reputation as an honest man was rescued, however, by an iron-master in Delaware county, into whose hands some of the repudiated mineral accidentally fell. He tried the coal, caused it to burn freely with an intense heat, and was so pleased with it that he proclaimed the fact in the newspapers. This led others to try, and they also succeeded. The prejudice was removed, and consumption went on from this disastrous beginning, until it last year reached the enormous quantity of 3,476,862 tons. But up to this date the depression of manufacturing has caused a reduction of 300,000 tons to be sent to market, and the whole year undoubtedly shows a falling off of full 600,000 tons.—*Miner's Journal*.

OAKS IN ENGLAND.—The Parliamentary Oak in Clifton Park, is said to be 1500 years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property; it was called the Duke's walking-stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest in England is the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak at Worksop is called so from forming parts of the counties of Nottingham, Derby and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gedenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.

THE IRISHMEN IN WARE have set an example worthy to be followed. A portion of the Catholic society, alarmed by the prevalence of intoxication, especially on the Sabbath, entered into a formal agreement to prosecute any of their associates who sold liquor or used it to excess. The priest, Rev. Mr. Blenkinsop, threatened to discontinue his ministrations if there was not an early reform, and is active in directing legal action against the offenders.

Are there not other places where a similar course would go good?

COOL RASCALITY.—In Cincinnati a few days since, two sharpers accosted a countryman, stopping at one of the hotels, and stating that they were "detectives," declared that he was suspected of dealing in counterfeit money. The rascal asserted his entire innocence; but they said that they would search him, and took him into a private room, where they found \$108 in good money. One went to consult a Detective concerning the bank notes, and remained away so long that his companion also started in search of the delayer. Of course, neither returned, and the rural and unsophisticated fellow learned too late that he was victimized.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Lightning Rods.

MR. EDITOR:—My attention was directed, a fortnight since, by a few lines in the *Journal*, to the subject of 'lightning rods,' respecting which I now venture to throw out a few hints. The protection of buildings from the descending bolt, is the most important of all applications of the theory of electricity, and no one should encourage the sale or manufacture of rods in any way deficient of the requisite conducting power. I think it a serious objection to many rods, that they are too small. They become overcharged with electricity, and, as they cannot conduct it to the earth as fast as necessary, it flies off, perhaps passing through the building in an irregular direction, darting from object to object, which affords it an easier path of escape, often destroying life and property. The same is true if the material is not a very good conductor, or if there is not a perfect continuity throughout the entire length of the rod.—Copper is an excellent material, as it possesses superior conducting power, and is also less liable to injury from rust or fusion. The size of the rod, if round, should be at least 1/2 of an inch in diameter for an ordinary building. The point should be gilt, or covered with platinum, the more effectually to preserve it from corrosion. It would be a good plan to connect by strips of metal, all the water pipes, and other large masses of metal about the building, thereby forming a continuous system of conductors for the electric fluid to pass into the earth. The lower extremity should terminate in a very moist stratum of earth or, what is better, in water, and be below the foundation of the building. Some have stated that electricity passes down principally upon the surface of the rod. I think in such a case, the rod is defective, as with a perfect conductor, it passes through the wire as well as down the surface. It always passes where there is the least obstruction to its course. It passes down the surface of the wood in the oak, because the sap between the wood and bark is a better conductor than the close woody texture of the trunk. It passes through a man, because the internal fluids are better conductors than the solid portions of the body.

I have said this much on the subject, more particularly to call attention to it, rather than to enter into an elaborate discussion of the matter. It seems to me that, in making a selection of rods, people sometimes have an eye to the ornamental, rather than to the useful, or, being ignorant of the laws of electricity, suffer themselves to become the dupes of designing speculators, who wish to displace all other rods with their own. I hope some of your able contributors will follow up this subject, and that the public will endeavor to obtain a correct understanding of the whole matter.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Bad Spelling.

I sometimes think the schoolmaster must have gone home—at any rate is not "abroad"—from the bad spelling with which we meet. There are men who write an elegant hand—writing-masters, or worthy to be so—whose orthography would be a sin even to Phonography. How is it that men can live year after year, read the public journals, periodicals and books with which every house is well supplied, and continue to be such bad spellers, is more than I can understand, without ascribing the cause to carelessness and inattention. There is something about a slovenly speller that leads us to think much less of him, though his personal appearance and address is unexceptionable. Correct spelling is of a good deal of consequence—facts—if presented to public observation—would show. Too many, far too many, do not know how to spell the most common words required for carrying on an epistolary correspondence. Such persons lack careful observation, or the fault would soon cease to exist. It becomes our teachers to be more particularly careful in teaching orthography, and especially so when their pupils begin to write compositions.

## ORTHOGRAPHY.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish, through the columns of your excellent paper, to express the satisfaction I felt on reading the article in your last issue signed "Observer." Whoever he is, one thing is evident—he knows what he is writing about. The soundness of his views must and will commend themselves to the better judgment of every friend of sound learning and good order. His idea of education, it seems to me, is the true one, though at variance with the notions of some men at the present day. The time has been when people studied—and studied hard, too, neither asking or wishing to be "led," held up, or helped over every difficult place in the "path" of knowledge. There are times when the student, whether child or man, must be guided (led) to a knowledge of what he is seeking, but it is in the abstruse fields of metaphysics rather than in the studies of the common school where this is necessary. I hope to hear further from "Observer." There must be more in his experience equally good, and I can but think he can give the public something even better than the excellent article already published.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## MEDFORD, Oct. 7th, '58.

No news, Mr. Editor, in a business way, and little hopes of any of this season. Last night the beautiful Cantata of the Flower Queen, or the Coronation of the Rose, was performed in the Town Hall, by a class of young ladies and misses under the direction of Mr. Frank Bartlett. The affair was a very successful one, and did great credit to the performers.

What can be the reason, Mr. Editor, of this cold weather, thus early in the season, when we have had so cold a summer? It must be, I think, that whoever put on the calendar got it a little awry; or, perhaps some of the screws have got out, and one corner of it has warped away from the season to which it belongs. It should be attended to.

Yours truly, SINCERE.

Please attend to it forthwith.—ED.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Literary Residences.

The American loves to visit the home and the last resting-place of Washington. Englishmen look with pride upon the costly palaces and the tombs of their sovereigns. But with equal devotion does every true scholar love to seek the haunts of a favorite author, and to enter the same dwelling, and behold the same scenes which once inspired his thoughts. It is there that his mind becomes aroused, and is made the subject of loftier and more ennobling sentiments. Just so it is when the young artist enters for the first time, the studio of Raphael or of Rubens, and there gazes upon the masterly efforts of their immortal minds. His touches are thenceforth improved, and his paintings, or other works of art, give evidence of communion with the works of nobler minds.

Dr. Johnson says "that man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Just so it is in the literary world. What classical scholar would not delight to visit the place where Horace once tilled his little Sabine farm, and wrote his good-humored satires? This farm was so intimately connected with his life and writings as to call forth oft-repeated allusions to it in his verse. The cool valley, sheltered, both from "rainy winds, and from the fiery heat of summer;" the little garden, and bit of woodland, were the fulfillment of his long-cherished wishes.

The traveller in England, and on the continent, meets many an object of interest; but none more worthy his attention than the homes of those who have contributed to the literature of their country. It is pleasant to him to stroll along the banks of the gently-flowing Avon, or to pause before the tomb of Shakespeare, and there meditate upon his lofty genius and character. His pleasure is increased as he wanders through the woods at Abbotsford, or enters the dwelling of Scott, and there satisfies his curiosity by pondering old volumes and records of chivalry, and by visiting quaint collections of antique furniture and armor. Perhaps he climbs to the top of the tower, and from thence looks out upon the mild and picturesque view which Scott himself was accustomed to admire, and which formed a prominent element in his descriptions of natural scenery.

The same feelings are aroused as he visits the homes of Spencer, of Cowper, and of Shensstone, whose residences at the Lassowes gave evidence of remarkable taste. His poems would have been passed by almost unnoticed, were it not for the reputation his rural and artistic residence has given them.

Americans will long visit the old mansion and the well-tiled farm at Marshfield, and will never forget, with the greatest respect, the home of their greatest statesman. Webster, indeed, loved the country. He loved its green fields, and its rugged mountains; its summer tides, and its winter sports. He could say with Cowper,

"Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore  
The tone of languid nature"  
for the loving of herds, and the bleating of flocks, or the merry whistle of the plough-boy, as he turned up the soil, cheered him like strains of music. His love of rural life was, perhaps, his ruling passion. It brought back the recollections of earlier days.

The natural scenery of an author's residence has a marked influence upon the productions of his pen. His mind becomes moulded by the circumstances in which he has been placed, and his writings will show this. Does he live by the sea-shore? His tales are of the ocean. His poems are of the sailor, and his tempest-tossed bark. If his home is among the mountains, his thoughts dwell upon their quiet valleys or the noble forest-glades of America, his prose and his verse would have told us of the red man of the woods, instead of the bold Scot and the out-law.

But nowhere is this influence so strikingly manifest as in the writings of Cowper. The quiet scenery to which he was accustomed was peculiarly suited to his disposition. He did not admire a wild and picturesque country like that around Abbotsford; nor did he seek out those points in a prospect which create wonder, but those rather which subdued his fancy. He loved a snug cottage or farm-house, with its well-filled barns, while his melancholy seemed to be increased by "woods like forests, and hills like mountains, a vast wilderness."

The traveller who has seen Lissoy is vividly reminded of the "Deserted Village." It was from his residence there with his brothers and sisters, and from scenes in his after-life, that Goldsmith drew many a scene and illustration for his "Vicar of Wakefield."

The writings of Wordsworth, and in olden times, those of Horace and of Virgil, still further confirm this truth. If the homes of authors are of so great interest to the people, what better can a nation do than preserve such dwellings with care. They will thus remove from themselves the charge of sad neglect, and confer upon the author and their people an equal glory.

Woburn, October, 1858.

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to a man." Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man was pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.

A PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—A piece of granite was exhibited at the Merchants' Exchange this morning, bearing on the surface the exact resemblance of the top part of a tree or shrub, all the lines of the foliage being clearly and perfectly visible. It is supposed the sprig or branch of a tree accidentally fell into the crevice in the rock, which afterward, by the action of the frost closed up, and in course of time the fresh green bough became petrified into solid rock. The block of granite was found in Woburn, N. H., and is intended as a present to Queen Victoria.—*Journal*.

## Why don't you take the Papers?

BY N. F. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?  
They're the life of my delight;  
Except about election time,  
And then I read for spite.

Subscriber—you can't lose a cent—  
By should you be afraid?  
For cash that paid is money lent  
On interest fourfold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,  
Advance the cash to-day,  
And if my word is good for nought,  
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,  
While dying of a cough,  
Desired to read the latest news,  
While he was dying off.

I took the paper, and I read  
Of some new pills in force;  
He bought a box—and is he dead?  
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,  
Racked with a scorching fever,  
Who swore to pay her debt next day,  
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,  
Dressed of her pines,  
But did forget to pay her debt,  
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jesse, take these silver wheels,  
And pay the printer now!"  
She slept and slept, and then awoke,  
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike  
As ever saw two stumps;  
And no phenomenon, could find  
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life  
Is happy that as a kid's;  
His children all can read and write,  
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and  
While strolling through the wood,  
A tree fell down and broke his crown,  
And killed him "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,  
At home, like neighbor Jim,  
I'll bet a cent that accident  
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers,  
Nor from the printer sneak?  
Because you borrow of his boy  
A paper every week.

For he who takes the paper,  
And pays his bill when due,  
Can live at peace with God and man,  
And with the printer too.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

New York, Oct. 3, 1858.















# The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Oct. 16th, 1858.

## Mutual Accommodation.

There is no individual who can live in society and be entirely independent of society. The instances will occur again and again when he feels—he is compelled to admit it to himself at least—that he needs some kindly office at the hand of another. The soul sometimes craves what money cannot buy—a neighborly kindness, done in the spirit which should ever characterize those living near each other. The man of business sometimes needs the loan of money, that he may meet his engagements promptly, while he, in turn, may have it in his power to do a similar favor to another. Now how much better it is to render these little favors willingly, rejoicingly, to an honest neighbor, without requiring a bonus, or two per cent. a month for the accommodation. And then in our domestic relations there are times when the sick and the sorrowing, or the worn and weary, feel that this is indeed an unsympathizing world, for they pass days and weeks in suffering or in toil, and few are the sympathizing calls they receive or the proffers of kind offices made. Money, in such a case, is not what is most craved—but sympathy, encouragement, help in the darkest hour. How is this in our midst? Do we visit the sick and the sorrowing to do them good by sitting down by their side that we may help them bear their burdens, or do we trust to rare and expensive presents to remind them of the great social difference between us?

Every community—every individual—family—association—society—must have regard to a mutual accommodation in all their arrangements not strictly private and confined to themselves. It would show a want of accommodation if the several churches in this, or any other place, should each have a different hour for the commencement of public worship, and each should ring and toll its bell to the annoyance of any other. Again, it seems to be hardly in the spirit of which we are speaking for the different religious societies to hold its two or three meetings each on different evenings, to the inconvenience of many, when the same evening would do as well. What if a particular evening has been so used for many years? Does that preclude all reason, under any and all circumstances, for any change? Have we not sometimes seen the willful spirit of unaccommodation manifested with tenfold more harm done by it than good? In a community like this there should and will be lectures, singing schools, &c., which many will wish to attend. Why so hedge up the way that either one desirable thing or another must be abandoned, simply because there is no accommodation between different societies respecting the times of holding evening meetings? There is especial need of consideration upon these matters in this town, and we trust that proper attention will be given and proper judgment exercised. As the lecture season is near at hand, we hope an effort will be made in good faith to bring the religious meetings of the several societies upon the same evenings, that any and all who wish to do so, may be able to attend lectures and meetings as well as the singing school. Let the golden rule have sway in all things—at all times and in all places, and there would be no want of that spirit of mutual accommodation which would knit and bind neighborhoods and communities together in bonds indissoluble.

## Target Excursion.

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx and their friends—who are not their friends?—intend having a parade and target excursion on Tuesday next. The company will parade at 1 o'clock, p.m., accompanied by Gilmore's Salem Brass Band, and at 2 o'clock, will return to the armory and escort the past active and fine members to the ground selected for the target practice, at Cummingsville, near the residence of Edward McEllan, Esq., on the farm known as the "Waker place." A silver medal will be awarded to the three best average shots, and, as a matter of course, so we presume, a leather medal to the worst shot. As we have the honor to belong to the corps of honorary members, we trust the leather medal will not fall to the lot of any one of that ancient and honorable body. They had better brush up their shooting practice in season. The tents of the company will be pitched upon the ground, and refreshments served in them during the afternoon.

A notice will be found in another column calling a meeting of the past active and honorary members and friends of the corps, to make arrangements for joining with the company on this occasion, which, there can be no doubt, will be one of much pleasure. We hope to see a large meeting of the veteran members and friends of the company, and that they will do up their part of the excursion in a manner that will be creditable,—there can be no question about the company doing its part liberally and soldierlike.

It must be a pleasure to our citizens to see the Phalanx,—in which the sires and grand-children of many of the present active citizens of Woburn have drilled, paraded and done faithful duty for the State,—coming up again, after several months of comparative inactivity, to a state of efficiency and prosperity. We believe it is a credit to the town to have such a military company, with so good a reputation as the Phalanx has, after years of patient perseverance in acquiring the drill and discipline and discharging the duties of good soldiers, honorably gained, and that it behoves our citizens to give to the corps such encouragement, particularly at this time, as they may require, that they may retain the enviable position of one of the best companies in the State. This excursion will afford a good opportunity for a proper expression of that sentiment. We hope and anticipate that it will be an occasion long to be remembered with pleasure both by the members of the company and their many friends.

A social assembly in the evening, which will be honored by the presence of the ladies, will take place in Lyceum Hall. Gilmore's Band will discourse its sweetest music, a circumstance which will of itself attract many to the dance. This will be the first assembly of the season, and probably one of the best.

## Editorial Correspondence.

ON THE WING, Oct. 6, 1858.

Our last letter left us at St. John, waiting for a conveyance to the head waters of the Bay of Fundy. About 12, midnight,—the tide then having risen its fifty or sixty feet,—we embarked on board the *Maid of Erin*, Capt. Belmore. After getting clear of the wharves and the lumber ships, we steamed down past Partridge Island, and found ourselves again at sea with a breeze fresh and fair, a fine starlight night, and the tide in our favor. Under these favorable auspices the *Maid*, a steady going steamer of some pretensions to speed and safety, cut her way through the water at a swift rate. We found the Captain to be an affable and gentlemanly man, the Clerk ditto, and passed a pleasant hour in a social chat with them. Descending to the lower saloon with the intention of seeking a couch whereon to pass the remainder of the night in repose, we found assembled the male portion of our fellow passengers. They were a motley crowd—English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, Blue-nose and Jew. The Jew (thank fortune there was only one) being about the worst specimen of his kind it was ever our ill-luck to run across. During the whole night he kept up a never-ceasing stream of slang talk, in his efforts to trade watches, jewelry, clothes, &c., with the unsuspecting and unsophisticated of his fellow passengers. In the morning it was highly amusing to see the result of his efforts in the display of huge brass watch-chains, and galvanized rings on hands that looked as if they had been guilty of less of soap and water for months. At 10 a.m., we arrived at the City of Moncton, (the Petticoat-jack of former days). It is really a growing place; has its Mayor and Aldermen, its City Hall, Bank, Schools, Newspaper, and other public institutions and buildings, and many handsome private residences. The shad fishing in the waters in the neighborhood of Moncton and Dorchester is quite extensive—large quantities being here caught and sent to market. Eighteen miles by rail conveyed us from the waters of the Bay of Fundy to the Straits of Northumberland, the northern boundary of New Brunswick, the terminus being at the village of Shediac, a fishing, farming, and lumbering place of note, where several large steam saw-mills for the manufacture of deals for exportation.

Here the wind and tide conspired to delay us for several hours, and at midnight we again made a start from Shediac harbor in the steamer *Westmorland*, Capt. Ellis, down the Straits of Northumberland. This steamer is of fair size and power, though her hull is said to be weak and leaky; travellers look upon her with suspicion, and are rejoiced when at the end of a voyage they step ashore in safety. If her cabin and saloon were kept in anything approaching a decent state of cleanliness one might make a trip in her with moderate comfort, but everything about the cabins, the food and the beds, is intolerably dirty. We sought repose in one of the shelve-like berths, but was soon glad to leave it, the odor being insufferable; we then clambered up to the top tier, away aft, and laid our body out "on the shelf" again. Here we found the glass in the window above us broken, freely admitting a current of fresh sea-air that purified the atmosphere around us; but toward morning a sea broke over a deluge of salt water through our ventilator, treating us to a bath for which we were not prepared. We submitted with patience, the salt water being preferable to the noxious exhalations of the berths below. The agent on board, a relative of the owner, is responsible, we were informed, for this state of dirtiness. He looks as if he might be.

It is to be regretted that travellers should have to suffer anything so very disagreeable while on a route otherwise pleasant and extremely interesting. As the sun brightened in the eastern sky we entered the picturesque and beautiful harbor of Bedouque, in Prince Edward Island, famous for its large and richly-flavored oysters, of which we procured a good supply and eat them from the shell with a relish. Six hours more steaming brought us to the city of Charlottetown, the capital of the Island. Here we intend to sojourn for a few days, and look around us.

NEW ROAD BETWEEN STONEHAM AND WOBURN.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners on Tuesday last, the new road petitioned for by the inhabitants of Stoneham was ordered to be built. This road will open up a new avenue between Stoneham and Woburn, leading past the elegant mansion of John Hill, Jr., Esq., and will much increase the facilities of intercourse between the two towns, thereby benefiting both, as their social and business relations are already closely connected and are daily becoming more so. We hear that the road will cost Woburn about \$500, Stoneham about \$1200.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.—The fifth Middlesex District Senatorial Convention will meet in this town on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock, p.m., in the Town Hall. We expect to see a large attendance and a lively contest. We have heard the names of several gentlemen mentioned as prominent candidates—(made prominent by their friends, not by their own acts)—for the nomination. We have no doubt the choice will fall upon a good man and true, for among those whose chances for the nomination appear to be the best we recognize two or three honest politicians, as we believe, a *rara avis* in these times. We forbear to mention names, as we fear their well known straightforwardness in matters both of politics and business might be a bar to their success.

JUVENILE SOCIETY.—The "Juvenile Society" in connection with the First Baptist Church in this town, will have a social entertainment, in the vestry of the Church, on the evening of the 26th instant. No doubt it will be an occasion of much pleasure to the little ones, and we trust the result will be found very profitable to their Society.

The first of Miss Harding's course of lectures on Spiritualism, announced for Wednesday evening last, did not take place, in consequence of the severe storm. She will lecture on Wednesday evening next, in Lyceum Hall.

FRIEND PIPPI.—The enclosed Riddle was forwarded to me by a friend, with the request that it should be published in the *Journal*. It was written in aid of the funds of the London Missionary Society, and was called:—"A MISSIONARY RIDDLE." The solution may be found in the Bible—an incident in the life of David.

Allow me to add that the fair authoress is a native of Woburn, though not now residing here, and has many warm friends among us.

Truly yours,  
S.  
Come and commiserate,  
One who was blind,  
Helpless and desolate,  
Void of a mind,  
Guileless—deceiving,  
Though unbelieving  
Free from all sin.  
By mortals adored,  
Still, I ignored  
The world I was in.  
King Ptolemy's—Caesar's,  
And Tighth-Ploer's,  
Birth-days were shown,  
Wise men—Astrologers—  
I ne'er had a father  
Nor mother,—or rather  
If I had either—  
Then, they were neither  
Alive at my birth,  
Lodged in a palace,  
Feasted by maids,  
I did not inherit  
By lineage or merit  
A spot on the earth!

Nursed among Pagans—no one baptized me.  
A sponser I had who we're catenched me.  
She gave me the name to her heart's dearest,  
She gave me the place to her bosom the nearest.  
But one look of kindness  
She cast on me never,  
Nor a word in my blindness  
I heard from her ever.  
Compassed by dangers  
Nothing could harm me,  
By foemen and strangers  
Naught could alarm me!  
I saved—I destroyed—  
I blessed—I alloyed—  
Kept a crown for a prince,  
But had none of my own—  
Tilled the place of a king  
But ne'er sat on a throne.  
Rescued a warrior—baffled a plot—  
Was what I esteemed—seemed what I'm not.  
Devoted to slaughter,  
A price on my head,  
A king's lovely daughter  
Watched by my bed.

Though gently she dressed me, fainting with  
She never caressed me, nor wiped off a tear,  
Ne'er moistened my lips, tho' parching and dry.  
What marvel, a blight should pursue till I die?  
'Twas royalty nursed me  
Wretched and poor—  
'Twas royalty cursed me  
In secret, I'm sure.  
I live not—I did not, but tell you I must,  
That ages have passed since I first turned to dust.  
This paradox whence? this squallor, this Say?  
Was I a being—or a silly pretender?  
Fathom the mystery  
Deep in my history,  
Was I a man?  
An angel supernal,  
A demon infernal?  
Solve it who can.

CANTATA OF THE HAYMAKERS.—We had the pleasure of listening to this beautiful Cantata, as rendered by the "Stoneham Musical Association," on Saturday evening last, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it one of the finest things we ever heard. The piece is descriptive of the farmer's life during the season of hay-making, and is an eminently successful effort to represent common acts by sounds. Its author is Prof. G. P. Root, of the Normal Institute of Music, at North Reading.

The Stoneham Musical Association consists of twenty singers, with one piano, one violin, one flute, and one bass-viol as accompaniment. Mr. Rufus Pierce, well known as an excellent teacher of music, is the conductor, and well sustained the part of the farmer with his good, full bass voice. Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Goodhue sustained the parts of Anna and Mary, the farmer's daughters. The names of the gentlemen who sustained the solo parts, we did not learn. We have not space to speak of each solo, song, or chorus separately. They were all performed in an admirable manner, without exception. The chorus of "The Mowers and Spreaders" was one of unsurpassed beauty; and the same was true of "Softly the twilight fades." The song, "Scenes of Happiness I love ye," sung by Mrs. Goodhue, was most touchingly beautiful, and particularly so from the artistic simplicity of style in which it was rendered. Mrs. G. possesses an exceedingly sweet voice joined with a good enunciation. The song just mentioned is worth the price of a ticket to the concert. Mrs. Pierce has a voice of great compass and good power, with excellent execution, and capable of grappling with difficult, artistic music.

We hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing this Cantata in Woburn, ere long. We can assure the lovers of good music here that this piece, as given by the Stoneham Association, was really superior to any music we have heard for a long time. Should they come here,—which will probably be the case—no one should fail of being present. We trust they will endeavor to make arrangements before long to sing in Lyceum Hall. If the Association will pardon the suggestion, we think a rural, haymakers' costume would add much to the effect, especially in the case of the farmer's daughters, and the hired men, giving a life-like naturalness to the whole thing.

DAMAGES.—The referees in the case of Luther Converse and J. M. Randall, for damages to their wood lots by fire accidentally communicated by the burning of some brush on the lots of Messrs Walter and James Wyman, have awarded to Mr. Converse the sum of \$200 and to Mr. Randall and others the sum of \$500.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The Fall arrangement on the Boston & Lowell & Nashua & Lowell and Woburn Branch Railroads will be found advertised in another column. Several important changes of time have been made, for the accommodation of passengers, we trust, to take place on Monday next.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.—Forget not the Concert by Father Kemp's Old Folks on Monday evening, in Lyceum Hall. It will be "one of the occasions." We advise our Winchester friends to look out for Father Kemp's Folks; as we hear it hinted that they will probably accept the invitations extended to them to sing in that town.

Beware of one dollar bills of the Bank of Commerce, Boston, changed to tens.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF FRANKIE MURRAY.

He's dying, dying, dying!  
That young, that fair, that noble boy,  
Whose rosy cheek and beaming eye  
Foretold of life, of health, and joy.  
He's dying, and the agony  
It costs to give him up  
None knows but they who've deeply drank  
The same full bitter cup.

He's dying, dying, dying!  
Yet, parents, stay that bitter grief,  
And, firmly in your God relying,  
Look for your wounded souls relief.  
No more his pleasant voice will greet you;  
No more he'll come at close of day;  
Yet, gladly in that land he'll meet you,  
Where parents' tears are wiped away.

He's dying, dying, dying!  
But, O! a vision bright,  
A world of fadeless beauty,  
Bursts on my spirit's sight.  
And then, amid the angels,  
There waves a boyish hand,  
With, "Good-bye, mother, I am happy,  
Haste to join this seraph band!"

Hasten, father, let your foot-steps  
Swiftly tread the "narrow-way!"  
Hasten, Willie, in youth's morning  
Seek the Saviour while you may.  
Farewell, loved-ones, when you visit  
The dear spot where Frankie lies,  
Think it's only his poor body,  
Heavenward turn your tearful eyes."

Woburn, Oct. 16, 1858.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

### Men of Science, and their Discoveries, are the Possessions of the World.

No period in the history of mankind has been so productive of scientific knowledge as the present century. The last fifty years have opened the richest veins of our intellectual wealth. The age of Newton and Davy has passed, but it has been succeeded by an age still more fruitful, one which continues to prove that science progresses, that its labors are important to man, and that it well deserves the encouragement which it demands. The efforts and the discoveries of such men have contributed much toward destroying the evil tendencies of party-feeling and of international strife. They differ widely from the statesman and the politician, who, often at variance with each other, suit the purposes of a single party, or, perhaps, effect some good for a nation. But the Scientific Discoverer, laboring with others, makes known the success of his works for the benefit of every people and every land.

The course of the youthful Arctic navigator, Dr. Kane, whose death not long ago caused our country to mourn, will long be remembered. The scenes of daring adventure through which he passed, were undertaken in the service of science and philanthropy, and have been of the utmost importance in uniting England and America in friendship. Science has reaped an abundant harvest from his voyages. They have made us acquainted with a portion of our globe hitherto unknown. They have shown us what the human frame is capable of enduring under great severity of climate. They have opened many sources of inquiry in regard to those icy regions, both interesting and useful to man. They have erased the blot of obscurity which otherwise would have disgraced the history of our enlightened age.

The voyages of the intrepid Sir John Ross have yielded great fruit to the American people, and our countrymen, in turn, interested in the welfare of a sister nation, have felt a generous sympathy in the fate of its sons. The unwearied perseverance of Mr. Field, so lately rewarded with success, cannot but yield abundant profit, not only to England and our own country, but to the whole civilized world.

In the sad death of Hugh Miller, Scotland lost the noblest representative of her true working-men. Christian Science owes much to his example and his labors, and will ever deplore his loss. The purity and vigor of language, the wealth of literary allusion in the writings of this self-educated man, will obtain for them a rare celebrity wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue shall be read or spoken.

By the efforts of men like these nearly every region of the earth has been explored. The harvests of both land and sea have been transported between far-distant lands. A communication has been opened between the remotest inhabitants of the earth, and civilization has far advanced among barbarous tribes, and in lands once the home of the Heathen and Savage.

Woburn, Oct., 1858.

POLL TAXES.—The collector of taxes requests us to remind tax payers that the time for the payment of single poll taxes expires on the 20th inst., after that date costs will be added.

RECOVERING.—We learn that J. G. Chapman, the young lad who was injured by a fall from a tree, is now past danger and is in a fair way of recovering from his severe injuries.

DESTRUCTION TO CANKER-WORMS.—Messrs. Lovejoy & Titus of Reading, have purchased the right of applying Foster's Patent Tree Protector, in the towns of South Reading, Reading, Somerville, Stoneham, and Woburn. It is a very ingenious contrivance, and is said by those who have tried them, to be a certain protector against that destructive insect, the canker-worm. Orders left at the store of L. G. Richardson & Co., will be attended to. A specimen of the "machine" can be seen at the Woburn Book Store.

FIREMEN'S MEETING IN LYNN.—A grand muster of the Lynn Fire Department takes place this afternoon. All the engines in the city will contend for the prizes, the first of which will probably be a silver trumpet, valued at about \$100. There will also be two or three other prizes, in money, offered. The first play will be to fill a tank, holding 1000 gallons, through 400 feet of hose, and 14 inch nozzle. The second play, a perpendicular, and the third a horizontal stream. After the engine trial, the several hose carriages will run a mile, against time, for a money prize.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1858.

"Gone, like the careless fabric of a dream." The Crystal Palace, the fairy structure, has perished as it was born, in a night! Yet it was better that it should have perished so than that it should ever have been degraded to such business as have been contemplated for it at different times, such as cattle-markets and other nuisances. The building was supposed to be peculiarly fire-proof. The result, however, showed a peculiar trouble in this style of building—iron frames and glass filling. As soon as one part of the iron beams intensely heated, the iron frame-work of the whole building began expanding, pulled itself out of shape, and of course cracks the glass into flinders! We have had now three conflagrations of public buildings within a short time. The City Hall cupola—the Staten Island Hospital—and the Palace. This building was, as in the case of the Staten Island Hospital, a damage to the adjacent property, which, but for this Palace, would have been built up with first class houses before this. A first class neighborhood cannot, of course, be built up around a place where there are liable to be large and noisy exhibitions.

The yellow fever has about departed from Staten Island, but the troops have not. It is rather a serious joke for the members of those Regiments who are called out for grand duty on the Island. Living out of doors is very uncomfortable in this cool weather, and besides many members of the companies are obliged to neglect their business for a long time, receiving no adequate compensation.

Business is very dull—the weather has been so warm that the demand for winter clothing has not set in yet, and this renders the dry goods houses dull as their far-off trade has in the trade lately. Others have got through by the skin of their teeth, and others deploably. One very well-known jobbing house, which has recently moved into a splendid store on Broadway, is said to have made a large sum by its failure, by advising its creditors to settle its debts at 50 cents on the dollar, and then buying all that was offered through brokers. This is not an illegal course of conduct, but as to whether it is honorable or not we think there will be but one opinion.

There is considerable religious interest still in the city, though less noise is made about it than was the case last spring. The noon prayer-meetings are kept up, and there have been recently some very interesting cases of conversion among hardened criminals through the influence of those meetings. The feeling seems to be now to keep up those meetings permanently—to make them a New York institution.

The book trade drags, and there is little worth noticing on the tapis. The opera companies, English and Italian, are doing well.

## STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### MILITARY EXCURSION.

THE STONEHAM LIGHT INFANTRY, under command of Capt. C. C. Dike, went to Haverrill on Wednesday last, by invitation of the Haverrill HALL GUARDS, to join them in their annual Fall Parade. Col. Dike and staff, of the 7th Regiment, and the Infantry, were met at the depot in Haverrill on the arrival of the morning train from Boston, by the HALL GUARDS under command of Capt. Taggart, accompanied by the Germania Band, and were escorted to the Common, where they were met by "Company Sam," under command of Lieut. Bailey. From the Common they marched through some of the principal streets to the "Target ground," where extensive preparations were made for having a good time generally, but the pelting rain rather disturbed the arrangements; the companies, however, fired one round at the targets, when it was deemed best to return to the Guard's armory. At the armory a splendid collation was served,—the order was excellent, and the inner man was well cared for. The rest of the time previous to the dinner, was taken up in exchanging congratulations, visiting the different places of interest, listening to the merry songs and to the soul-stirring notes of the Band. At 4 o'clock, the Battalion was called to order—marched to the hall, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner, provided by the citizens of Haverrill, after which, an hour or two was spent in catering for the intellectual man. Capt. Taggart of the Guards, was the first speaker, and called up Col. Dike of the 7th Regiment, who was followed by Judge Howe of Haverrill, Dr. Johnson of Bradford, Mr. Spear of Haverrill, Quarter-master Cummings, Mr. Hutchinson of the South Reading Gazette, Chaplain O. S. Moulton of South Reading, Lieut. J. H. Dike of Stoneham, and others, interspersed by music from the Band. At 7 o'clock, it was announced that the people were gathering at the Town Hall, where a Promenade Concert and Ball had been announced to come off. Accordingly the company separated to make arrangements for the same.

The Concert and Ball was a fine affair.—Everybody was in the best of humor, and went in for the largest amount of enjoyment. The large hall was brilliantly lighted. Some five hundred persons had been invited, and were present. The ladies looked their gayest—the band seemed to play their sweetest, and everything seemed to pass off in the best of spirits. After the ball, the company retired to rest for a few hours. At 7 o'clock in the morning, we were aroused by "mife host," with the announcement, that "breakfast was ready," and accordingly "we were there." At 9 o'clock, the line was again formed, and marched to the Eagle Hotel, where Col. Dike and staff were received, and after marching through some of the principal streets, a collation was partaken of at the depot and went through a dress-parade, when the festivities of the occasion closed. The Stoneham Light Infantry then took the cars for home, and reached their armory at 3 o'clock, highly pleased with their excursion.

O. S. M.

Stephen P. Rowell, of Reading, has received a patent, for an improved carpet sweeper.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MESSRS. LOVEJOY & TITUS are busily engaged in hooping trees, which seems to be appropriating hoops to some useful purpose.

THOMAS APPLETON, the famous organ builder, is now engaged in building a large organ for the First Methodist Society in Lynn. It will contain forty registers, and nearly six hundred pipes in the small organ, which will afford the fancy player an abundant opportunity to display his taste and abilities. The whole number of pipes, when completed, will be about fifteen hundred. It is to be completed by the first of December. Previous to its being placed in the church in Lynn, there will be an exhibition of its qualities at the manufactory.

THE "OLD FOLKS" are on their taps, and, thus far, meet with good success. They have given three concerts, and at two of these the capacity of the halls were not equal to the demand for seats. They sing in Lawrence on Saturday the 16th inst., and in Woburn on Monday evening, 18th inst. I may be allowed to say that should the weather be pleasant I intend to come with them to Woburn.

The Rev. Mr. WILCOX has so far recovered his health as to be able to preach, and has occupied his pulpit for two Sabbaths, much to the gratification of his people.

Another of those dense fogs hover around while I write, and is nearly as bad as a rain to be out in.

Some of the Loan and Fund, more properly, perhaps, should be called Fun Associations, (though some think there is not much fun in being connected with them), are, rumor says, about to wind up their affairs, and thus furnish a topic for many remarks. The opinion most prevalent, I believe, is, that a man who builds a house cannot do so without incurring cost—that lumber will cost about so much a thousand, and lime, brick, and other materials, will also cost something, get them whatever way you will, and costing something, must be paid for.

LENO.

## SOUTH READING.

GENERAL NEWS.

The report of the anniversary parade of the Richardson Light Guard, which was expected last week, was delayed until too late for the last number, as the gentleman who was to furnish it, (in our absence from town) was too much engaged in the affairs of the camp and other matters afterwards, to allow him to carry out his intentions. He has our thanks for his efforts to forward it in season, but as it has already appeared in full in the *Gazette*, it may not be advisable to insert it in the *Journal* this week.

One thing was very noticeable on that day, that, though a large concourse of people were present on the common, good order and comparative quiet everywhere prevailed. We heard of no intoxication, no rowdiness, no broils. The demeanor of the soldiers spoke well of their discipline, and the people looked on and listened with a view of rational enjoyment, rather than destroy it by pursuing it too excessively.

Last week on Wednesday, a delegation from this place took the cars for Newburyport, to attend the Annual State Sabbath School Convention held in that city. Arrangements had been made at Boston for half-price tickets on the whole line of both the Eastern and Georgetown routes, to accommodate large numbers who were expected to attend. Having previously been told at headquarters that the tickets might be found at each depot, or with the conductors, we were not a little surprised when informed that no tickets for the special occasion had been forwarded to stations on the Georgetown route, and none furnished to the conductors, or authority given them to vary from the usual price, so the prospect seemed very good for full fares both ways, which, it is true, would not have been a severe tax, but double the amount contracted for. We were particularly indebted to Mr. Swasey, conductor from Boston to North Danvers, and Mr. Carter the well known gentlemanly conductor on the Newburyport end of the route, through whose courtesy and aid we were furnished with free return checks. This was a creditable act of kindness, inasmuch as their obligation ceased after requiring the regular tickets.

The young people of Greenwood are considering the expediency of forming a Lyceum or Debating Society in their village. It is yet undetermined whether the South Reading Lyceum will have a course of lectures, or hold over one season.

Samuel A. Wiley, while using a hay-cutter last week, had one finger cut off and another nearly so.

On Monday, Mr. William J. Butterfield, in turning the corner of Railroad and Avon streets, was thrown from the carriage, breaking two ribs, bruising his back, and it is feared, receiving severe internal injury.

A large meeting was held at the Town Hall on Monday evening, to see if arrangements could be made for a Union Singing School. It is thought that the project can very easily be carried forward.

The Juvenile Singing Class taught by Mr. Mullett, are preparing to give another concert in a few weeks.

The Universalist Society are discussing the propriety of enlarging their house of worship.

The "Old Folks" are to sing again in the Town Hall this (Thursday) evening. M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### CHARACTER.

If there is anything to be admired, respected and honored, it is that man who has worked hard, long, and carefully, to acquire a good reputation for character and veracity, in the community where he resides. It is no easy thing to gain the confidence of our fellow men. He who would do it must labor patiently for months and years, carefully weighing all his words; prompt, candid and truthful in all his actions, calm and conciliatory even to those who would impeach his motives and injure his reputation; and in fact, with friends or foes, in his social intercourse and in all his business relations in life, he must act from high and honorable motives.

and strive constantly to fulfil that glorious and comprehensive injunction,—"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It is well for the community that there are such men—and many of them too—to be found in every town and village; men who are worthy of confidence and will be honored and respected. But such men are not without their enemies. Their very position, incites the envy, the hatred and malice of the low, the ignorant and the debased. With such, they think it easier to reach up and pull their neighbor down to their own dead level, than it is, by unwearied efforts in the right direction, to reach the same elevation themselves. These remarks have been suggested to me by reading two or three articles in the *South Reading Gazette* of recent date.

Here, on a mere hear-say report, a quiet and valuable citizen, a man of character and reliability, is rudely thrust before the public through the columns of a newspaper to answer for a few words said to have been used by him. Words, even if they had been used, were no more worthy of public note and criticism, than half the language that is constantly passing between man and man. But now an object is to be attained, and a man's character is to be reached; and if possible the prejudice of the community is to be brought to bear against a neighbor. The accused party made a calm, candid and dignified reply, denying in toto the language imputed to him, and treated the assault upon him as it richly deserved—as wanton, mean and cowardly. But here malignity is not satisfied. Another onslaught is made,—the charges are repeated,—the accused is ridiculed for his religious principles,—he is called a hypocrite and is held up for public scorn.

The accused makes a reply, "calm and well written!" the editor says. But it cannot be published! Why? because we cannot spare the room, and we wish "to stay further discussion." We would very respectfully ask if such a course is honorable or just? Is it right, that after a man has been rudely thrust before the bar of public opinion, and for no offence, that he should not, in a calm and well written article, be allowed to repel the charges and mete out to the author of them such measure as he deserves? But no; we have allowed you to be hit and daubed through our columns, but we cannot find room in our little sheet for you to wipe off the stain and set yourself right before the community! If such is to be the dealing of the *Gazette* in future, we think it will meet with all the encouragement that such a paper deserves.

ONE OF MANY.

So. Reading, Oct. 14th, 1858.

THE MISSING AERONAUT.—A correspondent of the Chicago Free Press, reflecting on the sad fate of Thurston, the aeronaut, has been "induced to compute the time he would be in falling to the earth; his mean velocity, as well as the momentum with which he would strike the earth. His elevation was thought to be three miles, and assuming this to be the distance he fell, it would only require thirty-one and a half seconds for him to reach the earth, a mean velocity of 495 ft. per second. Assuming his weight to be 160 pounds, he would strike the earth with a momentum equal to 150,800 pounds, or a little more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to scatter his body, bone and muscle, into atoms so minute as scarcely to be perceptible, if not to bury him deep into the earth."

THE Republicans of Cambridge organized a Burlingame Club on Tuesday evening last, with Henry W. Muzzey as President.

Rev. Eli W. Harrington has resigned the pastoral charge of the Congregational (Orthodox) Church, at Rochester, Mass. The cause assigned for the resignation is a want of sympathy on the part of his charge, evidenced in the non-payment of his salary







WORLD BOOK STORE



THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL,  
JOHN J. PIPPI,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
Office—Main Street, Woburn, entrance at  
the Woburn Book Store.

TERMS.  
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until arrears are  
paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any  
person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice  
thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous  
notice has been given or not.

Rates of Advertising:  
One square, (fourteen lines) one insertion \$1.00; each  
subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a square, (seven  
lines) one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion  
12 1/2 cents. One square per year \$12.00; six months,  
\$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a square per year,  
\$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less  
than half a square charged as half a square. Special notices,  
added, 10 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line  
for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not  
otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until  
ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly ad-  
vertisements, payable quarterly; transient advertise-  
ments in advance.

Agents.  
NORTH WOBURN—Messrs. NICHOLS, WERN & CO.  
EAST WOBURN—Mr. ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.  
STONEHAM—Mr. E. T. WHITTIER.  
READING—Mr. THOS. RICHARDSON.  
SOUTH READING—Messrs. J. W. MARRAS and  
WINCHESTER—Mr. J. H. HAYES.  
S. M. PETERVILLE & Co., Boston and New York  
R. B. WILDS, (Successor to V. H. Palmer), 100  
building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN BURRILL,  
Boston, are sole agents for the Woburn Journal, and  
advertisements for the JOURNAL at the rates re-  
quired by us.

Business Cards.

BOSTON AND LOWELL  
AND NASHUA AND LOWELL R. R.  
PAUL ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, Oct. 18th, 1858,  
trains will leave Boston for  
Lowell, Nashua, Concord and Upper Falls  
7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.  
Nashua, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m., 5:30 p.m.  
Lowell at 7:30, 10:00, a.m., 12:00 m., 2:30, 5:00, 6:30,  
p.m.  
No. Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington,  
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7:30, 10:00, a.m., 2:30,  
5:00, 6:30 p.m.  
No. Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington,  
Woburn W. S., and E. Woburn, 7:30, 10:00, a.m., 2:30,  
5:00, 6:30 p.m.  
Woburn Centre, 7:00, 11:30, a.m., 3:00, 5:30, 6:30,  
8:15 p.m.  
Woburn and Medford, 7:00, 10:00, 11:30 a.m., 2:30,  
5:00, 6:30, 8:15 p.m.  
The 7:30 a.m., 12 m., and 5 p.m. Express Trains,  
will stop only at the following places: Boston, Lowell,  
Nashua, Concord, and Upper Falls. The 7:30 a.m.  
Train will stop for passengers to Lowell.  
Saturdays at 10 p.m.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON.

Leave Woburn at 6:15, 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m.  
Nashua at 7:15, 11:45, a.m., 4:00 p.m.  
Lowell at 7:30, 10:30, a.m., 12:15, 5:15, 5:30 p.m.  
Nashua at 7:30, 10:30, a.m., 12:15, 5:15, 5:30 p.m.  
Billerica and Tewksbury, 7:40, 9:40, a.m., 2:30,  
5:44 p.m.  
Wilmington at 7:50, 9:50 a.m., 2:40, 5:40, 6:30 p.m.  
South Wilmington at 10:00 a.m., 2:45, 5:45 p.m.  
North Woburn at 10:00 a.m., 2:45, 5:45 p.m.  
Woburn Watering Station at 8:07, 10:09, a.m.,  
2:53, 6:08 p.m.  
East Woburn at 8:08, 10:10, a.m., 2:54, 6:09,  
7:14 p.m.  
Woburn Centre at 6:15, 7:30, 9:00, a.m., 1:15,  
5:30, 7:15 p.m.  
Woburn at 6:19, 7:35, 8:15, 9:05, 10:11, a.m.,  
1:20, 3:00, 5:35, 7:30, p.m.  
Medford at 7:45, 9:45, 10:15, 10:30, a.m.,  
1:30, 3:07, 5:40, 7:38 p.m.  
On arrival of trains from Nashua.

CONVERSE & CO.,  
WOBURN AND BOSTON  
RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.  
5 Trips Daily.  
OFFICES: 11 Court Street, Boston,  
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.  
Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes,  
drafts, bills, &c.

JOHN G. COLE,  
PAINTING AND GLAZING,  
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in  
the neatest manner. Also, Graining and Staining  
Sashes and Blinds of every description. Furnish  
Paints, Oils and Glazes of the best quality.  
Shop, first building South of the Branch Railroad  
at W. S. ST., WOBURN. e14

FRANK B. DODGE,  
(Successor to Wm. M. Weston.)  
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER!  
Also, DEALER IN—  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware,  
Musical Instruments,  
FANCY GOODS, &c.  
Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.  
Melodians for Sale and to Let.  
Woburn, 1 May 1858.

A. E. THOMPSON,  
DEALER IN AMERICAN & FOREIGN  
DRY GOODS,  
West India Goods, Flour & Grain,  
CROCKERY & HARDWARE,  
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.  
No. 3, Wade's Block.

Edward Butler  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Nov. 7, 1857.—16.

BRIGHAM & GILCREAST,  
PAINTERS.  
PAINTING, GLAZING, GRASSING, PAPER  
HANGING, &c., done in the best  
style, at short notice and at  
reasonable prices.

UNION STREET, WOBURN.  
(OPPOSITE JONES' BLACKSMITH SHOP.)  
S. T. HARRISON. J. GILCREAST.

WYMAN'S  
AMBIOTYPE, MELAINOTYPE  
and Daguerrotype Rooms,  
KELLY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Particular attention given to copying pictures.  
Woburn, March 6th, 1858.

Harris Johnson,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.

William Winn,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.  
BURLINGTON, Mass.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.  
All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attend-  
ed to.

DR. C. T. LANG,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
CORNER OF MAIN & WALNUT STS.,  
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

NATHAN WYMAN,  
—DEALER IN—  
English, French and American  
DRY GOODS,  
No. 11, WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

WOBURN  
SOUTH-READING STONEHAM OUR LOCAL INTERESTS READING & WINCHESTER.

VOL. VIII. : : No. 3. WOBURN: OCTOBER 23, 1858. FOUR CENTS PER COPY.

Business Cards.

EAST WOBURN  
GROCERY STORE!!

H. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants  
that a large and well selected stock of  
GROCERIES  
of all descriptions and of the best quality, such as, Crock-  
ery and Glass Ware—all which will be sold at the  
very lowest cash prices.  
East Woburn, Sep.

HAT MANUFACTORY.

W. A. HASLAM,  
PRACTICAL HATTER,  
invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn  
and vicinity to his stock of

Hats & Caps  
of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to  
business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call  
upon him.

Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who  
find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one  
made having their measure taken, that will be as easy to  
wear as an old one.  
Old hats renovated in good style, from 25 to 50  
cents each. 1411

Groceries, Provisions, W. I. Goods

FAMILY STORES!!

THE undersigned respectfully announce that he has  
taken the store recently occupied by the late  
firm of McLaughlin & Calnan, where he will keep  
constantly on hand, and for sale, at reasonable  
prices, a good assortment of  
West India Goods, Groceries & Provisions.  
He solicits from the customers of said late firm  
a continuance of their patronage, and invites the public  
generally to call at said store and purchase their goods.  
PATRICK CALNAN.  
Woburn, Feb. 13, 1855.—15.

PIANO-FORTES

Bought Sold & Exchanged.

Also,  
Tuning and Repairing done promptly  
thoroughly and reasonably.

O. GREEN,  
No. 1 Spring St., Woburn, or 395 Washing-  
ton Street, Boston.

MR. GREEN believes his facilities for transacting  
any business in the Piano-Forte line unexcelled, and  
will warrant perfect satisfaction to all who avail  
themselves of his services.  
Pianos for sale at the lowest cash prices.  
Orders left at PIPPI'S Book Store will re-  
ceive prompt attention.  
Woburn, Dec. 19, 1857.—17

A. BUCKMAN,  
—DEALER IN—

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Main Street, opposite the Common,  
WOBURN.

T. W. Page,  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.

[Sales every Saturday evening.]  
New and Second Hand Furniture at  
Private Sale, and at Auction.

Sales of Real Estate, and articles of Furniture and all  
personal Property promptly attended to, on reasonable  
terms.

SALE ROOM—Corner of Main Street and Oakley Court,  
april 26, 55. If.

NEW STORE AND NEW STOCK

FASHIONABLE & SEASONABLE  
MILLINERY!

MRS. BEERS,  
Reas to inform her numerous customers, and the  
public generally, in this and neighboring towns, that  
she has removed to the large store in  
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,  
where she has just opened an extensive and elegant  
assortment of New and Seasonable Goods,  
consisting of every article of Fashionable Millinery,  
Embellishments, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., which she  
offers for sale at the lowest cash prices.  
Particular attention given to altering & clean-  
ing bonnets.  
Woburn, Feb. 27, 1858.

NEW STORE

—AND—  
FASHIONABLE GOODS!

MRS. M. A. RUTLEDGE has removed to the  
new and elegantly situated store one door west of  
the Woburn Book Store, where she has had handsomely  
fitted up expressly for her

MILLINERY BUSINESS.

She takes much pleasure in offering to the Ladies of  
Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE  
STOCK of  
Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries,  
Hosiery, Flowers, Caps, &c., &c.,  
which will be sold at very moderate prices.  
Particular attention given to bleaching, pressing and  
finishing bonnets, in the most fashionable style.  
Woburn, April 25, 57.

PERSON'S

WOBURN & BOSTON EXPRESS.

Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a.m., and  
Boston at 10 o'clock, p.m. Offices in Woburn at  
E. T. Hall's and Wm. Woburn's stores.  
In connection with the above the subscriber will run  
an Express Train from East Woburn on Monday's, Wed-  
nesday's and Friday's, at same hour. Offices in East  
Woburn at stores of W. H. H. & Ramsdell,  
offices in Boston at 24 R. R. Exchange, Court Square  
and 46 North Market Street.  
All orders for goods, packages, &c., punctually attend-  
ed to.  
April 7, 1855.—15. A. A. PERSONS.

E. D. HAYDEN,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 Wade's Block, Woburn, Mass.

CENTRAL CASH STORE!

—AND—  
MARKET.

Groceries and West India Goods,  
Fresh and Salt Meats of all kinds,  
Sold cheap for Cash.

All kinds of farmers' produce taken in exchange for  
goods.  
Feb. 27.—16. O. BEAMAN.

Poetry.  
For the Middlesex Journal.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Alone, alone, in a stranger land,  
He went to his dreamless rest;  
No friend of his youth, with gentle hand,  
His fevered brow caressed.

No loved one lingered near his bed,  
Or heard his last "good-bye";  
No fond heart followed his dear head,  
Or caught his dying sigh.

His spirit longed for home once more,  
For some familiar tone,  
Some friend he had known and loved before,  
That he might not die alone.

Alone! ah, yes, in a far-off land

My brother is buried, where  
His aged father shall never stand,  
Or his sister kneel in prayer.

I know not if the sweet flowers grow,  
Or trees wave over-head,  
Or if south-winds more gently blow  
Where my brother lieth dead.

O, could the winds that wander there  
Have borne me but his latest sigh,  
Have whispered to my heart the prayer  
His lips poured forth so tremulously.

Or could I bend above the sod,  
That rests upon his breast;  
Or scatter flowers about the spot  
Where he lieth alone, at rest.

Methinks I'd gather all my grief,  
And fold it back within my heart,  
If memory, with such sweet relief,  
Would help me bear this bitter part.

They tell me I must cease to mourn,  
For Grief, who doeth all things right,  
Has, from earth's sin, my brother borne,  
To keep him ever in his sight.

But when I strive to turn away  
From the thought that he is gone,  
I see before my spirit eye  
A stranger's grave forlorn.

Others are 'round it, but o'er them  
Loved ones may daily weep,  
While affection's power may shed a tear  
Where my brother lies asleep.

Boston, Oct. 14, 1858. II. A. K.

THE OLD STYLE.

That old style! It stood on the out-skirts  
of the village, and was the trysting-place  
of the lads and lasses of Towerville when our  
grandmothers were young. Every child in  
the village knew the old style as a resting-  
place when there was a tired party of little  
ones returning from nutting or berrying.  
Every young beauty had her own experience  
of its suitability for a trysting-place. The  
matrons loved it from old associations and  
recollections of the time when their own  
hearts, then young, leaped to the music of  
some loved voice, and felt the pressure of  
some manly hand, as the speaker leaned  
over them, sitting on the old stile.

Pretty Nellie Greyson, as she sat there, one  
summer afternoon, pulling to pieces the last  
bouquet left there for her by some love-lorn  
farmer's son, thought sadly of the many times  
she had hastened to the old stile with her  
handsome lover, the guest of the village, Geo.  
Lawton. Poor Nellie! George was the son of  
an opulent merchant, a man of wealth and  
influence, and had been sent into the  
country to recruit his health at his cousin's,  
Nellie's mother.

It did not take long for the handsome, tal-  
ented young Lawton to win the simple, trust-  
ing heart of the village girl. Nellie had re-  
ceived a sound English education; but to  
this was added no accomplishment. George  
taught her French. It was an amusement to  
while away the dull hours in a country vil-  
lage, and Nellie was an apt scholar.

As they bent over the book in the little  
parlor, what wonder that they were tempt-  
ed and took the grammar to the old stile to  
conjugate the verbs, *J'aimé l'adore*? Then  
the old stile was a famous place to practice  
the duets George taught Nellie; and their  
united voices woke the echoes in the woods  
near them.

George had gone home. He had spoken  
no word of love to Nellie, although every  
look and action was more eloquent than the  
most studied speech. He wrote to her; but  
the letters, though treasures to her, did not  
fill up the gap his absence made; and as the  
village beauty sat musing on the old stile,  
no one could have dreamed that half the male  
hearts in the village were made over to her.  
Old farmer Greyson fumed and fretted at  
Nellie's altered ways, and was half tempted  
to command her to accept the son of his  
neighbor Jones.

"Nellie, lass," he had said to her that  
morning, "I love you truly and fondly,  
will you be my wife? Nellie, your town beau  
has always beauties around him; he'll for-  
get you, Nellie."

And then the beauty, fired by this sneer,  
vowed she cared nothing for her town cousin,  
and would not marry, not because she loved  
him, but because there was not a man in the  
village worth having. Oh, Nellie! Nellie!

And as she sat musing on the old stile, she  
saw the village school-master, Mr. Sparks,  
coming toward her. Now Nellie, before  
George had turned her silly little head, had  
given most decided encouragement to Mr.  
Sparks; and he took a seat beside her on the  
stile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nellie," he said.

trying to detain the hand she so pettishly  
drew from his grasp. "Nellie," he said, in  
an altered tone, "don't be cross. It is so  
long since I have seen you alone, Nellie."

"Cross?" Nellie could get no farther.  
She was almost ready, the silly little beauty,  
to cry, as the contrast between her late visit  
to the stile with George, and this one, struck  
her.

"There, don't cry, Nellie," said her lover.  
"I love you as dearly as I ever did; but you  
see you have been taken up with your  
town beau lately, that I could not get a  
chance to talk to you. We were trying to  
come up to him in learning French and sing-  
ing; but it is of no use. The town ladies  
can paint and draw, play the piano, and some  
of them even write poetry; but they can't  
make such cakes as you can, Nellie, or keep  
house so nicely. I shut my eyes when I was  
in town, on their fine dresses and pretty  
ways, and kept my heart for you. Now you  
won't have me, Nellie! I've been courting  
you over a year, ever since your sixteenth  
birth-day, and you know I love you truly."

Poor Henry Sparks had chosen a most in-  
auspicious time. The little heart he coveted  
had not time to cast out the image of the first  
man who had really touched it, and as Nellie  
sadly pictured George's graceful manner  
and courtly address, and turned to the simple  
pedagogue beside her, the contrast was too  
striking.

George's dress was so different from that  
of the villagers, who, living miles from any  
town or railway, dressed in the fashion of  
their grand-parents. Henry and Nellie, as  
they sat on the old stile, would, could they  
have moved at once into a fashionable draw-  
ing-room, have been admirably costumed for  
a fancy ball, as country people of fifty years  
ago.

Nellie gave Henry a most decided refusal,  
and taking no notice of his surprised, dis-  
mayed face, left the old stile and hurried  
homeward. As she went, she pictured in her  
mind the accomplishments of the town ladies.  
This explained George's silence on the love  
subject, which had so puzzled the little coun-  
try girl accustomed to the plain courting of  
the farmers' sons. Of course, she argued,  
George, with his fine education and talents,  
looked for accomplishments in his wife; and  
she determined to have these.

"Father," she said, coming into the kitchen  
where the farmer was enjoying his pipe, "I  
want to go to a boarding-school for two or  
three years."

"Gracious sakes!" cried her mother, drop-  
ping the plate she was washing. "What will  
you have next?"

This was the first mention of the subject.  
Nellie was more than two months persuading  
and coaxing the old man before he consented.  
He was rich. Nellie was the only child; and  
at last the unwilling consent was wrung from  
him, and Nellie was taken to the best board-  
ing-school near town. The poor child was at  
first much discouraged by the ridicule of her  
school-mates. It was hard to hear her dress  
laughed at, and her ignorance despised; but  
the girl's own good taste in investing the  
money her father supplied liberally in neat  
fashionable made garments, and her fine tal-  
ents, which soon displayed themselves, were,  
not long in placing her on an equality with  
her companions.

There was one grief she suffered. George  
Lawton had left town to travel on the contin-  
ent; and when she arrived, thinking of the  
pleasure her unexpected presence would give  
him, he was far away.

Two years passed on, during which Nellie  
applied her whole mind to her studies; and  
on her nineteenth birth-day she left the  
school at the earnest solicitation of George's  
mother, and went to pass some weeks at her  
home before returning to Towerville. George  
was still abroad; and his mother thought it  
would be a good time to return Mrs. Grey-  
son's hospitality to her son when he was not  
at home, and there was no danger of his  
falling in love with a country farmer's  
daughter.

"Now, Nellie," said Mrs. Lawton, coming  
into her room one morning, "I want you to  
look your loveliest this evening at my soiree."  
There will be the most distinguished com-  
pany. Count L. is coming this afternoon—  
Mrs. Jay promised to bring him with her. He  
only arrived from Germany the day before  
yesterday. George thought of coming with  
him; but he wrote to me not to expect him  
positively, and of course he is not with him  
or he would have written to me."

Mrs. Lawton's drawing-room was crowded  
that evening with the elite of fashion. Nellie  
was at the piano singing, when two young  
men came into the hall. They stopped there  
listening with delight to the rich full notes  
of a powerful voice, which seemed to flood  
the room with melody.

"Bravo!" said one of them, as the song  
concluded. "Let us see the cantatrice."

"George!" cried Mrs. Lawton, as they  
came into the room.

Of course there was a rapturous meeting,  
and explanations how he had written to her,  
and that his letter must have been detained;  
and while he was saying all this, George was  
gazing at the singer. She had changed, and  
he did not recognize his cousin Nellie. As  
she stood under the light, leaning gracefully  
against the piano, chatting with a group of  
admirers, her blue silk dress fitting her small  
but beautiful form to perfection, her rich  
abundant hair falling from a jeweled comb in  
a profusion of curls on her white, uncovered  
throat and shoulders, jewels glittering on her  
arms and bosom, she certainly looked most  
unlike the country lass whose hair was con-  
fined by a hat or handkerchief, and whose  
eyes kerchief came to her throat.

"Who is that, mother—the lady in blue?"  
asked George.

"That! Oh, that is Nellie Greyson!" she  
replied. "She is here on a visit. There  
Mrs. Jay has introduced Count L.— al-  
ready. Well, she can speak German beau-  
tifully; so she is about the best person to en-  
tertain him."

Nellie, the accomplished singer, talking  
German to a foreign count—Nellie, who, a  
few years ago, was seated on the old stile  
studying French grammar under his tuition.  
George was slightly bewildered; but, re-  
membering her old friendship for him, he ad-  
vanced confidentially to meet his cousin.

Nellie's little spice of coquetry had not  
died out. There was no blush, no tremor in  
her greeting of her cousin; the hand she  
placed in his was as quiet as his own; the  
voice was firm, the manner easy and graceful.  
George, the coxcomb, was disappointed.

Nellie saw her power now. It was a long  
woofing, for it was not until poor George was  
desperately in love, as she had been herself,  
that Nellie gave him even so much as a smile  
of encouragement. Whenever he spoke of  
love, her little innocent look of surprise was  
too much for him; accustomed to have his  
attentions courted, he was often on the point  
of leaving her and giving up the pursuit.  
Then Nellie was a belle; the bouquets, in-  
vitations to ride, and visit the opera, and  
billet-doux she received from other admirers,  
drove George wild with jealousies. She had,  
too, the most provoking way of referring to  
the days passed in the country, with a sort  
of contemptuous pity, of her own silly cap-  
acity for seeking perfection in man, merely  
from the fact that he was town bred, wore  
broads and kid-gloves, and had seen an opera;  
and finally went home to Towerville, leaving  
poor George hopelessly in love with the far-  
mer's daughter.

It was of no use to try and forget her;  
George soon found that out; and, at last,  
unable to bear suspense any longer, he started  
for Towerville, determined to have a  
"Yes," or "No," in answer to an important  
question that he meant to the beauty. As  
he drove slowly over the well-remembered  
roads, he passed near the old stile. Some-  
one was there. George fastened his horse,  
and started across the fields. Yes, there she  
was, seated on the old stile actually wearing  
the gipsy-hat he remembered so well, there  
she sat dreaming over old dreams, and won-  
dering whether she had acted wisely in not  
encouraging George as her still silly heart  
had prompted.

There was a stealthy step behind her, and  
before she knew there was any one near, a  
pair of arms encircled her waist, and a dar-  
ling kiss was imprinted on her lips. It was  
no use to resist, Nellie was a captive, and the  
old stile heard another love story that sum-  
mer afternoon, and the "town beau" carried  
Nellie home in a high cart, the only vehicle  
to be hired in Towerville. And in a little  
while Nellie changed her name and home,  
leaving farmer Greyson and his good dame  
to anticipate many pleasant summers when  
Nellie and George should come and spend the  
warm months at the farm-house, and renew  
these chats at the OLD STYLE!

Hints on Deportment while at the  
Table, &c.

If there are no domestics in a family, a  
small table within reach of the lady's hand,  
may serve as a "dumb-waiter," and receive  
the plates that are to be changed. A waiter  
with two shelves, and a raised edge about  
them, as in a butler's tray—or in a trunk  
tray—is sometimes desirable, and on this  
dessert can be placed. There should be a  
little leaving the table as possible during  
meals. If the family wait upon themselves,  
some one person should do it, and not have  
a general jumping up for a missing article. I  
have sat at tables where two or three, or even  
more, would be absent at the same time—one,  
perhaps, for water, another for bread, and  
others for something else. The daughters of  
a family can take turns doing this. The lady  
at the head of the table should never leave  
her seat, till by rising, she intimates that the  
repast is finished.

It is not now customary for those first  
served to wait till all are helped, thus in-  
sulting to themselves a cold dinner, but each  
one assumes his knife and fork as his plate is  
furnished.

The carver should serve meat as he cuts it,  
and not dissect a whole fowl at once, or fill  
his dish with fragments heaped up and lying  
about like a slaughtered army. Do not help  
too abundantly to either meat or vegetables.  
It is easy to pass a plate a second time. The  
present style is to pass the vegetables and let  
each one help himself. In cold weather the  
plates should always be warmed. It is un-  
pleasant to see gravy stiffening on the plate.

The seat of honor for a guest is for a lady,  
at the right hand of the gentleman; and for  
a gentleman, a seat at the left hand of the  
lady who presides at the table. The lady of  
the house leads the way from the parlor to  
the dining-room—the gentlemen follow the  
others. When there is company to dine, and  
much form is to be observed, the most dis-  
tinguished guest of the gentlemen is invited  
by the host to escort the lady, and the gen-  
tlemen of the house takes upon his arm the  
most distinguished lady visitor.

Habits of eating are important, and no lit-  
tle straw shows more plainly which way the  
wind blows, than these show one's acquaint-  
ance with society. When I was a child, I  
ate with my knife, and the great lesson was  
not to put the sharp edge to my lips. But now,  
in polite society, it is considered as great an  
offense against propriety to use the knife for  
any other purpose than to cut the food as it

was to put it in the mouth in such a way as  
to be in danger of mingling my blood with  
my dinner.

"Don't put your knife in your mouth so—  
you will cut yourself," was then the reproach  
that fell upon the child's ear. Now he hears,  
or should hear: "Don't put your knife in  
your mouth, use your fork." I advise every  
child, and every young person, to be par-  
ticular in regard to this matter, for although  
it may seem unimportant, I am well assured  
that it is not. Our usefulness depends much  
on small matters, and whatever custom and  
good society have made important, is really  
so. To use the knife, instead of the fork  
betrays want of association with refined life.

Above all do not use your lips to wipe your  
knife as I not long since, saw done by a young  
gentleman (?). I suppose this did not mar  
the beauty of his dinner, but I am sure it  
did mine.

Clear, smooth, white table linen is of the  
utmost consequence. No table can look well  
without it. If table linen is starched it should  
be only slightly. If ironed, when quite  
damp, thoroughly ironed, it is stiff and glossy  
enough. Napkins are now considered es-  
sential, and should be found upon the table  
for breakfast, dinner and tea. They are very  
convenient at all times to use the least. They  
should be large enough to protect the dress,  
and yet not as large as towels. It is quite  
desirable to have ivory or other rings, num-  
bered or marked with the initials, so that each  
person may have his from meal to meal, and  
these clean napkins are used at every



For the Middlesex Journal.  
THE UNQUIET SEA.

'Tis dark on the waters of the lonely sea,  
And the sigh of the ocean sounds mournfully;  
O, the anguish there! and the wild unrest,  
The unanswer'd prayer that moves her breast,  
The feathery foam of the bounding wave  
Is the unwatched door of a human grave.  
And the moaning wind o'er the billowy-wave,  
A requiem is for the fair and brave.  
They calmly rest on their rocky bed,  
No friend above them love's tears may shed.  
The sunbeam's smile will not pierce the gloom,  
Nor the storm-winds reach their quiet room.  
And we wonder not at the wild unrest,  
The surging and sighs of old ocean's breast.  
But they are not there 'neath its mocking glee,  
'Nenth the troubled form of the moaning sea.  
The spirit has burst its house of clay,  
And on new-found wings has soared away.  
Boston, Oct. 14, 1858. H. A. K.

The Journal.  
WOBURN:  
Saturday, Oct. 23d, 1858.

ALTHOUGH the political campaign of this fall promises to be an unusually quiet one, still there are some circles within the sea of politics in which there is not a little agitation and excitement. Take the fourth and fifth congressional districts, for instance, and the lovers of hot political contests can enter the field with a fair chance of having his predictions for that kind of sport fully gratified. As to what the result will be in these districts men of unbiased minds hold but one opinion, namely, that Messrs. Burlingame and Rice will come off the victors. But the contest will be a close one, and will be contested by the whole strength of both parties. The people like to see a close fight, and this is just one of the right kind to interest and draw them out.

Coming nearer home we find about enough opposition and difference of opinion to keep alive the old feelings and define the landmarks of the two great parties—that is, the Administration and those opposed to it, but not enough to make the contest interesting, or even amusing. In fact the nominees of the American-Republican party in Middlesex County, and indeed in all but a few portions of the state, will, to use a term of the turf, "walk the course." The victory, with many, will be achieved at entirely too easy a rate. Carrying the election so easily, as no doubt they will, there will not, we fear, be a due appreciation of the event, and the result may be that many who would otherwise exert themselves will lapse into indifference in the belief that Republicanism is so very strong that no danger can befall it.

Taking the nominations of the American Republican party in Middlesex County, as a whole, they appear to give very general satisfaction. In this district, P. H. Sweetser, Esq., of Greenwood, is nominated for re-election as County Commissioner. Mr. Sweetser is a gentleman of large experience and ability, and has discharged the duties of the office faithfully and acceptably, though of course some will be found who differ from him in the decisions he has arrived at in his official capacity. Where is the public officer who has served a term of office and succeeded in pleasing all his constituents?

For Congress, Daniel W. Gooch is re-nominated for the 7th district. The short time he has served has afforded ample evidence of his ability and integrity. It would be difficult to find a better man for the position.

For the State Senate, one of our own citizens, Horace Conn, Esq., has received the nomination, and will be elected. Mr. Conn has not been very prominent as a politician, but those who know him best have the largest confidence in his honesty and ability to discharge the duties of Senator faithfully and well.

Fifth District Senatorial Convention.  
NOMINATION OF HORACE CONN, OF WOBURN.

The American Republicans of this Senatorial District met in Convention on Wednesday afternoon, in the Town Hall, Woburn. At 3 o'clock the Convention was called to order by Horace Conn, Esq., Chairman of the District Committee.

The Convention was permanently organized by the choice of CHARLES KIMBALL, Esq., of Winchester, as President, and PETER C. HALL, Esq., of Medford, as Secretary.

On taking the Chair Mr. KIMBALL briefly addressed the Convention, stating that they had met for the purpose of nominating a candidate for election to the State Senate, and that he had no doubt their choice would fall upon a man in all respects worthy of that honor.

On motion, a committee of three was appointed to receive and report upon the credentials of delegates. The committee subsequently reported that the district was fully represented by forty-one delegates from twelve towns, the number composing the district.

Nathan Wyman, Esq., of Woburn, moved that the Convention proceed to an informal ballot for a Senatorial Candidate from this district, and that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to receive, sort and count the votes.

The motion was adopted, and Messrs. Colman of Woburn, Curtis of Medford, and Reed of Bedford, were appointed as that committee.

The ballot was then taken, with the following result:—

Horace Conn, of Woburn, had.....	16
Charles Hudson, of Lexington.....	6
Amos Cummings, of Reading.....	5
A. G. Sheldon, of Wilmington.....	4
Samuel T. Breed, of N. Reading.....	3
Oliver Holman, of Medford.....	3

On motion the Convention then voted to proceed to take a formal ballot. The committee reported as follows:—

Whole number of ballots.....	40
Necessary to a choice.....	21
Horace Conn had.....	22
Amos Cummings.....	9
A. G. Sheldon.....	4
Samuel T. Breed.....	4
Charles Hudson.....	3

We hope this target shoot, which has passed off so pleasantly to all concerned, may become a settled "institution" of the Phalanx, and be repeated annually.

On motion of Amos Cummings of Reading, the nomination of Mr. Conn was made unanimous.

Mr. PORTER of Medford, said he was not among those who had voted for Mr. Conn on either ballot, but that he would now give him a cordial and hearty support, and use all honorable means to secure his election. He thought, however, that in consequence of a prejudice that had existed, arising out of Mr. Conn's position last year, it might be well for Mr. Conn, by himself, or by his friends, to define his present political position.

Mr. L. P. DAVIS of Woburn, said he was glad of the opportunity afforded to declare the political sentiments held by Mr. Conn. The Republican Party of Woburn had every confidence in Mr. Conn, and unanimously desired his nomination. We, in Woburn, know the man, and believe there is not a more reliable Republican in the State, or one who will support the re-election of Henry Wilson more heartily.

Mr. AMES of Wilmington, thought it would be a great pleasure to the members of the Convention if they could hear from Mr. Conn himself.

Messrs. Porter of Medford, Davis of Woburn, and Woodbury of Winchester, were appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Conn, inform him of his nomination, and request his presence.

While the committee was out C. C. WOODMAN, Esq., of Woburn, was requested to address the Convention. He responded in a speech very briefly reviewing the acts of the Executive during the past year, showing that the promises made at the canvass had been more than fulfilled in the great reforms that had been actually consummated in the State Government. He congratulated the Convention on the union of the American and Republican parties, as was manifested in the nomination they had now made. His speech, though necessarily brief, was well-timed, pointed and eloquent, and was much applauded.

The committee having returned, Mr. DAVIS of Woburn introduced Mr. Conn to the Convention.

In a speech that was short, but very much to the point, Mr. Conn thanked the Convention for the honor they had conferred upon him, and said that he would accept the nomination, and, if elected, would endeavor to represent the political sentiments of the Convention, and of the American Republican party, honestly and faithfully, and discharge the duties of a Senator to the best of his ability. Of the questions to come before the legislature next winter, that relating to the election of a United States Senator was one of the most important. He believed Hon. Henry Wilson to be, of all others, the man best qualified to represent Massachusetts in the Senate at this particular and critical period, and if elected he should urge Mr. Wilson's election to that office in preference to any other man in the country.

Mr. Conn's address was received with hearty applause.

On motion of Mr. Cummings a committee of three was appointed to nominate a Senatorial District Committee. The Committee reported the names of Horace Colman of Woburn, Thos. Abbott of No. Reading, A. W. Bryant of Lexington, Geo. D. Porter of Medford, and E. H. Horton of Reading.

The report of the Committee was adopted, and the Convention adjourned sine die.

## Target Excursion of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

Last Tuesday witnessed one of the best parades of the Phalanx, and the friends of the corps, within our knowledge. The day was exceedingly fine, the arrangements excellently made, and everything conspired to render the excursion one of much pleasure. At half-past one o'clock the company left their armory under command of Capt. A. F. Thompson, with Gilmore's Salem Brass Band at their head, and after a short parade returned to the front of Lyceum Hall, and received the honorary members and friends forming the company of "veterans." The veterans were officiated by past-Captain Wm. Woodberry, Captain J. T. Pierce, 1st Lieut. John Flanders, 2d Lieut., and Col. Elisha Burbank, 3d Lieut. The line of march to the shooting-ground was through Pleasant street, Thompsonville and Cummingsville, to the old "Walker Place," now owned by Edward M. Lellan, Esq., who kindly gave the use of his grounds for the purpose. After their arrival on the field, the companies refreshed themselves with the good things provided by the celebrated caterer, J. B. Smith, and then proceeded to the business of the day. Two targets, one for the "active" members of the corps, and one for the "veterans," were placed in position, at a distance of fifteen rods from the shooting stand. Though a few fired as if they were trying to shoot their worst, still the performance was creditable to both companies, as was apparent at the close by the perforations through the targets. In the "actives" the three best average shots were made by private Thomas Glynn, who has proved himself at this and former target excursions to be an excellent marksman. He was awarded the company's silver medal. In the veterans Mr. B. F. Flanders made the best shooting, and took the medal. The best single shots were made by private L. J. Shedd of the actives, and by E. N. Blake of the veterans. The leather medal, for which so many contended, was awarded to the commander of the Phalanx, Capt. A. F. Thompson. It is a neat piece of workmanship, representing a "sawyer" firing at a forty feet barn, distant about ten paces, looking as if he thought he might hit it. The target practice over, a holop square was formed by both companies, and Capt. Grammer presented the silver medal to Thomas Glynn, and the leather medal to Capt. Thompson, in speeches which elicited suitable replies. Mr. L. P. Davis presented to B. F. Flanders the "veteran's" silver medal. As they were all good shots among the "veterans," it was not deemed necessary to have for them a leather medal. The company then formed in line and marched to the armory through Central Square.

In the evening quite a brilliant ball took place in Lyceum Hall, at which over eighty couples were present.

We hope this target shoot, which has passed off so pleasantly to all concerned, may become a settled "institution" of the Phalanx, and be repeated annually.

## Woburn Lyceum.

We have already spoken of the course of lectures arranged by the Committee, and perhaps nothing more need be said to attract the attention of the citizens to them. But as the exceedingly low price at which the tickets have been put makes it necessary that an unusually large number should be sold to pay the necessary expenses, we feel justified in again calling attention to the subject. We want good lectures, and such cannot be obtained without good pay. One good lecture is worth a dozen poor ones. When we fall below a certain price the lectures cease to be worth having. The Committee have supposed, and rightly, that our citizens wished for, and could appreciate, good lectures. They have also sought variety. All tastes will have an opportunity to be gratified. No purse is too empty to buy a ticket. Such men as Fletcher, Starr King, Stone, Tuttle, (the comet which he discovered is now visible,) Rogers, Lovering, Wells, Pierpont, to name no more, first, as they are, among travelers, authors, astronomers, geologists, electricians, and poets, cannot fail to interest and instruct the people unless all knowledge is repulsive and all ears deaf.

Let the first Monday evening in November show, by a full Hall, that the citizens fully appreciate the endeavors of their Committee to furnish a luxurious feast at half price.

WOBURN CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.—The semi-annual meeting of the conference will take place at Burlington, on Tuesday next, at 9 o'clock A. M. These meetings are very interesting and instructive, and we advise every one who can do so to attend. We think we are safe in saying that the hospitality of Burlington will be fully adequate to the occasion, and that people from a distance who attend the meeting will carry away with them pleasant recollections of the farmers of the place.

MISS HARDING'S lecture on Wednesday evening was well attended. She is one of the most graceful, emphatic and powerful public speakers, male or female, we ever listened to. We are not prepared to offer any opinion on the theories advanced by this talented lady, but we advise all who delight in the exhibition of splendid oratory, to go and hear her. She lectures again on Wednesday evening next, in Lyceum Hall.

MYERS' SISTERS.—We beg to direct public attention to the advertisement of a concert to be given by these little girls, and charming singers, the Myers' sisters. They sing with the laudable object of aiding in the support of their parents, who have been reduced from affluence to poverty by misfortune and illness. We hope the kind people of Woburn will fill the hall on the occasion of their concert.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL IN STONEHAM.—The Ladies' Union Circle, in connection with the Universalist Society in Stoneham, intend holding their Annual Fair and Festival, on Wednesday evening next, in the Town Hall. Judging by the programme of amusements we would say that it will be an occasion of much pleasure to all who attend.

AMERICAN CAUCUS in the 18th District, comprising the towns of Lexington, Bedford and Burlington. The Americans of this district met in Caucus on Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, Lexington, and nominated Thomas Stiles, Esq., of Bedford, as a candidate for representative in the General Court.

WE learn with pleasure that C. C. Woodman, Esq., is expected to address the citizens of Woburn on the political affairs of the state, on some evening of next week.

THE "Jacob Webster" machine, is at the establishment of J. F. & A. J. Parker, undergoing a course of beautifying.

WE learn that our North Woburn neighbors are arranging a course of Assemblies, to take place next month.

A press of matter has excluded several favors from correspondents intended for publication this week.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—November Magazines are on our table and look temptingly, but we have not had time to examine their contents. The Atlantic is even more attractive than usual, while Godey, Graham and Peterson are not less so.

A notorious ruffian, Clin Le Blew, who had long been the terror of St. Landry and Calcasieu, Miss., was killed recently at the latter place. As he was approaching the hotel four heavily loaded guns were discharged at him, loading forty or fifty buckshot in his body. Three young men were arrested for the deed, but subsequently released, the deed having been done by the general sanction of the community. Le Blew, on one occasion, fordid the judge to hold court in Calcasieu, and actually, by pointing a pistol at him, made him leave the bench.

LOVERING'S QUARTER.—A young man was in company with his sweetheart, Jane Bowdley, about 18 years of age, somewhere in the neighborhood of a pool at Priestfield, England, when a quarrel took place between them, and the young woman ran off towards the pool, declaring that she would drown herself. She plunged into the water, and was immediately followed by her lover, who attempted to save her, but was unable to do so. John Beebe, about 20 years of age, also went to the girl's assistance; but in his efforts to rescue her, both he and the young woman unhappily drowned.

THE "bank talk" now is of the formation of a "New England Sorting House," to take the place of both the Suffolk and Mutual Redemption banks. It is reported that Mr. Groves of the Clearing House, has been dispatched to examine the Albany Sorting House. The idea is to take the Suffolk rooms and clerks, just as they are. We do not understand the details of the Albany system; but something must be done quickly if the Suffolk is determined to immediately retire from the field, as it has a perfect right to do.

THE library of the late poet Percival, is for sale—price \$20,000.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

Politics.  
Boston, Aug. 21st, 1858.

Dear Journal.—From the point where the political fight is hottest, I propose to write about the prospect of the war.

In the country at large, the prospect is now very promising that the next Congress will be in the hands of the opposition, though the majority will be an uncomfortable one to manage on account of the variety of elements of which it will be composed.

The opposition has not yet elected a majority of members of the 36th Congress; according to my computation, with those whose election is secure, they need a further gain of two; this gain will be furnished by Connecticut, which State will undoubtedly repudiate the administration in the coming election and send two Republicans. New York will permit some of its present Democratic members to stay at home, and supply their places with reliable Republicans. The prospects are that New Jersey will give three Representatives to swell the opposition majority, and we have reason to believe that Illinois will add two more at least, to the list. Thus you will perceive the prospects are flattering, that the next Congress will be strongly opposed to the administration.

In Massachusetts it is conceded on all hands, that outside of Boston, all the Republican candidates for Congress will be elected. In the minds of some, a cloud of doubt hangs over the result in the 4th and 5th Districts. Yet those most deeply interested in the result, profess to entertain no fear of either. Mr. Rice in the 4th, is the most popular man in the District. In public and in private life, as a merchant, as a magistrate and as a man, he has always possessed the respect and esteem of the people of Boston; and the people will support him because they know his worth. The friends of Mr. Rice, though confident of success, are aware of the necessity for arduous and persevering labor, and they have entered upon the campaign with zeal and energy.

In the 5th District, Mr. Burlingame has a strong hold upon the hearts of his constituents, there is a charm about the man which the people do not care to forest. Burlingame's prospects of success are better than they were two years ago. The American party, as a distinct organization, has almost ceased to exist, and two-thirds of its members are ready and willing to coalesce with the Republicans. The Democratic party is divided against itself. If Mr. Heard hoped for an election a month ago, he must now be aware, that the thunder from Pennsylvania has made even the deaf to hear, and the lightning has made the blind to see—and that the Democratic party, whose candidate he is, has almost ceased to have a national existence. John T. Heard is a Buchanan man, and every one is aware that Buchananism is at a terrible discount throughout the country. Gen. Butler of Lowell, the Democratic candidate in the 8th District, repudiates the administration, and Mr. Waldron, the competitor of Mr. Rice in the 4th District, was nominated against the most strenuous efforts of the Buchanan wing of the Democrats, who see but little to choose between him and a Republican. With all these adverse circumstances, we are of the opinion that Mr. Heard's chances, never very flattering, are growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

I need not tell you that the general opinion here expressed is that the entire Republican State Ticket will be elected by a majority much larger than that of last year. I will make no set prophecy, it is too near election day. But one thing seems certain, that the administration will be obliged to acknowledge that its policy has been repudiated by the people, and that it must finish its term of office as the petitioner, rather than ruler of the popular branch of Congress.

C. C.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Ideality and Reality.

Many of the words which we commonly, almost daily, use; many of the epithets which are generally understood as terms of reproach, would be less frequently upon the tongue, and be interpreted rather as words of commendation than as expressions of contempt, were their meaning better understood.

Thus, when it is said of a man that he is ideal in character, (to use a solecism,) probably nine persons in ten would understand that the speaker meant to convey the idea that the subject of remark was possessed of an ill-balanced mind. But how far from its proper sense is this use of the word we shall best see by viewing it in the light of a different interpretation. An ideal is, we say, a creation of the mind, which has only an imaginary existence; and it may be either a conception of evil or of good, though ordinarily we apply it only to the good, or rather, desirable, as an ideal character, an ideal beauty, and the like. But this ideal may come to have an actual existence, and then it ceases to be ideal, and becomes real. Thus, who of us cannot remember that in our childhood our highest ambition was to be a man, to own a house, or to be or do something such? This was then our ideal of happiness, which has, perhaps, been realized, and given place to another of wealth, or fame, or honor, or glory.

But applying it, for the present purpose, to mental and moral excellence, rather than to physical possessions or positions of honor, or the like, and we still find it true that the conceptions of the past have become the realities of the present, and one present ideal lies even further in advance than did that which has just become reality. Thus our progress toward perfection, like the ascent of lofty mountains, discloses to us still higher peaks, which were hidden before only because we were too low to see them.

If this be true,—and who that speaks from experience can deny it?—it shows us that imagination, as an intellectual faculty, looks forward, but never backward; that it relates to the future, but not the past. As, then, this faculty, thus constituted, was created by God, and as He creates everything wisely and for good purposes, it follows of necessity that, properly exercised, it will lead us only to good.

Follow, then, the guiding form of this heavenly conductor; never turn backward! "Let thine eyes look on, and thine eye-lids straight forward." What thine path lies up steep mountains? Is not the moun-

tain-gale sweeter and fresher than the stagnant miasma of the low-lands? Is not the frame stronger, the eye brighter, the spirit clearer, and the thought loftier, upon the heights, than on the plains? Follow, then, while she beckons thee on! She shall be thy pillar of cloud in the day of temptation, tempering the torrid heat to thine endurance, and in the night of thy discouragement and dismay her column of fire shall shed a radiance around thy path, so that thou shalt not walk in darkness, but "even the night shall be light about thee."

Medford, Oct., 1858. EXCELSIOR.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1858.

We are settling down for the winter. To be sure we have had no very cold weather yet, but fires in the grates have been very comfortable, and overcoats not unendurable. And preparations are making to amuse the people during the long winter evenings. Piccolomini, the long talked of and eagerly desired, is coming. Young New York is alive with enthusiasm, and if it felt strong enough in the arms there is little doubt that it would do horse-dutty for the chariot in which the adorable Prima Dona is to be conveyed from the landing to her hotel.

Lecturers also are coming forward in full force, and a most formidable body they are. The modern way of exhibiting oneself, after attaining notoriety, is to go about the country delivering lectures on any conceivable subject. People go to lectures, as a general thing, more to stare at the lecturer than to listen to his address. Entertaining lectures, however, of the popular, illustrative, anecdotal sort, will draw out a fair attendance irrespective of the person of the speaker.

In literature there are some new things announced, but a wonderful scarcity of fiction prevails, and there is little or nothing of the "sensational" order. But publishing sensational books is rather hazardous business at present. The book trade is rather poor now, and dealers are relying mainly on their future sales. Therefore it would be imprudent to publish a thing at present which would be of merely temporary value.

Business is dull—as is to be expected at this season of the year. The fall trade, as a whole, has been pretty good with some houses who stood unshaken through the panic, but the majority find it hard work to make both ends meet, even while money is so easy as it has been for a long time, and promises to be through the winter.

There continues to be a good deal of religious interest manifested throughout the city. The noon-day prayer-meetings are being revived in all parts of the city, and are very fully attended. In Brooklyn the chief feature in the religious community at present is a movement to build a church for H. W. Beecher, which will rival in capacity Surrey Garden, the famous preaching-place of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The elections in Pennsylvania and the Western States are the cause of most jubilation here among the opposition party, and a great deal of powder has been used up in the Park since yesterday morning. Here there are almost as many parties as over; everybody is running himself, and nobody knows who will be elected. The parties, to an outsider, at least, seem to be broken into fifties.

The selling-out of the City Hall to satisfy the Lumber claim was a noticeable feature of the week. This infamous claim which notoriously passed the Common Council by open bribery, was adjudged valid by the courts. Controller Flagg, however, maintaining his long established character as the Cerberus of the City Treasury, refused to pay a cent, whereupon Mr. Lumber offered the City Hall, and the relics of the City Fathers, at auction. It was, in effect, bought in by Mayor Tieman for about \$50,000. Mayor Tieman might, if he chose, maintained perpetual dominion, since he now has possession without a rival, of the seat and the keys of office, as there is nobody to buy him out. But he is understood to have handed over the purchase to the city. For a private man the property would have been about as useful as an elephant.

THE POOR.—The approach of the cold weather calls for action among the benevolent for the benefit of unfortunate that happen to be under the weather, and the number of such is very great. It has increased year by year, and the present will reveal a formidable array of claimants upon sympathy. The arrangements of last winter did much good, and it is to be presumed that they will be adopted for the approaching season. Meetings for organization will doubtless soon be held and committees will be appointed to conduct the campaign against misery and want. It is a great battle, but those grim fies to humanity have been held in check or entirely defeated in other years, but never better than last year, through the aid of a new general who took command—we can name no organization.

We know that there is the right spirit existing among the benevolent, and that the distress anticipated will be ameliorated by their action. It may seem early to speak of it, but it will not lose anything for the cause of the poor by reminding people in season that such a cause is calling for their action.

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live long at the current prices.

By the Salt Lake Mail, which arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 9th, intelligence has been received of a fight between a detachment of cavalry and a party of Camanches, in which a lieutenant and four men were killed, and eleven more were wounded. Forty Indians were killed.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The total number of students in all the departments of the University is 730. There are 10 resident graduates, 23 divinity students, 70 scientific students (exclusive of the resident graduates and members of the other professional schools who attend the scientific lectures), 107 medical and 111 law students. The undergraduates number 400. There are 92 seniors, 114 juniors, 94 sophomores and 109 freshmen.

The following letter, from the pen of a gentleman whose writings often grace our columns, appears in the New Haven Journal and Courier. We take the liberty of transferring it to our columns, as we feel assured that its local allusions will insure for it an attentive perusal. We thank our friend for the compliment paid ourselves and the Middlesex Journal;—it is our aim and object to deserve what he has so kindly said of us.

From the "Bay State."

READING, MASS., SEPT. 15th.

Your cosmopolitan correspondent has been, for the past few days, enjoying the varied scenery of these Puritanical regions, and sits down to indite you a common-place letter from Middlesex County. Taking a carriage from the American House, Boston, we were quickly driven past Haymarket Square over to the Charlestown road. We here noted a very convenient arrangement, "which is a railroad, and yet not all a railroad." We refer to the wooden grooved track in the centre of that road, which is so constructed that carriages having the ordinary distances between their wheels, can be driven into the grooves of the track, where they may be run for miles with the greatest ease. The scenery on either side, after we passed Charlestown, is different from what we have ever witnessed in Connecticut. We do not know why it may be, but everything proclaimed in trumpet tones, the absence of the goody "land of steady habits." For miles around, the ground is one unbroken level. The cottages by the road-side are built on a more modern plan than is usual to observe throughout inland villages. A great majority of them are painted, and we marked the extreme scarcity of the old brown houses of Connecticut. In passing through the villages of Malden, Medford, Melrose, Winchester, Stoneham, &c., we noticed very little evidence of farming or grazing. Manufacturing operations seem to be the forte of these villages. Passing through South Reading, North Reading, and around the "Pond,"—a fine sheet of water some three miles in circumference,—we arrived at Reading Centre—a town of about three thousand inhabitants. Reading, for the most part, is situated upon a slight elevation, and overlooks several of the adjoining villages. A deal of manufacturing is carried on here. There are three churches, a public hall, several good schools, &c. The High School, (the fall term of which has just commenced,) is under the very efficient management of Mr. C. Porter. The religious movement in this town is still deeply felt, and several persons were last Sunday added to the membership of the Old South Church, and quite a number of children took their first lessons in the sanctuary immediately afterwards. The politics of Reading is strongly Republican, and it spoke nobly for Fremont in the last Presidential campaign. The principal literary institution of the town is the Reading Lyceum, which can boast a deal of talent, and is endowed each lecture season by the best lecturers that can be procured. Middlesex County has a great desideratum in the line of a newspaper. We refer to the Middlesex Journal, a very creditable weekly, conducted on the following plan, which we think an excellent one for small towns that cannot each of themselves support a separate newspaper institution. The publication office is in Woburn—the publisher and general editor being J. J. Pippy. In each of the adjoining towns is a local editor, or correspondent, who weekly sends to the publication office the publishable events of the town for the week preceding, which appears in its respective department. In this way each town has a paper of its own, even though the publication office is not in its immediate locality. Of course, the Journal is a Republican print, and its editor a staunch and able member of the literary fraternity. By-the-way, in a number before us, we notice an article in relation to the Cheshire murder, copied from the New Haven Courier, and without due credit, but we suppose it had been anonymously floating along upon the sea of exchanges, and was caught up by the Journal man.

Reading Cemetery is an exquisite spot in which for the dead to repose. It is an uninclosed park, at the right angles of three streets, and embraces numerous natural hillocks, affording the most graceful mounds upon which to erect monuments. This Cemetery is tastefully laid out, and is planted throughout with flowers and vines. It also contains more large and beautiful monuments than any village church-yard we ever before visited.

"Bare Hill," situated about a mile south of Reading, is an extensive elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, and, as its name implies, is barren—no vegetation, comparatively, covering its surface. We did observe, however, a few juniper berry bushes, but that is all. At the summit is a partially decayed house, now tenanted. From this hill may be seen the surrounding villages, and some points in Boston.

The Boston and Maine Railroad has its track through this village, and trains pass through here nearly every hour of the day. Season tickets to Boston are sold at a very moderate rate, and are made pretty generally available. The system of tickets is one we like, and should be pleased to see everywhere adopted, viz: that a ticket once purchased is forever good. We, singularly enough, chanced to have a ticket from "Reading to Boston," in our porte-manteau—one that we "picked up" more than two years ago. For curiosity sake we waited until a friend had purchased his ticket, and upon comparing the two, observed that the road had changed Presidents since our ticket was issued, and remarked, "of course this is of no use." What was our surprise, on being told that the ticket was as good as any; and in proof of the assertion, took the ticket with us and placed his own in our hand—with which former, he rode to Boston.

Yours, conglomerately,

Gov. Haile of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, Nov. 25th, as a day for Thanksgiving. This is the first appointment of the year.

The strawberry season in the vicinity of San Francisco, extends from March to October, and the berries are very large and luscious.

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## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. EDITOR.—Where are all your Winchester correspondents? Can it be possible that your contributors have exhausted the several fountains of their ideas? Or have they gone to Kansas?—

"With their guns upon their shoulders  
And their bayonets by their side,"  
to hunt fortunes and border ruffians, as others of our valiant citizens have done?

For several weeks, I have examined the pages of your Journal, with the insane hope of discovering therein, some notice of a remarkable astronomical event which has transpired in this village. A new luminary has made its debut in our social firmament; a bright and shining star, which promises to illuminate the dim and cloudy universe of our sociability with an unwelcome brilliancy. This evanescent wonder, is the "Rising Star Division, No. 52, Sons of Temperance." Thus far, all the auspices have been favorable.—Many of our most influential citizens have vigorously entered upon this enterprise; "the aged for counsel, and the young for war."—The ladies, also, ever ready to promote all good designs, have lent their encouragement and influence to this glorious work, girding on, with their own fair hands, the uniform of the gallant warriors who go forth to fight against the tyrant, King Alcohol. How then, can this Division fail to prosper? Their cause is great and noble, their numbers are many, and their hearts filled with buoyant hopes.

As this Association have some secrets peculiar to their organization, we outsiders, have no wish to pry into their affairs, and therefore cannot furnish a list of their officers, &c. But whatever may be their form of government, whether open or secret, their objects are praiseworthy; richly deserving the countenance and patronage of the influential, the fair and the good. Success to them in their undertaking, and may their star ever be in the ascendant, shedding the pure rays of temperance wherever their influence extends.







## The Poet's Corner.

## THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side,  
His face was wrinkled and wan,  
He learned both his hands on his stout  
cane.

As if his work were done.

His coat was of good old fashioned grey,  
His pockets were deep and wide,  
Where his "spurs" and steel tobacco box  
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir up the fire,  
So near him tongs were kept;  
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,  
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there,  
Ah! pictures of other years;  
And now and then they wakened smiles,  
But oftener started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,  
In a high-backed flag-seat chair;  
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap  
The sheen of her silver hair.

There's a happy look in her aged face,  
As she busily knits for him,  
The daughter takes up the stitches dropped,  
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

The children come and read the news,  
To pass the time of each day;  
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart,  
To hear of the world away.

'Tis a lonely scene, I told you so,  
But pleasant it is to view;  
At least I thought it so myself,  
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind to the old, my friend,  
They're worn with this world's strife,  
Though bravely once per chance they fought  
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb  
Upward life's rugged steep;  
Then let us gently lead them down  
To where the weary sleep.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE MITTEN.

There is a genuine touch of "human nature" in Mr. Jonathan Slick's account of the apothecary who "got the mitten" from a woman that kept a milliners shop on the opposite side of the street.

The poor coat of an apothecary went over to his shop and slammed the door to, hard enough to shake the house down. Then he went back of the counter, took down a jar of corrosive sublimate and poured some of it out in a tumbler, but somehow there was something in the thought of dying all of a sudden, that didn't come up to the idea of comfort; so he poured back the poison, and took a mint julep instead—that sort of cooled him down a trifle—so he made up his mind to put off drinkin' the poison till by-and-by.

Every day for three weeks that green buggy wagon, and the tall man with the whiskers, stopped before Miss Burgess' door. The 'pothecary grit his teeth and eyed the pison with an awful desperate look every time the buggy came in sight; and when he heard that Miss Josephine Burgess was a-getting her wedding-frock made, and was raly agin' to be married to a foreign chap as was a Jew, that had fallen in love with her at the Tammany Hall, he filled the tumbler again, brimming full, and then chucked the pison in the fire, and said he'd never make such an eternal fool of himself any longer; the critter wasn't worth taking a dose of salts for, much less a tumbler full of pison.

Walter Savage Landor has taken up his residence at Genoa, where his family, which is numerous, possess a fine estate, and one of the curious effects of the trial, is that it has led to a reconciliation between the aged poet and his wife, after a separation of forty years.

A little boy was walking with his mother the other evening, when the comet was blazing forth in all its splendor, and one of the curious effects of the trial, is that it has led to a reconciliation between the aged poet and his wife, after a separation of forty years.

"Do you believe in second love, Mr. McQuade?"

"I do believe in second love? Hump! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? and when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that sweet, too? Troth Murphy, I believe in second love!"

"You look," said an Irishman to a pale, haggard, smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again."

A chap out West, who had been afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says that he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected.

It is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence. Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Refrain from bitter words; there is only the difference of a letter between words and swords.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produces amendment; the greatest is insufficient if it do not.

God teaches us good things by our own hands.

Boston has decreased in population 2,870 within the past year.

Dirty win/ows speak to the passersby of the negligence of the inmates.

Avoid an angry man for a while—a malicious man forever.

## The Art of Beauty.

Or secrets of a Lady's Toilet, by Madame Lola Montez, for sale at the

Woburn Book Store.

## LUMBER!

**SAMUEL I. THOMPSON,**  
At his Warehouse, East Cambridge,  
next to Craigie's Bridge, offer to the public a large assortment of

**LUMBER.**  
at prices which will not fail to give satisfaction, consisting of Pine and Spruce Timber for frames of Houses, Stairs, Closets, &c.

Dimension Pine and Spruce Timber,  
Sawed by Schedule, furnished at short notice.

Eastern Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Boards & Plank  
Eastern Pine and Spruce Laths, Pickets, Clapboards, Shingles, &c.

Western Hemlock Boards and Plank,  
Western Pine & Spruce Boards,  
Western clear inch-sheathing boards,  
Eastern Pine, Cedar and Spruce Shingles, sawed and shaved, Cedar Fence Posts, Pine and Spruce Pickets, Rails, &c.

**Southern Pine Boards and Plank.**  
Also, a large assortment of Dressed Lumber, housed in good order, consisting of—  
Pine and Spruce Boards, planed and matched,  
Clear Pine Lumber, planed one side; planed  
Western Hemlock Boards—planed one side and  
floor; Spruce and Pine floor Boards, planed and jointed;  
Pine and Spruce Clapboards, planed, jointed and  
housed.

Boards and Plank placed and sawed to order,  
at prices. Also, all kinds of Lumber for building or stock-  
ing are cordially invited to call and examine our stock.  
**SAMUEL I. THOMPSON,** East Cambridge,  
Jan. 9, 1857.

**"A Casket of Gems of Wit and Wisdom."**

**A Thousand and One Stories,**  
OF FACT AND FANCY, WIT & HUMOR,  
Rhyme, Reason and Romance.  
EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH. (PETER PARLEY.)

One volume, large octavo, handsomely bound in red  
morocco, with gilt side and back; containing 750  
pages, and

Illustrated by 300 Beautiful Engravings.

The design of this book is to bring whole libraries  
into a single volume—to furnish a mental meal for  
every day and every hour—for every taste, humor, age,  
and every condition of mind. It is a book for the  
young, the old, the rich, the poor, the learned, the  
unlearned, the pious, the irreligious, the virtuous,  
the vicious, the wise, the foolish, the brave, the  
cowardly, the generous, the selfish, the kind, the  
unkind, the true, the false, the honest, the dishonest,  
the good, the bad, the beautiful, the ugly, the  
lovely, the hateful, the sweet, the bitter, the pure,  
the impure, the clean, the filthy, the fair, the foul,  
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## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Oct. 30th, 1858.

## American-Republican Ticket.

For Governor,  
**NATHANIEL P. BANKS,**  
Of Waltham.

For Lieut. Governor,  
**ELIHALET TRASK,**  
Of Springfield.

For Sec'y of State,  
**OLIVER WAINOR,**  
Of Northampton.

For Treasurer,  
**MOSES TENNEY, JR.,**  
Of Georgetown.

For Auditor,  
**CHARLES W. HITE,**  
Of Worcester.

For Attorney General,  
**STEPHEN H. PHILLIPS,**  
Of Salem.

For Congress,  
7th Dis.—**DANIEL W. GOUGH,** of Melrose.  
8th — **CHARLES R. TRAIN,** of Framingham.

For Councilor,  
3d Dis.—**Wm. J. Eames,** of Malden.

For County Commissioner,  
Middlesex—**Paul H. Sweetser,** of So. Reading.

For State Senator,  
6th District—**Horace Conn.** of Woburn.

## Straight American Ticket.

For Governor,  
**AMOS A. LAWRENCE,**  
Of Brookline.

For Lieut. Governor,  
**INCREASE SUMNER,**  
Of Great Barrington.

For Sec'y of State,  
**BENJAMIN L. ALLEN,**  
Of Boston.

For Treasurer and Receiver General,  
**ALVAN G. UNDERWOOD,**  
Of Milford.

For Auditor,  
**CHANDLER R. RANSOM,**  
Of Roxbury.

For Attorney General,  
**ANDREW A. RICHMOND,**  
Of Adams.

## Democratic Ticket.

For Governor,  
**ERASMUS D. BEACH,**  
Of Springfield.

For Lieut. Governor,  
**CHARLES THOMPSON,**  
Of Charlestown.

For Secretary of State,  
**JOHN M. COLE,**  
Of Williamstown.

For Treasurer,  
**SILAS PHILLIPS,**  
Of Boston.

For Auditor,  
**SEYMOUR L. MEAD,**  
Of Nantucket.

For Attorney General,  
**EDWARD WILKINSON,**  
Of Dedham.

For Congress,  
7th Dis.—**Charles A. Welch,** of Waltham.  
8th — **Benjamin F. Butler,** of Lowell.

For Councilor,  
3d Dis.—**Gershon L. Fall,** of Malden.

For County Commissioner,  
**Joshua P. Converse,** of Woburn.

For State Senator,  
5th Dis.—**Abijah Thompson,** of Woburn.

For Register of Probate and Judge of Insolvency,  
**A. A. Prescott,** of Reading.

We publish above the several party nominations for State and County officers, as a matter of public information, and with the desire, so far as we are concerned, to deal fairly with all parties by giving their nominations equal publicity; but we would not have it supposed, that one party is the same as another to us, as it is, we presume, tolerably well known that our political sentiments are Republican and our preferences in favor of the American-Republican nominations. Further than this we say not, as we prefer leaving the discussion of party politics to professionally political papers.

We think it to be regretted, however, that the entire American party did not coalesce with the Republicans, for then we should have a fair contest between the National Administration and its opponents, and much of the bitter ill feeling now existing in the Suffolk County and other districts would have been avoided. As it is, the nominations made by the American party will serve only to expose its weakness, without effecting any object that will in the least degree serve its interests, or increase the supporters of its fundamental principles—principles that are in themselves worthy the attention and consideration of all who desire to see a healthy state of national prosperity, but secondary to the great interests at stake between the advocates and opponents of human liberty.

The fourth and fifth congressional districts still occupy the attention of all who take much interest in politics. The straight Americans in these districts have combined with the Democrats for the defeat of Messrs. Burlingame and Rice. Nevertheless the American-Republicans feel confident of victory.

For County Commissioner the Democrats of Middlesex County have nominated Joshua P. Converse, Esq., of this town, a gentleman highly respected for his excellent social and moral qualities, with many friends outside of the Democratic party who will give him their support.

It will be seen by reference to other portions of this paper that nominations for representatives in the State Legislature have been made in all the adjoining districts. The nomination for this district will be made at the Caucuses to be held this evening. The candidates willing to accept the honor, we are informed, are numerous. No doubt one "worthy and well qualified" will be selected.

**AN EXCELLENT CHANGE.**—The First Congregational Society, in order to accommodate many who desire to attend other meetings, have changed their weekly evening services from Tuesday and Thursday, to Wednesday and Friday evenings.

## The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

At length the appeal to the women of the nation to undertake the purchase of Mount Vernon, has reached Woburn in a definite form. All are probably acquainted with the fact that this noble project has been some time before the public, that it is everywhere received with enthusiasm, and thus far progressed most favorably—Mr. Everett has been traversing the Union, repeating his magnificent oration upon the character of Washington, for its benefit, and the ladies in many of the States have commenced the work of collecting funds in the same behalf, with most commendable zeal.

In this State the organization is now completed, and through the Lady Manager for Middlesex County, Mrs. John Bartlett of Cambridge, circulars have been addressed to ladies in this town, to superintend the collections here. Need anything be said in aid of their efforts, beyond the simple announcement, that money is wanted to secure to the people of the United States the possession of Mount Vernon, the once peaceful home and now the hallowed resting-place of Washington? Every loving and patriotic heart should be stirred at the suggestion. "All our best impulses should be moved to the attainment of such a sacred object."

Who has not an interest in the deeds and fame of the Father of his Country? His very name is a household word, and his exalted character an heirloom in every family in our wide domain. It is the choicest inheritance that falls to the lot of the American child. Gold is dross, and merchandise a perishing thing, but to be a countryman of Washington, and a sharer in that true glory which he bequeathed to this nation, is to be rich indeed.

To become a member of the Mount Vernon Association and so a proprietor in the enterprise, requires the subscription of but a single dollar for adults, and fifty cents for children. The names of all such will be published in the Mount Vernon Record, (a monthly publication devoted to the cause) and finally registered in the "Purchase Book," to be kept as a memento of the work in the archives of the honored mansion. The ladies named below have kindly consented to act as solicitors in behalf of the Association—Mrs. Charles Chouteau, Mrs. Stephen Nichols, Mrs. John Cummings, Jr., Mrs. Timothy Winn, Mrs. F. K. Cragin and Miss Ruth Maria Leathe.

It is hoped that the object is now so thoroughly understood, and the interest in it so universal and hearty, that the response to the solicitors will be both ready and generous. While it is believed that the subscription to the fund here, will in most cases be sufficient to secure a membership in the Association, yet it must be understood that any sum, however small, will be gratefully received as an expression of sympathy and good will toward the noble undertaking.

Let all give something, and particularly let all the children be encouraged to bestow their dimes and half dimes, or even a bright cent of the new coinage, in aid of the work. They will always remember with pleasure that they are joint-owners in the home and grave of Washington.

If all this great people should contribute their mites, how easy it will be to make Mt. Vernon a national shrine, at whose perpetual altar-fires public justice, virtue and patriotism may be ever kindled anew.

The undersigned would cheerfully recommend to the patriotic impulses of the people of Woburn, the great enterprise which is now introduced to them under the auspices of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association. It is an object in every way worthy of their generosity, which we trust will be extended to it in such measure as they may severally deem expedient.

Rev. Daniel March, C. Choate,  
Dr. Stebbins, Ephraim Cutter,  
B. F. Brownson, Bowen Buckman,  
William A. Stone, John J. Pippy,  
George M. Champney.

**WORKERS' CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.**—The meeting of this Conference took place at Burlington, on Tuesday last. The day was beautiful—one of October's loveliest. The gathering at Burlington was very large, and many returned home not being able to get within the house. We understand that all the arrangements on the part of the Burlington people were ample, and carried out in a manner worthy of imitation elsewhere. An abundance and to spare, was furnished freely for man and beast, in the substantial style that thrifty and intelligent farmers always do things. The exercises were, as usual, exceedingly interesting, and the only regret is that the meeting-house could not hold every body who would have been glad to attend. We understand that the conference contributed Fifty Dollars for the church in Burlington. Such a dollar will not fail to do them good. It will encourage and strengthen them, and cheer them amid the various trials ever incident to small and feeble churches. The place of the next semi-annual meeting we have not learned.

**BAPTIST JUVENILE FAIR.**—The children connected with the Baptist Sabbath School, held a Fair in the vestry of their church on Tuesday evening last, at which their parents and friends attended in considerable numbers. The tables were beautifully furnished with the handwork of the young ladies and children, and the cake tables gave good evidence of the interest the members felt in the festival of their little ones. The proceedings were enlivened with excellent singing by the children and young ladies, and a capital speech by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bronson.

**SINGING SCHOOL.**—On Monday evening last, quite a large class, consisting of ladies and gentlemen of nearly all ages—from the child of ten summers to the grand sire of sixty winters—attended in the Congregational vestry to receive instruction in singing from Mr. Baker, who is probably the most thorough, popular and pleasing teacher in the country. We understand that the class will meet in future on Tuesday evenings.

**MISS HARDINGE** delivered her last lecture in Woburn on Wednesday evening last. The subject of the lecture was "Evil Spirits." As we did not hear the lecture, we do not know how the evil ones were disposed of.

The great beauty of a wife is, that she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you.

## Father Kemp's "Old Folks."

The Reading "Old Folks" made their third appearance in this town on Monday evening of last week. At an early hour the admirers of the quaint old music performed by this Troupe were seen on their way to the hall, and long before the time for the concert to commence every seat in the large Lyceum Hall was filled. Setters were placed in the aisles, and those fortunate enough to get chairs located there where they could find a chance. Many persons could not obtain seats but stood up the whole evening, apparently forgetful of all fatigue. At the time announced for the concert to commence, "ye old folks" entered the room with the easy dignity of the well bred ladies and gentlemen of "ye olden time," and quietly took their seats upon the platform. Their staid demeanor, as well as costume, was in striking contrast with the frivolous conduct too often apparent among the young ladies and gentlemen of the present day. The noble bonnets, made for comfort—to protect the head and keep it warm—were quickly laid aside, the instruments were tuned, and Father Kemp, with the grace peculiar to him and the age he represents, announced as the first piece, "The songs our fathers sung," which was performed in the tune "Auld Lang Syne," with a heartiness that was felt by all. Then followed a miscellaneous selection of the best old fables of the Billings and Holden school, the tunes our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing when they went to the singing school, "long, long ago." A few patriotic songs and choruses—such as "Ode on Science," "Strike the Cymbal," "Hail Columbia," and "Sound the Loud Timbrel,"—these were all performed in excellent style to the entire satisfaction of the very large audience. The company consists of thirty-seven singers and an excellent orchestra. Grand sire Evans, though "going on to 98," touched ye ancient bass-viol with a skill and an effect that might well be envied by younger players. In consequence of his well known habits of temperance in all things, he retains the vigor of youth remarkably well. We noticed some new faces in the Troupe, and were glad to hear once more the full rich tones of Madam Johnson. Madam Kemp was the principal solo performer, and gave excellent satisfaction to her friends and neighbors. The concert was a very marked success, and should they come here again to-night the hall would be crowded.

There is something about these concerts that we—in common with thousands elsewhere—greatly admire. Their costume is no burlesque—as some have supposed—but is assumed to represent the age when this music was in vogue. To be sure it looks odd by the side of the present fashions, but, at the risk of being charged with the possession of a bad taste, we must say we prefer it to the style of dress now prevalent. The style of dress in which Washington is always represented, will compare favorably, we think, with modern styles, while the large bonnets and calashes, made for show and comfort too, are not half so ridiculous as the half of a clannish type now stuck upon the back side of the head. We should not regret a return to some of the good old customs of our forefathers. They were a sober-minded, matter of fact people, not given to quite as many silly fooleries as characterize the present generation. And then the music they sung, they certainly performed it in a manner fully as inspiring as we witness in modern times. Success attend Father Kemp and his "Old Folks." They are a worthy band, strong in sound principle and moral integrity, and worthy the entire confidence of every community they may visit. We hope to see them again in Woburn on their return from their Western tour, and we promise them another full house.

**For the Middlesex Journal.**  
Mr. Editor:—I improve the present opportunity to say that I was not only delighted, but instructed, by reading an editorial in the Journal of October 9th, treating on "Spontaneous Combustion." It is a subject of great practical importance to all, and was ably discussed by the writer of the article referred to. I fear it is not generally understood as I should be, in order to prevent so many destructive fires as now are of almost daily occurrence.

I remember an incident which happened in my boyhood days, that will serve as an illustration of the truth of the theory entertained by the Journal of Oct. 9th. It was my fortune to spend my youthful days among the hills of Worcester County, and in an old-fashioned farm-house, containing a large brick oven. As it was being heated one Saturday, the wood-work around the fire became very hot, but no fire was perceptible. Fearful lest the house might take fire, my father took a bucket of water, ran up the stairs, and poured the contents down between the chimney and the adjacent wood-work—the chambers were unfinished, and almost immediately the wood-work around the chimney was on fire. The wood had become charred by the heat communicated from the oven, from time to time, and on the application of water, combustion commenced. The particles of the wood were repelled by the heat, and consequently, the cells of the wood contained more than ordinary quantities of oxygen. The water condensed the particles of the wood, and the heat evaporated the water very rapidly from the cells, and the oxygen was condensed so rapidly in the cells as to cause combustion. Does not this incident illustrate an important truth? If we make ourselves acquainted with this subject we shall be able to protect a vast amount of property from destruction, and also be able to diffuse useful knowledge more extensively. There are many facts pertaining to this branch of science not yet noticed, and there are many in our midst who have the time and ability to investigate the matter fully, and give to your readers something useful and interesting. I hope to hear more on this subject from those so well qualified to discuss it.

**Woburn, Oct. 1858. INQUIRER.**  
**BUSINESS CHANGE.**—We call attention to the advertisement "To Fishermen" in another column. This is an excellent opportunity for any competent person desirous of prosecuting the very profitable business of mackerel catching.

## Target Excursion of the Stoneham Light Infantry.

Last week we delayed the publication of the Journal in order to insert a brief notice of the anniversary festivities of this excellent company, and promised to furnish a full and complete report in this week's issue. With much pleasure we fulfill that promise, because we know that many of our subscribers will take a lively interest in reading it, and while writing it out we shall have the gratification of living over again some of the pleasant incidents of the occasion.

The field selected for target practice was one well adapted for the purpose, and the sky being slightly overcast the glare of the sun did not interfere with the sight of the shooters, as it did, to the annoyance of many a marksman, on the day of the Phalanx parade. The targets were of circular form, about three feet in diameter, and were placed something over 100 yards from the shooting stand. At the conclusion of the firing both the target of the "actives" and that of the "honorarys" was well perforated, both "wings" of the corps having furnished undoubted evidence of their ability to shoot straight, and, if necessary required it, to stand as "the embattled farmers stood" when they "fired the shot heard round the world."

The company, escorted the honorary members and guests, left the field of action about five o'clock, carrying with them the wound of the Billings and Holden school, the tunes our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing when they went to the singing school, "long, long ago." A few patriotic songs and choruses—such as "Ode on Science," "Strike the Cymbal," "Hail Columbia," and "Sound the Loud Timbrel,"—these were all performed in excellent style to the entire satisfaction of the very large audience. The company consists of thirty-seven singers and an excellent orchestra. Grand sire Evans, though "going on to 98," touched ye ancient bass-viol with a skill and an effect that might well be envied by younger players. In consequence of his well known habits of temperance in all things, he retains the vigor of youth remarkably well. We noticed some new faces in the Troupe, and were glad to hear once more the full rich tones of Madam Johnson. Madam Kemp was the principal solo performer, and gave excellent satisfaction to her friends and neighbors. The concert was a very marked success, and should they come here again to-night the hall would be crowded.

The presentations over, Capt. Dike addressed the company and friends assembled, congratulating them upon the happy completion of this, their eighth anniversary. He said he had entered the company at its organization as a non-commissioned officer, and had been honored with all the offices in the gift of its members. This was probably the last time he should meet with them as their commander, as he expected to be in the ranks with his musket at the next parade. He was gratified to see so many of their fellow citizens with them this evening, as guests and fine members. He believed that the citizens of Stoneham were with the company—that public opinion was in favor of it, and hoped, as he believed, that the corps would always merit the esteem they now enjoyed. Capt. Dike concluded by introducing A. V. Lynde, Esq., as the toast-master for the evening. The regular toasts were given as they are numbered below, the first was:—

1. The Commander in Chief of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia—an ardent friend of the military.
2. The Military of Massachusetts—staunch supporters of liberty protected by law—their arms are not turned by non-resistance, Free-love Conventions, and the subversion and destruction of the Military of Massachusetts.
3. The Commander of the 7th Regiment—an efficient disciplinarian—superior tactician, and model soldier; late he day that this command is deprived of his valuable services.

Col. Lyman Dike replied in an excellent speech replete with good encouragement and wise counsel for the future guidance of the company, and concluded with giving as a sentiment—

The four fundamental institutions of New England—Town Meetings, training days, school-houses and ministers.

4. Though the column is well Diked in front, yet no danger can befall it while its breast-work is of Flint.

5. The post of a Major is in doubt—but with a Wiley on duty no fire in the rear need be feared.

Major Wiley, of South Reading, responded, and gave—

The Stoneham Light Infantry—the pride of the 7th Regiment, not only in quantity, but always in quality.

6. The Staff of our Regiment—a Mann to direct—a Cummings to provide—a Heath to relieve the dying—a Burill to pay the money—and a Wade to aid, who need fear the post of danger?

Responded to in neat and clever speeches by Paymaster Burill, Surgeon Heath, and Surgeon's mate Wade.

At the suggestion of an honorary member, three cheers for Capt. C. C. Dike were given heartily, by the honorary members.

7. Our soldiers upon a foreign soil—they have been faithful when absent—when present they shall be brave.

Capt. Heath was not present.

8. Our only ex-Colonel—of good revolutionary stock—the citizen soldier, the soldier citizen—long may he wave.

Col. Gerry responded.

9. The officers and members of Co. F.—though not A in the alphabet, but one in discipline and duty.

Capt. Norton of the Chelsea Light Infantry responded, and gave a sentiment.

10. Our Town Fathers—Curtis-h in manners, may their Lynde-h be cast in pleasant places, and their Bridges, whether tall or otherwise, be strong and well supported.

The senior members of the Board of Selectmen, both of them remarkable for regular habits and early hours, having retired to the quiet of the domestic circle, the junior member, Mr. Lynde, responded in a humorous and witty speech.

11. The Independent Press and the Middlesex Journal—the fearless advocate of right—the enlightened defender of military service—the *semper paratus* of every household hearth.

The editor of the Middlesex Journal made a few remarks, and gave as a sentiment:—The man who first conceived the grand idea of organizing the Stoneham Light Infantry—if living, may his name be honored among

men; if dead, may his ashes rest in peace, and his spirit find a happy home in the celestial regions above.

This sentiment elicited from a stirring cheer for Col. Lyman Dike of the 7th, the prime originator of the Company.

12. Light is breaking in the North-East—the mists of darkness have disappeared. So, Reading is ably Gazed by her Hutchinson. Give him material aid and comfort.

Mr. Hutchinson, of the South Reading Gazette, responded in a well-delivered speech, closing with the following sentiment:—

Our Trial Justice—May he measure justice by the long h of his stature.

This called out E. A. Upton, Esq., who gave a speech glowing with eloquence and fine sentiment.

13. Our teachers, distinguished by purity of character, firmness of purpose and zeal in the most arduous of all mental labors. Success attend their efforts.

D. I. Jocelyn, Esq., spoke well and eloquently in response to this toast. We wish space permitted us to give a full report of his speech, as it was one of the best of the evening. He closed with this sentiment:—

The First Lieutenant of the Stoneham Light Infantry—small in stature, but when he puts his will down he weighs a ton.

Appropriately noticed by Lieut. John Dike.

14. The Ladies—though absent, yet present—though second music, yet *first* beloved. Woman's smiles are more potent than the cannon's roar.

Our Chirography—who need write ill when Moulton instructs?

O. S. Moulton, Esq., made a good speech in response, giving a sentiment complimentary to Capt. Dike.

16. The past Commanders of this Corps—successful in the past and happy in the present—flattering position of the company. May their last days be their best days, and their shadows never grow less.

Capt. Osborne Richardson responded.

17. Our Fine Members—close to our hearts—golden in our opinions, and ever cherished in the bright spots upon our memories.

True, Still in the breeze, but dreadful in the storm.

Mr. Bartlett, on behalf of the fine members, made a capital speech.

18. Other towns can boast of lofty eminences, but none are higher and stand better than our hills.

John Hill, Esq., being called upon, addressed the company in a speech full of energy and eloquence, in favor of the military organizations of the Commonwealth, and the Stoneham Light Infantry particularly, closing with:—

The Military.—One of the corner-stones on which towers are constituted.

19. The Firemen, the safe-guarders of our night vigils—the swift messengers of good—worthily all praise.

20. Hides and Leather—our life, our *skin*, our *tail*.

21. The Orderly Sergeant of the Salem Mechanics—though removed from his native hearth to a more barren soil, *Curtis* is no clement of his composition.

Mr. Cross made a capital speech, and gave a sentiment.

22. Our Country.—Upon the North the Polar Sea—the Atlantic billows lave its Eastern shore—the South and West, tropical breezes and the setting sun are its true boundaries. Our black hills—the broad prairies of the West—the wide savannahs and orange-groves of the South—are all equally dear to us—they are all *our country*!

23. The Commissary of the 7th. His entertainment to-night is an ample advertisement of his capacity.

Commissary Davidson responded.

24. The Members of the Fire Department of Boston. We give its members the right hand of fellowship.

25. The soldiers' mission—obedience to orders—promptness in execution—submission to law—the supporters of no man for station—whose brains are not turned by non-resistance, Free-love Conventions, and the subversion and destruction of the Military of Massachusetts.

26. Capt. Dike, like his name-sake of Revolutionary memory, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton—firm in purpose, fearless in peril, and ever true to the soldier's duty.

27. The Light Infantry—the first military company in Stoneham—good citizens; may they celebrate their centennial anniversary with undiminished numbers.

28. The next in command—a lesser Dike, but equal to every emergency.

Lieut. Dike, in response, offered a sentiment which called out A. V. Lynde, Esq., and Mr. Lynde gave a sample of his eloquence in one of the best after-dinner speeches it was ever our good fortune to listen to, in which he glowingly recounted the valorous deeds of American arms from the times of Miles Standish to the present day.

29. In the annals of the Revolution no name stood higher than one Sprague.

30. Among the Honorables we have (not a Black House of Charles Dickens) but a Whitehouse.

We have given above all the regular toasts and a few of the irregular ones; we would be pleased to recount the many good things that were said during the evening, but there are other demands on our space this week. As to the company itself, we believe never since its organization was it in a better or more prosperous condition than it is now—our sincere wish is, that it may long remain so.

The Hinsdale county (Miss.) paper is responsible for this:—"Gov. A. G. Brown and Gov. John J. McLean are in attendance at church, at Spring Ridge, in this county, a Sabbath or two ago. Although politicians by profession, and office holders by trade, and hence been subjected to all the vices, corruptions and degradations of that mode of living—we are gratified to state that they took seats with the congregation, and conducted themselves like respectable people."

Two singular cases of the breaking of the right arm by ball throwing have lately occurred, one at Woburnville, Ct., in a cricket match, when the man buckled a strap around his arm above the elbow to prevent lameness, and making a hard throw, broke the bones short off above the strap; and the other at Portland, Me., where the catcher in attempting a long throw to second base, broke his arm short off between the elbow and shoulder.

**Organized Bitters.**—The cure effected by this remedy are truly astonishing. The confirmed Dyspeptic regains his pristine vigor, the Asthmatic "breathes free," Indigestion disappears. These Bitters produce these wonders. Let all who suffer try them.

## Forget and Forgive.

Where is the man who has striven among His fellows, and never done one of them wrong?

Where is the man, who, amidst the world's din, Has never committed sin upon sin?

Where is the man who but one day can live Without reason to say—*forget and forgive*?

We, all of us, sin—we all go astray, In thought and in deed, each hour of the day. We all are depraved, and to evil inclined—The constantly upright, where shall we find? 'Tis mercy, not justice, permits us to live; How deep, then, the need to *forget and forgive*.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.  
New York, Oct. 26, 1858.

The new steamer which makes her first trip across the Atlantic next week from this port, excites universal astonishment. She is constructed on the whale principle, and bears a striking resemblance to that animal when in the water, and is calculated to create a sensation on the "great deep." Whether she will ever get across the Atlantic is a matter of uncertainty, and equal doubt prevails as to who will be hardy enough to take tickets for the trip.

The other "sensation" on the tapis is, of course, Piccolomini, (when you try to pronounce the name, think of hominy, and you will hit it.) She has a noble voice, mellow, flexible, and educated to the highest possible point, but she has also those requisites which are still more indispensable in a candidate for popular favor, viz: bewitching manners, and a spice of romance in her history. Many people who care little for the opera sung frankly for the privilege of being sung to by a genuine Princess.

In literature we have little of a striking character. A local story just brought out by the Messrs. Appleton & Co., is making a hit. It is entitled "Blonde and Brunette." The plot of the story is simple enough, but the glimpses of New York life, and particularly of art-life and manners, are piquant, and will sell the book readily, and the more so as we have had hardly any local literature for some time. Longfellow's new poem is undergoing the order of private criticism, and meets with a good sale.

The first-hand gentry are just now occupying rather more than their share of the public attention. Well-bred people are quite at a loss to know why the newspapers take so much notice of this "great mill between Morrissey and Heenan." The answer need not be offered to any who saw the crowds that the newspaper editors on the night when the news of the result was expected. The entire lower strata of the community seemed to be stirred up from its lowest depths. The fact is, that these two men represented the same old feud which has been the source of all our riots for years—Morrissey may have been said to represent the "Dead Rabbits," and Heenan, the "Bovary Boys." The latter "error" claim the distinctive character of Americans. There was also a great deal of heavy betting on the result, which offered a fair chance for gambling. Talking of gambling, one of the gentlemen proprietors of bar-tables was handed up on a double charge of murder and disorderly practice. It is very doubtful whether either can be proved against him, though the crime is undoubted. The corporation counsel defended the prisoner with most unblushing impudence, and the witnesses seemed to be under terrorism. If a clue can be obtained to the murder it bids fair to rival in interest the far celebrated Burdell case.

The weather is damp, and threatening rain.

## SOUTH READING.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The Trustees of the South Reading Library held a meeting at the Library room, on Saturday evening, and voted to call in all the books belonging to the Library, that they may be examined, and, if necessary, repaired or re-bound. The Librarian was instructed not to deliver any books for two weeks after Saturday, Oct. 30th. In the meantime, new books will probably be added.

Mr. Mallet's Juvenile Singing Class will close their term with a Concert in the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, Oct. 30th. The programme presents a bill of fare which will not fail to be patronized. Tickets only ten cents. Singing to commence at half-past seven. Professor B. F. Baker, of Boston, is announced to be present, to add interest to the entertainment by singing some of his popular songs.

Two caucuses were held on Monday evening to elect delegates to the twentieth District Middlesex Convention, held at South Reading on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th. The Republican wing held their meeting in the East room under the Town Hall, and the American wing met in the West room of the same building. The Republicans selected for their delegates, Messrs. Lily Eaton, Peter Fulsom, Adam Wiley, L. B. Evans, B. F. Bancroft, J. Sullivan Eaton, Stephen Lufkin, G. H. Morrison, J. G. Aborn, A. A. Foster, E. S. Upham, Ira Wiley, J. D. Mansfield, Ira Wiley, Jr.

The American meeting elected the fifteen following gentlemen to represent them in the same convention on Wednesday evening:—Messrs. B. B. Wiley, Wm. H. Hayden, John Partridge, John Lee, D. P. Mason, P. H. Sweetser, D. W. Emerson, James O. Boswell, James Batchelor, M. M. Sweetser, John Atwell, James Oliver, D. B. Wheelock, A. F. Hutchinson, T. B. Walker.

At a Democratic caucus held at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Messrs. Jonathan F. Hartshorn, John Stevens, Thomas Parker, Thomas Fencer, Henry Parker and Joseph Hartshorn were chosen delegates to the Representative Convention, and Messrs. Samuel Kingman, B. F. Barnard and John Stephens, to the Senatorial Convention.

The Straight Americans held a caucus also, on Tuesday evening, but we have not learned who were chosen delegates.

The Representative Convention held at this place on Wednesday evening, was called to order by J. Sullivan Eaton, Esq., chairman of the District Committee. The Convention was organized by the choice of P. H. Sweetser, Esq., of South Reading, as President, and C. H. Shepherd of Melrose, Secretary. It appeared that there were two sets of delegates from South Reading and Melrose. The delegates from South Reading, chosen by the American wing of the party, were admitted, and the other delegation rejected. As near as we understood the case from Melrose, the delegation were admitted selected by the Republican meeting.

The two















## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Nov. 6th, 1858.

The result of the State Election is a great triumph for the principles of universal liberty and human rights—the rights of all men—whether their complexion be the blonde of the Saxon or of a darker hue. It may be said that the American-Republican party has swept clean the Commonwealth, from the sands of Cape Cod to the blue hills of Berkshire, and great are the rejoicings over the victory. Massachusetts now stands as she has always stood since the heroic Miles Standish first placed his foot upon Plymouth Rock, the disseminator and defender of that freedom of thought, speech and action, which we enjoy, and which ought to be enjoyed by every American. It is to secure this same freedom to our brethren throughout the Union that men of all classes, and indeed of all shades of politics but one, buckle on their armor and go into the fight for liberty. We would be false to ourselves, our conscience and our creator, if we did not wish them "God speed," if we did not rejoice over a victory, and weep with those that weep when the unwelcome news of defeat comes to our ears.

We cannot feel like writing upon this subject with the lightness and levity that many of our editorial brethren indulge in. However others may feel, to us it is a matter of importance and serious moment, that all men, being "created equal," should enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" that our relatives, friends and neighbors who leave their eastern homes for the wild West, there to clear away the forest, cultivate the land, build up villages towns and cities which shall be the pride and glory of the whole country, should be protected in their lives and property—should not be driven from the polls by an armed mob under the command and direction of United States officers—should not be hunted like beasts of the forest from place to place, and their houses burned over their heads—should not be shot like dogs upon the highway and their bodies thrown into the road-side ditch, while their persecutors and murderers not only go unpunished and are rewarded for their heroic achievements with lucrative offices. We will not now stop to enquire into the principles of the Republican party, but if it is, as we believe it is, to stop forever such atrocities, and to use the power which, by the admission of its opponents it is soon destined to wield, for the protection of the rights and liberties of the whole people, then its principles cannot but commend themselves to the heart and feelings of every man true to the instincts of his race—every admirer of the heroes and heroic deeds of the revolution—every lover of the Declaration and Constitution as propounded by Washington, Jefferson, Hancock and Adams—in short every American citizen who will be true to himself and the principles upon which this great nation was founded and has progressed, until it is second to none in the world—the only stain upon its proud escutcheon being the black stain of human slavery, and the giant evils growing out of it.

The returns of the vote of the State for Governor show the following result:—

For Mr. Banks,	67,928
" " Beach,	38,367
" " Lawrence,	12,669
Plurality for Mr. Banks over	
Mr. Beach,	29,901
Majority over both,	17,911

The American-Republican vote in Middlesex County was 10,181; Democratic, 7,161; Straight-American, 2,372, all the Republican candidates for County offices were elected, and all but three members of the Senate.

We give below the State officers elected, also the officers for Middlesex County and Districts in this vicinity:—

Governor,  
**NATHANIEL P. BANKS,**  
Of Waltham.

Lieut. Governor,  
**ELIPHALET TRASK,**  
Of Springfield.

Secretary of State,  
**OLIVER WARREN,**  
Of Northampton.

Treasurer,  
**MOSES TENNEY, JR.,**  
Of Georgetown.

Auditor,  
**CHARLES WHITE,**  
Of Worcester.

Attorney General,  
**STEPHEN H. PHILLIPS,**  
Of Salem.

Representative to Congress, District No. 7.  
DANIEL W. GOUCH,  
Of Malden.

Councillor for District No. 3.  
WM. J. FAMES,  
Of Malden.

County Commissioner,  
**PAUL H. SWEETSER,**  
Of So. Reading.

County Treasurer,  
**AMOS STONE,**  
Of Charlestown.

Register of Probate and Insolvency,  
**JOSEPH H. TYLER,**  
Of Woburn.

Register of Deeds, Middlesex South District,  
**CLARENCE HAYDEN,**  
Of Cambridge.

Senator for Fifth Middlesex District,  
**HORACE CONN,**  
Of Woburn.

Representatives.

District 3—Somerville, 1. Isaac F. Shepard, Republican.

District 4—Malden, 1. J. Q. A. Griffin, Rep.

District 5—Medford, 1. Eliza Hayden, Dem.

District 6—West Cambridge, Winchester, 1. Oliver B. Clark, of Winchester, Rep.

District 7—Burlington, Bedford, Lexington, 1. A. W. Crowninshield, Rep.

District 8—Woburn, 1. Nathan Wyman, Rep.

District 9—South Reading, Melrose, Stoneham, 2. L. Fuller, Dem. J. Parker Gould, Rep.

District 10—Reading, North Reading, 1. Stillman E. Parker, Rep.

District 11—Wilmington, Tewksbury, Billerica, 1. Jacob Coggin of Tewksbury, Rep.

The Senate stands—3 Democrats, 37 Republicans.

The House of Representatives has 11 Americans, 29 Democrats, 192 Republicans.

Thursday and Friday were as uncomfortable days as we have experienced lately—wet, cold and miserable.

## Woburn Lyceum.

The series of Lectures before the Lyceum for the present season, was commenced on Monday evening last by Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Before the speaker took his place, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, in behalf of the Committee, took occasion to state to the audience the course that had been pursued with regard to securing lecturers. Only such had been engaged, he said, as were known to be fully competent to treat the subjects they should present here. The Committee had not sought for popular names merely, but in science, in literature, in biography or in travels, they had endeavored to select the best men, those who were masters of their several themes. They had also enlarged the scope of the lectures, taking in a greater variety of subjects than usual. In addition to this, they had introduced the low priced system for tickets, believing it to be for the advantage of the town that as large a number as possible should partake of the benefits of the lectures. In doing this, they relied upon the good will and intelligence of the citizens to sustain them in their efforts, and confidently believed they would not leave them as some previous Committee had been left, to foot the deficiency bills from their own pockets.

(As the Lyceum Hall was well packed with a good looking audience, we think the worthy Doctor and his associates may safely congratulate themselves upon the success of their labors, and as having received the decided approbation of the public.)

The lecturer was then introduced, and his subject announced as "Brazil." His ability to do it ample justice might be inferred from the fact of his having resided in that Empire four years and travelled extensively over it.

We know not what anticipations the audience generally had formed of the lecturer and his method of treating his topic, but we had imagined him to be a very staid and scholarly person, who had looked at Brazil with an acute and philosophic eye, and who would give us the results of his study and observation in a clear and methodical, but rather exalted and classical style; that he was a careful and patient observer, a good statistician and a finished writer, but withal a frigid and unimpassioned reader of manuscript. But how wide from the reality were such imaginings! Up jumped to the desk a dapper little man, with twinkling eyes, and a pleasant, expressive face, and began to pour out his thoughts, without note or autograph, in such a taking and voluble way, that Mr. F. of the conception was at once dislodged from the mind.

It is almost or quite impossible to give anything like an abstract of the lecture, it was so full, so redundant, so varied. We shall therefore refer only to its general style and quality. There is no doubt, that it was in a high degree sprightly and entertaining. No man could hold so large an audience together for full two hours, unless he should most thoroughly engross their attention. It was a good test of his attractive power, when at nine o'clock, he desired to know if he should go on, and requested those who were weary or had engagements, to leave, to see but a single person rise to go, and he was probably under imperative obligations to ring the town bell. In many respects the style of communicating with his audience adopted by the lecturer, is the very best, especially in imparting the kind of information he did. It is so easy, familiar and conversational, that you are at once put in sympathy with the speaker, and consequently are in a receptive and interested mood. The highest ideal of a lecturer is, that he shall take you gently and naturally into the plane of his thought, and then fill you with the outpourings of his mind, which shall come to you with such a varied and undulating motion as shall ever be pleasant and grateful in its reception. Perhaps this faculty has no more distinguished exemplar than Wendell Phillips. Mr. Fletcher also possesses it in a high degree, and has more humor than the great anti-slavery orator, but his fault, if it is one, lies in his predatory and discursive style. His history of the coffee plant was neatly given, and his quaint way of instructing his hearers how to make the best beverage from the berry, was pleasant and amusing, but it was rather too long an episode in such a lecture. So, too, the story of the sick Brazilian in Paris, who was dying for his "native air," was sufficiently ludicrous, and evoked a hearty laugh, but we think its introduction was a little strained. Besides, it was hardly in keeping with the previous remarks upon the beauty and salubrity of the air in that southern empire. But these blemishes are not of a very grave character, especially when we consider the many excellencies of which they are the offspring and product. Critically speaking they are excrescences, but practically they add spirit and life to the nourishment they accompany.

We think in the main the lecturer was correct in charging a general ignorance as prevailing with regard to the Empire of Brazil. One reason for this want of knowledge, we believe, may be found in the fact, that South America has been looked upon as a country of revolutions and pronouncements, a *terra incognita*, with little or no tendency to progress, and all attempts to keep up any accurate knowledge of its civil and political history, have been deemed profitless and vain. But the efforts of such men as Mr. Fletcher, to make us better acquainted with our great Southern rival for accidental honors, are of great value, and when any country can get for its advocate so well informed and entertaining a gentleman as this, its history and resources will be most happily and certainly sought out by all who hear him.

**NEW RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.**—Our fellow citizens at North Woburn are making an effort to form a new Society in that village. A preliminary meeting was held on Tuesday evening—Mr. Warren B. Perkins, Moderator; Mr. Edwin Fuller, Secretary, when a vote was taken declaring that the necessities of the village require permanent preaching, and a settled minister. Messrs. Stephen Nichols, Charles Carter, Charles Tidd, Abijah Thompson, 2d, and Joseph H. Bell, were appointed a committee, to see if it was practicable to form such a Society, and how many would aid in its formation, with power to call a legal meeting for that purpose, if the committee received sufficient encouragement.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Several favors have been omitted this week for want of space.

## Middlesex East District Medical Society.

The annual meeting of this Society for the choice of officers, was held at the house of Dr. Ingalls, in Winchester, on Wednesday evening. There were present Drs. B. Cutter, Drew, Nelson and Rickard, of Woburn; Wakefield of Reading, Parker of Melrose, Chapin and Ingalls of Winchester, Hodgdon, Underwood and Harris of West Cambridge, Holmes of Lexington, and Mr. Samuel W. Abbott of Woburn. After the presentation and acceptance of the Treasurer's Report, the following board of officers was chosen for the ensuing year:—Messrs Parker, M. D., President; S. Watson, M. D., Vice President; E. Cutter, M. D., Secretary; D. Parker, M. D., Treasurer and Librarian; Dr. Rickard, B. Cutter, Chapin and Wakefield, Councillors; Drs. B. Cutter, Ingalls and Phinney, Censors; Dr. Chapin, Commissioner on Trials; Dr. Rickard, Auditor. The Society voted to continue to take Medical Publications, as heretofore, and the gentlemen present subscribed liberally for this purpose. During the past year six medical journals have been in circulation among the members. At nine o'clock precisely, Dr. Ingalls announced that supper was ready, and the gentlemen, with no apparent unwillingness, seated themselves at an elegantly and bountifully spread table. Ample justice was done to the edibles, as facts declare. After supper the Society interchanged views upon various topics, medical and miscellaneous, till, at a little past eleven o'clock, they adjourned to meet on the Wednesday evening nearest the full moon in January.

## Proceedings of Town Meeting, November 2d, 1858.

Below we give in detail the vote cast by the Town of Woburn at the town meeting on Tuesday last, politely furnished for publication by the Town Clerk:—

Number of ballots cast for Governor, 489. Nathaniel P. Banks, of Waltham, had 281; Erasmus D. Beach of Springfield, 170; Amos A. Lawrence, of Brookline, 20; No. Philo Quack, 1.

No. for Lieut. Governor, 489. Eliphalet Trask, of Springfield, had 291; Charles Thompson, of Charlestown, 171; Increase Sumner, of Great Barrington, 29.

No. for Sec'y of State, 488. Oliver Warner, of Northampton, had 290; John M. Cole, of Wilmington, 170; Benj. L. Allen, of Boston, 28.

No. for Treasurer and Receiver General, 487. Moses Tenney, Jr., of Georgetown, had 290; Silas Pierce, of Boston, 170; Alvan G. Underwood, of Milford, 27.

No. for State Auditor, 488. Charles White of Worcester, had 290; Seymour L. Mead, of Nantucket, 170; Chandler H. Ransom, of Roxbury, 28.

No. for Attorney General, 487. Stephen H. Phillips, of Salem, had 290; Ezra W. Kimball, of Dedham, 170; Andrew A. Richmond, of Adams, 27.

No. for Rep. to Congress from Dist. No. 7, 477. Daniel W. Gouch, of Melrose, had 290; Charles A. Welch, of Waltham, 172; Eliza C. Foster, of Melrose, 27; E. C. Parker, 1.

No. for Councillor from Dist. No. 3, 465. William J. Fames, of Malden, had 280; George L. Fall, of Malden, 170; scattering, 9.

No. for Co. Commissioner from Middlesex Co., 462. Paul H. Sawyer, of So. Reading, had 282; Joshua P. Converse, of Woburn, 180.

No. for Co. Treasurer, 467. Amos Stone, of Charlestown, had 292; Jesse Fogg, of Cambridge, 170.

No. for Register of Probate & Insolvency, 468. Joseph H. Tyler, of Concord, had 288; Alfred A. Prescott, of Reading, 170; scattering, 1.

No. for Register of Deeds, 471. Caleb Hayden, of Cambridge, had 290; Frederick M. Stone, of Waltham, 176.

No. for Senator from 5th Middlesex District, 468. Horace Conn, of Woburn, had 292; Abijah Thompson, of Woburn, 175; Stephen Dow, 1.

No. for Rep. to General Court from the 19th Middlesex District, 470. Nathan Wyman had 290; Joshua P. Converse had 176; scattering, 4.

At the Town Meeting, Stephen Nichols was chosen Moderator. The List of Jurors presented by the Selectmen, was adopted, with some alteration of names.

**SCIENTIFIC LECTURE IN SCHOOLS.**—On Thursday, N. B. Chamberlain, Esq., of Boston, remembered by many as the distinguished lecturer upon Astronomy before the Woburn Lyceum a few years since, exhibited some half dozen microscopes to the pupils of the Grammar and High Schools in this place. Various objects were shown through them, including the circulation of blood in the frog's foot, and the sap in plants. No explanations were given, but each one had the opportunity of observing facts and drawing his own conclusions. The common fly was shown to have almost an infinite number of eyes. Science is clearly in the ascendant.

**Rev. J. C. Fletcher** will again lecture before the Woburn Lyceum on Monday evening next, subject—"Switzerland." He is, without doubt, entirely conversant with his subject as he has resided, studied and, more than all, was married there, and therefore the difficulty of getting married under the *code Napoleon*, which he said he would devote to the unmarried ladies and gentlemen of Woburn, is with him a matter of personal experience.

**HON. WARREN CHASE**, of Michigan, delivered a lecture on Spiritualism, in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening last, to a fair audience. Mr. Chase is said to be a very powerful speaker.

**NIAGARA ENGINE COMPANY** held a meeting in their Engine House on Tuesday evening last, when the following officers were chosen: R. P. Stanicels, 2d Foreman vice O. S. Ward, resigned; Henry Murdoch, 3d Foreman vice John Brauer resigned; John Brown, Clerk, vice R. P. Stanicels, promoted; John W. Robbins, Assistant Clerk.

**MR. GEORGE WINN** is building a very fine new barn on the site of the one fired by lightning and destroyed last summer.

**BURGLARY IN WATERLOO.**—A burglar entered the house of Daniel Leonard in Waterloo, Tuesday evening, but became alarmed, and decamped without any booty.

**FIRE IN WEST CAMBRIDGE.**—An unfinished dwelling house in West Cambridge, owned by John Eagan, was set on fire and destroyed, on Tuesday.

## New Publications.

**BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS**, portrayed by Historical and Descriptive Sketches, by Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated by over one hundred engravings.

In his lecture on Monday evening last before the Woburn Lyceum, Mr. Fletcher made frequent allusions to this highly interesting volume. It is the combined production of two gentlemen—Rev. Dr. Kidder of the Methodist Church and Rev. J. C. Fletcher of the Presbyterian Church, both of whom have travelled over the region of country graphically described in the volume. The added experience of both authors extends from 1837 to 1857. It is but just to say that the greater part of the work devoted upon the last named. The leading English quarterlies and literary weeklies have pronounced the highest encomiums upon it,—we have only space to quote from the *London Athenaeum*, (the highest literary authority, a few extracts to show how the work has been received in England:—

"Of the country, on some prominent features of which we have slightly touched, Mr. Kidder and Mr. Fletcher write like sensible, observant, painstaking men. They really open up Brazil to staying at home travellers. Its inner life of all classes; its outer life; its history, politics, prospects, pleasures, amusements, climate, morals, manners, or union morals; its art, its literature, its surface, and the very bowels of the earth beneath,—nothing is omitted. Brazil was never before so fully, so faithfully, so artistically photographed. Certainly we are not acquainted with any book which contains within itself such a wide range of information, as may be found in this single volume."

After giving columns of extracts, the *Athenaeum* adds in conclusion:—"We close this interesting volume to which our extracts and analysis render but indifferent justice—so difficult is it to give a faithful idea of a volume of above six hundred pages. We repeat, however, that it is the best book of general information on Brazil that has yet been on our task and pleasure to peruse."

A copy of this excellent work can be seen at the Woburn Book Store, where subscriptions will be received and the book delivered. It contains 150 engravings and is beautifully gotten up.

**PETERSON'S CONTESTED DETECTOR AND BANK NOTE LIST** is corrected by Drexel & Co., the well known *Bankers and Brokers*, and is the best Detector of Counterfeit or Altered Notes, published in this country. The November number, issued this day, fully describes *Eighty-five New Counterfeits*, and contains a fac-simile engraving of a bogus Bank Note that is being altered to various Banks all over the country, and which is being put into circulation. It also contains several pages of other valuable information of every thing pertaining to Bank Notes. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most complete, reliable and best publication of the kind in the United States. It should be in the hands of every at-receiver in the whole country, and we would advise all such to send One Dollar in a letter for a year's subscription, to the publishers, and thus subscribe for it at once. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, and is for sale at Woburn Book Store.

**WILLIAM WINN, Esq.** sold at auction, on Monday last, the farm of the late Deacon Jonas Hale, in the western part of Woburn, for the sum of \$3,500. Mr. George Russell, of West Cambridge, was the purchaser.

**WILD CHERRY BALM.**—The memory of Dr. Winter is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, when his *Balm of Wild Cherry* has cured of coughs, colds, consumption, or some other form of Palm a dry disease.

**THE VALUE OF OUR VOTE.**—In Winchester Representative District of Middlesex County, Mr. Prince, the Democratic candidate, was defeated by one majority, receiving 290 votes to 291 for his Republican opponent, O. B. Clark, Esq.

**BURGLARIES ATTEMPT.**—The house of Daniel F. Learned in Lexington, was entered by a burglar on Monday night, but the cries of a servant girl frightened the rogue who decamped minus a box of silver ware, which he had prepared to take away with him.

**CASUALTIES IN MALDEN.**—The wife of Mr. William Whittemore, of South Malden, was badly burned Monday evening by the explosion of a kind lamp.

**MR. JOSEPH SPOONER**, also of South Malden, had one of his legs amputated last week, and died on Tuesday.

**THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK** has resulted in favor of the entire Republican ticket. Illinois has elected a Republican Congressional delegation, and the State Legislature is also probably Republican, although the election of Douglas is conceded.

**MR. JOSEPH H. DAVIS**, of this town, has received a patent for improved mechanical movement.

**AN ADVERTISER** in a new store.—The old and popular house of CALLOW & COMPANY, so long established at the corner of Hanover and Elm streets, Boston, have, by their uniform system of low prices and fair dealings, found their business to ex, and even beyond the limits of the increased room afforded by the recent erection of a new building. They have, therefore, for the better accommodation of their extensive trade, removed to the commodious store, No. 85 Washington street, where their friends and customers will find them prepared to exhibit one of the largest assortments of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings in the city, which will be made up to order at their usual low prices. See advt.

**SINGING SCHOOL.**—We once more advise all—old and young—who are desirous of learning to sing, to attend Mr. Baker's School. The meetings are held in the Orthodox Vestry every Tuesday evening. This is certainly a rare opportunity, and we hope it will be improved.

**ANTI-SPIRITUALISM.**—Dr. Coffin announces a lecture against Spiritualism, in the Town Hall, this evening.

**A FEW INTELLIGIBLE WORDS** have been received at Valancia from Newfoundland, through the Atlantic Cable.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

TAUNTON, Nov. 2d, 1858.

Again on the wing, I propose to give brief sketches of some things and events that transpire as I pass along. We left Boston at five minutes past eight on the morning of Nov. 1st, and arrived in this town a quarter before ten. And, first, to speak of the general appearance of the place, I cannot say that there is much to excite my admiration, while there is little cause, perhaps, to speak disparagingly. A considerable part lies on low land, and in this respect resembles what is known in Reading as "Mudville." Some splendid buildings meet the eye, but these seem to share the influence of corporations and companies, while the greater part of the town is dotted with buildings that would puzzle the historian to chronicle the date of their erection. There are, at the present time, about eleven thousand inhabitants in this place, and eleven houses of worship. Two of these societies date their organization as far back as 1637, or two hundred and twenty years ago. The "Old Folks" Concert at Central Hall was well attended last evening, notwithstanding a free lecture in another hall, by Miss Harding. The Taunton Hotel, where we quarter, is well located, but of its interior arrangements I will say nothing.

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 3d, 1858.

We left Taunton yesterday, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and after an hour's ride through swamps and hills, where nothing but birds who have instinct enough to escape the snare of the foxer would ever think of spending their days, we arrived in this city, and stopped at the Parker House. This House is most excellent in every respect. Exceeding neatness pervades every department; and if variety is the spice of life, there are many here who enjoy it to the fullest extent at the table. The landlord gives his personal attention to the comfort of his patrons, and the waiters know their places to a charm, which adds very much to one's comfort when refreshing the inner man. Excellent bathing rooms are connected with this hotel, which is a great desideratum to those who esteem it a luxury to bathe, and I intend to apply myself to one of them as soon as I deposit this very last-written letter in the Post Office. The greater part of this city stands on more elevated ground than I have been wont to suppose. The streets are very wide, most of them running at right angles, and are very clean. By way of comparison, it is not dissimilar, in its more general appearance, to the city of Portland. Some parts of it, however, savor of the romantic, and is very beautiful. It has twenty-six houses of worship, and contains about twenty-four thousand inhabitants.

We had a large audience last evening at Liberty Hall, which building, internally, very much resembles the Academy of Music in New York. I think I never have seen a people more pleased than those who attended the concert last evening, unless I except the people of Baltimore. This afternoon we gave a concert to the children, and we expect to see the greater part of the school children of the city present. But I must close, and date my next scribble from some other place.

Yours, in haste, LENO.

**NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.**

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1858.

The event which has attracted the most universal attention, during the week, which has indeed been received with a general shudder of horror, you have already received an account of by mail and telegraph. Young Gouldy, the perpetrator of this heinous act, seems to have been, according to the statements of those who knew him best, a rather hard case, whose vice is, or seems to be, inherent in the constitution—who had absolutely no moral sense, and who delighted in pure wickedness, for its own sake. That such cases are found cannot be denied—cases in which circumstances all operated to make the child virtuous and respectable, while something inherent in its nature drew it the other way. The supposed murder in a gambling house is still under investigation; but, if indeed it ever happened, it is now quite unlikely, from various circumstances, that a clue of reliable proof will be obtained. Canemi, the Italian murderer, is to have a new trial. At the time of his first trial there was an intense popular excitement against him, owing to the fact that the murdered man was an American, and Native American feeling ran high at the time. The public is now cool on the subject; many are inclined to credit Canemi's innocence, and though he only escaped hanging by a legal quibble, he has now a far better chance for his life than before.

Business is dull, as it usually is at this season of the year. Great preparations are making for the spring season, when a good trade is expected with the South. The splendid marble front store on Broadway, built for a jobbing house, which failed last year, has been sold for \$350,000.

As business grows slack, the religious interest of last winter seems to revive. The noon prayer-meeting in Fulton Street is crowded every day to overflowing.

Mr. Beecher's grand project of building a church in Brooklyn to hold 6,000 people at a stand still just at present. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is wanted, and must all be subscribed as a free gift, as the pews will not be rented. But only about twenty-five thousand dollars have been raised thus far. It is proposed to support the institution after it is built by charging an admission fee of ten cents per head, which, supposing the house to be crowded twice every Sunday, would realize an annual income of \$300,000 dollars! But the 6,000 people are not perhaps to be counted upon. It is hardly likely that this vast structure will be built unless the parties who are now endeavoring to secure the erection of a large Music Hall in Brooklyn should unite their efforts with those of Mr. Beecher's "devilers." At any rate, people in this country are not called upon to contribute money as some have already done, for the erection of a new monster church in a city which has so much empty church-room already as Brooklyn.

## SOUTH READING.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Ode to Disappointment.

It is in vain we strive with trembling hand,  
To lift the curtain of dark futurity,  
And tho' with longing gaze, and sad foreboding heart,  
We vainly strive to pierce the gloom  
That shrouds our onward pathway;  
Yet with all this dim uncertainty,  
With all these hopes and fears, which like dim phantoms, crowd upon the soul  
In its low musings with the inmost heart,  
Still, there is within the soul, a "still small voice."

Whose whisperings are heard, 'mid the gay  
Of bright festivity; when mirth surrounds us,  
And Friendship's sweet smile gladdens the  
sorrowing heart;

Even then, there is, hid in the deep recesses  
Of the soul,  
A fear, a doubt, nay, a deep sorrow;  
A strange foreboding of some future evil.  
But what, where or whence its origin, we cannot tell.

Yet, is not this rankling sorrow in our rest—  
Less hearts,  
A dread of these approach, O Disappointment!  
That inward sense that tells us, that should  
kind fortune

Smile upon our future prospects, *thou wilt take a part.*

And follow on, thro' life's tempestuous way!  
When wast thou ever greeted with a smile?  
When was the time, that thy dark shadowy  
form

Was hailed as the bright harbinger of peace  
and happiness?

Pray tell us, wert thou always the same grim  
messenger

That now thou seemest? Didst thou always  
bear

That same dark brow, and stern forbidding  
aspect?

"'Tis even so, and thus I have ever been,"  
methinks I hear thee say;

For when the world was in its infancy,  
When all was bright and fair, as the angelic  
world,

(Of which we sometimes catch a glimpse, in  
faint dream visions.)

Then didst thou creep into the quiet happiness  
of *notho erea*;

When Heaven's messenger was sent to summon  
man to his away,

Thou wast not seen smiling in triumph at the  
conquest;

Thou wast not seen to take the anguish of her soul,  
As she turned to take a long and last farewell.

Of all that's bright and beautiful,  
Those radiant flowers, whose opening buds  
she'd watch'd

With all the tenderness of parental love;  
Those purring streams, the birds on starry  
wing,

Whose heaven-born melodies had waked the  
sleezy morn;

Now seemest to chant the requiem of buried  
hopes—

Thou wert the grim specter of this mournful  
parting.

Say, was there not one lingering look of sorrow  
there?

Heardst thou not one smothered sigh burst  
from her

Aching bosom? as the last echo of her  
footsteps











**BOSTON AND LOWELL**  
AND NASHUA AND LOWELL R. R.  
FALL ARRANGEMENT.  
ON and after Monday, Oct. 15th, 1855,  
Trains will be run as follows:  
Lowell at 7.30, 10.30, a.m., 2.30, 5.30, 6.30, p.m.  
Boston at 7.45, 10.45, a.m., 2.45, 5.45, 6.45, p.m.  
Nashua at 7.55, 10.55, a.m., 2.55, 5.55, 6.55, p.m.  
Woburn at 8.10, 11.10, a.m., 3.10, 6.10, p.m.  
Woburn Centre at 8.20, 11.20, a.m., 3.20, 6.20, p.m.  
Woburn and Bedford at 8.30, 11.30, a.m., 3.30, 6.30, p.m.  
The 7.30 a.m. train will stop at Nashua for passengers to Lowell.  
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**TRAINS FOR BOSTON.**  
Leave Woburn at 6.15, 11 a.m., 3.30 p.m.  
Nashua at 7.15, 11.45, a.m., 3.45, p.m.  
Lowell at 7.25, 11.55, a.m., 3.55, p.m.  
Boston at 7.40, 12.10, 3.10, 6.10, p.m.  
Woburn at 8.00, 11.00, a.m., 3.00, 6.00, p.m.  
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**CONVERSE & CO.,**  
WOBURN AND BOSTON  
RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.  
5 Trips Daily.  
OFFICES: 10 Court Square, Boston,  
and Woburn, at 10.30 a.m., 2.45 p.m.,  
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed.  
Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes,  
drafts, bills, &c.

**JOHN G. COLE,**  
PAINTING AND GLAZING,  
Paperhanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in  
the neatest manner. Also, Glazing and Molding  
Sashes and Blinds. Estimates given free of charge.  
Shop, first building South of the Branch Railroad,  
at the corner of Main and North Streets.

**FRANK B. DODGE,**  
(Successor to Wm. M. Weston.)  
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER!  
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware,  
Musical Instruments,  
Pianos, &c., &c.  
Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn.  
Melodians for Sale and to Let.  
Woburn, 1 May 1855.

**A. E. THOMPSON,**  
DEALER IN AMERICAN & FOREIGN  
DRY GOODS,  
West India Goods, Flour & Grain,  
CROCKERY & HARDWARE,  
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.  
No. 3, Wade's Block.

**Edward Butler**  
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,  
BLACK BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Nov. 7, 1857.—1f.

**BRIGHT & GILCREAST,**  
PAINTERS.  
PAINTING, GLAZING, GRADING, PAPER  
HANGING, &c., done in the best  
style, at short notice and at  
reasonable prices.  
UNION STREET, WOBURN.  
(Opposite Jones' Blacksmith Shop).  
S. T. BRIGHT, J. GILCREAST.

**WYMAN'S**  
AMBROTYPE, MELANOTYPE  
And Daguerrotype Rooms,  
KELLY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.  
Particular attention given to copying pictures.  
Woburn, March 4th, 1858.

**Harris Johnson,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
WOBURN, MASS.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.  
All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attended  
to.

**William Winn,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,  
BURLINGTON, Mass.  
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on  
reasonable terms.  
All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attended  
to.

**DR. C. T. LANG,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
CORNER OF MAIN & WALNUT STS.,  
WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.  
NATHAN WYMAN,  
—DEALER IN—  
English, French and American  
DRY GOODS,  
NO. 11, WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN.  
E. D. HAYDEN,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
No. 4 Wade's Block, Woburn, Mass.

# MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

WOBURN  
SOUTH-READING STONEHAM OUR LOCAL INTERESTS READING & WINCHESTER.  
VOL. VIII. : : No. 6. WOBURN: NOVEMBER 13, 1858. FOUR CENTS PER COPY.

## Business Cards.

### EAST WOBURN

#### GROCERY STORE!!

**H. R. RANDELL** informs the inhabitants  
of East Woburn, that he keeps constantly  
on hand a large and well selected stock of  
**GROCERIES**  
of all descriptions and of the best quality; also, Crock  
ery and Glass Ware—all which will be sold at the  
very lowest cash prices.  
East Woburn, Sep.

#### HAT MANUFACTORY.

#### W. A. HASLAM,

#### PRACTICAL HATTER,

Having the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn  
and vicinity to his stock of  
**Hats & Caps**  
of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to  
business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call  
upon him.  
Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who  
find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one  
made by having their measures taken; which will be as easy to  
wear as any other.

#### Groceries, Provisions, W. I. Goods

#### FAMILY STORES!!

THE undersigned respectfully gives notice that he  
has taken the store recently occupied by the late  
firm of McLaughlin & Calver, where he will keep  
constantly on hand, and for sale, at reasonable  
prices, a good assortment of  
**West India Goods, Groceries & Provisions.**  
He solicits from the customers of said late firm a  
continuance of their patronage, and invites the public  
generally to call at said store and purchase their goods.  
PATRICK CALVER.  
Woburn, Feb. 13, 1858.—1f.

#### PIANO-FORTES

#### Bought Sold & Exchanged.

Tuning and Repairing done promptly  
thoroughly and reasonably.

#### O. GREEN,

No. 1 Spring St., Woburn, or 395 Washing-  
ton Street, Boston.

MR. GREEN believes his facilities for transacting  
any business in the Piano-Forte line, and  
will warrant perfect satisfaction to all who avail  
themselves of his services.  
Orders left at J. J. PIPPY's Book Store will be  
received promptly attended to.  
Woburn, Dec. 18, 1857.—1f

#### A. BUCKMAN,

#### DEALER IN

#### Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

Main Street, opposite the Common,  
WOBURN.

#### T. W. PAGE,

#### LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.  
(Sales every Saturday evening.)  
New and Second Hand Furniture at  
Private Sale and at Auction.  
Sales of Real Estate, and of Furniture and all  
other property promptly attended to, on reasonable  
terms.  
Call on—Corner of Main Street and Oakley Court,  
April 28, '55, if.

#### NEW STORE AND NEW STOCK

#### FASHIONABLE & REASONABLE

#### MILLINERY!

where she has just opened an extensive and elegant  
assortment of New and Seasonable Goods,  
consisting of every article of Fashionable Millinery,  
Fashions, Laces, Ribbons, Hosiery, &c., which she  
offers for sale at the lowest cash prices.  
Particular attention given to altering & clean-  
ing bonnets.  
Woburn, Feb. 27, 1858.

#### CENTRAL CASH STORE!

#### MARKET.

#### Groceries and West India Goods,

Fresh and Salt Meats of all kinds,  
Sold cheap for Cash.  
All kinds of farmers' produce taken in exchange for  
goods.  
Feb. 27.—1f O. HEAMAN.

#### NEW STORE

#### FASHIONABLE GOODS!

MR. M. A. HUFFLET, has removed to the  
new and elegantly situated store one door west of  
the Woburn Book Store, which she has had hand-  
somedly fitted up expressly for her.

#### MILLINERY BUSINESS.

She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of  
Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE  
STOCK of  
Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries,  
Bonnets, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c., &c.,  
which will be sold at very moderate prices.  
Particular attention given to bleaching, pressing and  
finishing hats, in the most fashionable styles.  
Woburn, April 25, '57.

#### PERSON'S

#### WOBURN & BOSTON EXPRESS.

WILL leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a.m., and  
Boston at 10 o'clock, p.m. Offices in Woburn at  
E. T. Hall's, and in Boston at W. B. F. Felt's.  
In connection with the above the subscriber will run  
an Express Train from East Woburn on Monday's, Wed-  
nesday's and Friday's, at nine o'clock. Offices in East  
Woburn at Store of W. B. Felt and H. Randall.  
Offices in Boston at 34 E. Exchange, Court Square  
and 46 North Market Street.  
All orders for goods, packages, &c., punctually attend-  
ed to.  
April 7, 1855.—1f. A. A. PERSONS.

#### THE PLACE TO BUY

#### Paper Hangings.

THE subscriber has received the latest installment of  
his hanging paper,  
**HOUSE PAPERS, BORDERS, WINDOW**  
**SHADES, PINK BOARDS, &c.**  
The stock of paper consists of the best quality of  
GOLD, VELVET, SATIN, GROUND & COMMON  
PAPER.  
OF FRENCH AMERICAN MANUFACTURE,  
all of which will be sold at a GREAT DISCOUNT  
from Boston prices.  
JOHN J. PIPPY,  
Woburn Book Store.

## Poetry.

[From the Boston Journal.]

### DEEDS—NOT WORDS.

A poor old man, with garments torn,  
And fluttering in the gale,  
Came to my door one wintry day,  
And told a piteous tale.

Of hunger, cold and misery,  
And craved my friendly aid.  
I felt a glow of charity,  
And fitting answer made.

"Ah, and indeed it is to want  
For raiment and for bread;  
Go, in peace, may thou be warmed,  
And be thou clothed and fed."

He looked at me, and shivering  
Said, as he turned away,  
"May you ne'er know the suffering  
That has been mine to-day."

And feel that not mere sympathy,  
Though in soft accents told,  
Can loose the grasp of poverty,  
Or shield from winter's cold:

Ne'er learn to murmur bitterly,  
In some sad hour of need,  
Kind words are but mockery,  
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### THE YOUNG PRIEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I was spending a summer on the Hudson, in  
one of the quietest, most secluded spots that  
were to be found along the river. It is years  
and years ago, I was a young man then, and  
perhaps the place has much altered, for I have  
never visited it since that season; but at the  
time of which I speak, it seemed as much the  
separated from the rest of the world, as if the  
belt of trees and mountains had been im-  
passable barriers to all creation beyond.

It was only a small village, very different  
from the noisy, bustling towns of the pres-  
ent day, which seem miniature cities in their rest-  
lessness and unhealthy excitement. The  
very children that played around the old  
school-house had a subdued way about them,  
as if the quiet of the place restrained even the  
exuberance of their youthful spirits. It  
was the sort of quaint-like place where one  
insensibly falls into all sorts of odd ways,  
till little inanities and peculiarities creep  
over one as thickly as the mosses on the roofs  
of the houses.

The old tavern had a set of loungers upon  
its stoop, who looked like so many Rip Van  
Winkles in the very middle of a hundred  
years' sleep, and a carriage stopping before  
it was one of those extraordinary events,  
which served to excite village curiosity for a  
week at least.

I can scarcely recollect a young face in the  
whole village, and as for the middle-aged  
people, one could not easily fancy that they  
had ever been youthful. After the first few  
weeks, my appearance ceased to attract much  
attention, and I was left to follow the bent  
of my own inclination, having repeatedly  
refused all intercourse, and met any courtesy  
with a coldness which by no means encour-  
aged a repetition of the politeness.

Probably they set me down as a harmless  
sort of lunatic, who would not prove a dan-  
gerous inhabitant, and so I remained un-  
molested in my retreat. The quiet of the  
place—the absolute sleepiness which seemed  
upon it—was to me its chief charms. The  
very bell in the church spire rang as if it had  
just been awakened from a deep slumber,  
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houses stood back from the street, with their  
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air was soft and hazy—the mountains  
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sails that shone against the waves like great  
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self in that solitude, peopling it with beings  
of my own creation, though at times real  
forms from the dark past would glide in to  
cast their shadows over the present, like un-  
pleasant images, disturbing a happy dream.

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view of the surrounding scenery. It was a  
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stillness reigned, which was only broken by  
the sighing of the trees as the wind swept  
through them, brushing the long branches  
against the roof with a hoarse sound, that  
chimed in like a heavy bass accompaniment  
to the sorrowful melody of the rustling leaves.

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fancy—each piece looked as if it had a history  
to tell.

I was quite alone, with no companions but  
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the gayest of all the Continental cities had  
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week at least.

I can scarcely recollect a young face in the  
whole village, and as for the middle-aged  
people, one could not easily fancy that they  
had ever been youthful. After the first few  
weeks, my appearance ceased to attract much  
attention, and I was left to follow the bent  
of my own inclination, having repeatedly  
refused all intercourse, and met any courtesy  
with a coldness which by no means encour-  
aged a repetition of the politeness.

Probably they set me down as a harmless  
sort of lunatic, who would not prove a dan-  
gerous inhabitant, and so I remained un-  
molested in my retreat. The quiet of the  
place—the absolute sleepiness which seemed  
upon it—was to me its chief charms. The  
very bell in the church spire rang as if it had  
just been awakened from a deep slumber,  
and was startled by its own clamor. The  
houses stood back from the street, with their  
pleasant yards full of shrubs and flowers—the  
air was soft and hazy—the mountains  
looked down in solemn grandeur—and the  
water swept murmuring on, sprinkled with  
sails that shone against the waves like great  
white birds floating idly down the current.  
I used to sit and watch them by the hour in  
that idle way, which one insensibly falls in-  
to when left much alone, weaving all sorts of  
improbable fancies, and forming a life for my-  
self in that solitude, peopling it with beings  
of my own creation, though at times real  
forms from the dark past would glide in to  
cast their shadows over the present, like un-  
pleasant images, disturbing a happy dream.

The house which I occupied stood in the  
outskirts of the town, and commanded a fine  
view of the surrounding scenery. It was a  
quaint, crumbling old mansion, with pointed  
gables and moss-covered roof. A row of  
great elm trees before it, their branches  
meeting overhead and making pleasant music  
through the summer days. Within, there  
was a broad hall, lofty and dark, many  
cornered apartments, where the shadows  
gathered in a mysterious way, and a strange  
stillness reigned, which was only broken by  
the sighing of the trees as the wind swept  
through them, brushing the long branches  
against the roof with a hoarse sound, that  
chimed in like a heavy bass accompaniment  
to the sorrowful melody of the rustling leaves.

The house had been built during, or soon  
after the Revolution, and several of the rooms  
still contained the heavy carved furniture,  
which had been brought from over the sea.—  
I had it arranged in all the rooms which I oc-  
cupied, for its sumptuous appearance pleased my  
fancy—each piece looked as if it had a history  
to tell.

I was quite alone, with no companions but  
my books and horse, for a long sojourn in  
the gayest of all the Continental cities had  
left me weary and listless, tired of society,  
longing for the solitude of the woods and  
mountains. But it is not of myself that I

## Poetry.

[From the Boston Journal.]

### DEEDS—NOT WORDS.

A poor old man, with garments torn,  
And fluttering in the gale,  
Came to my door one wintry day,  
And told a piteous tale.

Of hunger, cold and misery,  
And craved my friendly aid.  
I felt a glow of charity,  
And fitting answer made.

"Ah, and indeed it is to want  
For raiment and for bread;  
Go, in peace, may thou be warmed,  
And be thou clothed and fed."

He looked at me, and shivering  
Said, as he turned away,  
"May you ne'er know the suffering  
That has been mine to-day."

And feel that not mere sympathy,  
Though in soft accents told,  
Can loose the grasp of poverty,  
Or shield from winter's cold:

Ne'er learn to murmur bitterly,  
In some sad hour of need,  
Kind words are but mockery,  
Without the kindly deed."

### THE YOUNG PRIEST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I was spending a summer on the Hudson, in  
one of the quietest, most secluded spots that  
were to be found along the river. It is years  
and years ago, I was a young man then, and  
perhaps the place has much altered, for I have  
never visited it since that season; but at the  
time of which I speak, it seemed as much the  
separated from the rest of the world, as if the  
belt of trees and mountains had been im-  
passable barriers to all creation beyond.

It was only a small village, very different  
from the noisy, bustling towns of the pres-  
ent day, which seem miniature cities in their rest-  
lessness and unhealthy excitement. The  
very children that played around the old  
school-house had a subdued way about them,  
as if the quiet of the place restrained even the  
exuberance of their youthful spirits. It  
was the sort of quaint-like place where one  
insensibly falls into all sorts of odd ways,  
till little inanities and peculiarities creep  
over one as thickly as the mosses on the roofs  
of the houses.

The old tavern had a set of loungers upon  
its stoop, who looked like so many Rip Van  
Winkles in the very middle of a hundred  
years' sleep, and a carriage stopping before  
it was one of those extraordinary events,  
which served to excite village curiosity for a  
week at least.

I can scarcely recollect a young face in the  
whole village, and as for the middle-aged  
people, one could not easily fancy that they  
had ever been youthful. After the first few  
weeks, my appearance ceased to attract much  
attention, and I was left to follow the bent  
of my own inclination, having repeatedly



ties, electioneering and office-seeking, would make me still poorer than I am now, for my chances for success would compare well with those who have the "patience of hope" in making a future at lottery gambling. To be like other folks upon an economical scale, and starve myself a week, to be able to make the display of a feast, would interrupt the progress of my digestive faculties so much that I should a little rather not be like some other folks. On the whole, I conclude it is the better way to be like a man of common sense, and regulate my style of living to my income, keep clear of duns as much as possible, have no fearful apprehensions of sheriffs, and avoid the necessity of converting my wife into a California widow."

North Wilmington, Nov., 1858.

## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Nov. 13th, 1858.

### SOCIAL LIFE.

We have spoken, in time past, of sociability, and of the importance of its cultivation in this community. We urged upon our readers the need of more social gatherings, and of more informal meetings among friends and neighbors. We spoke of the excellent influence resulting from being neighborly, in the true acceptance of the term. The season of the year reminds us again of the same subject, and we wish thus early to suggest to our fellow citizens that something more is needed at the usual public gatherings. There is danger, great danger, that our social nature will run to waste, while business—money making—is the all-absorbing topic of interest. We like to see men industrious, diligent in business, seeking an honorable success. But there is such a thing as being so devoted to making money, as to crowd out many things from the mind more worthy a place there than plans and schemes for growing rich. We are all endowed with social nature—by the proper cultivation of which society becomes refined, kindly disposed toward each other, benevolent, quiet, happy. We need a more intimate acquaintance with our neighbors. We need to root out the spirit of selfishness that is so prevalent at the present day everywhere, and to return to the simplicity and guilelessness that characterized the days of our childhood. How shall we do it? By what means shall we break away from the cold formality, and the unfeeling dignity of so-called elegant and refined society? All this may be well enough in the correspondence and interviews of prime ministers, where each is expected to be as wary and as shrewd as possible, and at the same time professing to feel towards each other the highest consideration.

Why are there so many young men floating along upon the waves of society like rubbish upon a stream? Why have they no interests, no ties that bind them so closely to their fellow men as to compel them to be all they should be in social and moral excellence? Too often, we fear, it is because no one cares for them, no one reaches forth to them a kindly hand, or places before them motives leading to high resolves and aims. They are neglected by those who should care for them, and, as a consequence, they seek such society as they find accessible, and so float on to moral ruin. Suppose a young man comes among us—a stranger. Let him be introduced without delay to some one or more good families. A motive is at once presented to him for rectitude in all things. His standing is dependent upon it. He sees the society of the gentle and the good open to him, and the terms of admission are moral and social worth. But are we in the habit of doing this? Do we to others as we would be done by?

Social gatherings, the informal meetings of a few friends and neighbors, not forgetting to bring in the stranger who sojourns among us, is what we need. We have a great deal done for our intellectual improvement, but not to nothing for our social. A family can hardly spend an hour or two in pleasant conversation with another family, without feeling mutually a growing interest in each other's welfare. And when the hour of adversity comes, as come it will to all, then is known and felt the value of a real neighbor and friend. Social meetings, in order to be really pleasant and profitable, must be destitute of all formality, parade and show, that characterize the modern party, where each goes to show her new dress, and to see what her neighbor has. Could we but return to the primitive simplicity of our fathers and grandfathers, society would be changed indeed, but not injured. The sandal floor and a warm-hearted greeting was worth infinitely more than tapestry carpets, pictures and statuary, where tribute is expected in the form of admiration at what swelling pride, with nothing in the world but money, has collected around him. Give us the former and the hand that has a heart in it, and we will resign the latter without a sigh, to their much to be pitied possessors.

**TOWN IMPROVEMENTS.**—The Selectmen have been doing a good work during the past summer by making improvements in the drainage and sidewalks of the town, for which they deserve the thanks of all concerned. We hear the recent improvement in the drainage of Johnson and Main streets highly spoken of. Go forward, gentlemen, you are doing well, and, when you get time, please take a look at Court and Warren streets. Some further improvements on the common, next Spring, would, we have no doubt, be very acceptable to the citizens generally. *Verbum sat.*

**SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.**—The examination of some of the public schools took place this week, others will be examined in the following order:—Western Primary, District No. 1, Wednesday, 17th instant, A. M. Dis. 3 & 4, Wednesday, 17th, P. M. Northern Intermediate and Primary, Dis. No. 1, Thursday, 18th, P. M. Grammar and Primary, Dis. No. 2, Thursday, 18th, P. M. Grammar School, Dis. No. 1, Friday, 19th, A. M. and P. M. High School, Saturday, 20th, A. M. and P. M.

Quite a large quantity of snow fell in Reading, on Wednesday evening last.

### Fire Insurance.

"Are you insured?" is a question which many wholesale merchants now have conspicuously printed at the top of their bill-headers, so that every customer who buys a bill of goods has the question thus pertinently put to him. In nine cases out of ten the merchant has an undoubted right to ask this question; for as nine-tenths of all mercantile transactions in this country are based upon credit—many of the small traders having little else than their "good name" for capital—if a heavy loss occurs by the accident of fire, the trader, if his stock is not insured, is unable to meet his liabilities, insolvency ensues, and the merchant or manufacturer from whom he obtained his goods has to suffer for the loss. A few dollars paid as premium to a sound insurance company, is the only safeguard against such a contingency. This is only one proof among many of the value placed by business men upon insurance against fire. The same argument applies to all kinds and description of consumable property. Every man who owns property at all liable to be consumed by fire, and who neglects, in these days of low premiums and good dividends, to effect insurance upon it, deserves not the sympathy or aid of his neighbors or of the community, if the destroyer comes and converts his house and chattels into ashes and cinders. Men of large possessions, with many houses and much goods, usually see to it that it is all well covered by insurance. It is the man of moderate means, owning perhaps the house he occupies, the stock he is trading with, the tools in his workshop, who is most likely to be guilty of neglect in this matter, oftentimes to the destruction of all he is worth. We call attention to this subject now because there are more accidents by fire at this time than at any other season of the year, and in the hope that such of our readers as have not made themselves safe by insurance, may do so without delay.

There are many good companies in the State, and some that are not good—and there are also many reliable agents for companies, and some that are not reliable. The standing and character of the company in which a man insures his property, should always be a matter for consideration and close investigation. It is not wise to insure in a company that is in the habit of assessing its members to meet its losses, nor is the payment of very large dividends always a sign of soundness and good management. Some companies we know of, will creep out of a very small place to avoid paying their just losses, and are so partial to litigation that they are about all the time in the courts of law—avoid such.

A company that has a fair accumulated capital (a matter easily ascertained by reference to the report of the Insurance Commissioners), a character for fair and honorable dealing, and promptness in the settlement of its losses; one that esteems assessments, and whose directors and agents exercise due care in the kind of risks taken, it is safe to insure in, and in no other. Reader, when you wish to effect insurance upon your property, select such a company, apply to the Secretary or the Special Agent of the company, have your survey and application properly made out, for that is the basis of the contract between yourself and the company, and an error in it might invalidate the policy. When you get your policy, examine it carefully—if you find an error, be it ever so slight, have it corrected at once—and then you may put it away in a safe place, feeling assured that if your property should be destroyed, you will not be left destitute.

**"AXES TO GRIND."**—Some of the newly elected members of the Senate and House of Representatives are perfectly astounded at the vast number of friends they now have everywhere throughout the State—grown up, like mushrooms, in a night. People that for the most part they cannot recognize, grasp them by the hand like old friends, congratulate them most heartily on their election, extend cordial invitations for a visit, and not unfrequently ask them in to "take a little 'suttin'";—then buttonhole them. Of course it is all pure, disinterested friendship, straight from the fountain of good feeling within their generous hearts. Not one of these newly found friends has an "ax to grind," certainly not. As regards the Senator from this district and the Representative from the Town of Woburn, we beg to remark that their fellow citizens elected them without pledge or promise of any kind, but left them to do what appeared in their judgment to be the best; and from what we know of them we think efforts to exact pledges from them now, for either public or private enterprises, would not be very successful. We hope such may be the case with Senators and Representatives throughout the State.

**Snow.**—We understand that snow fell at White River Junction, Vt., on Tuesday, to the depth of six inches. We noticed a few flakes in this town yesterday, enough to establish the veracity of the almanac. Winter, seemingly, is near at hand. Ugh! It makes us shiver to think of it.

**COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.**—The Cosmopolitan Art Association has issued the prospectus for its fifth year. Specimens of the elegant engraving—"The Village Blacksmith"—and the ART JOURNAL, can be seen at our office.

On Saturday night last, the counting-room or Messrs. Kenny & Pierce, in East Cambridge, was blown open with gunpowder, and about \$100 in specie stolen therefrom. One James Fitzpatrick has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the burglary.

**VOTERS.**—The number of voters in Woburn, on the new voting lists recently published, is 1046. Some additions were afterwards made to the list, making nearly eleven hundred voters in the town.

We call attention to a notice under the "special" head, of Sabbath evening lectures in the Baptist Church. We hope to see a good attendance, particularly of youth and young men. All are invited.

**PARISH MEETING AT NORTH WOBURN.**—The Congregational Parish at North Woburn have a meeting next week, when the subject of permanent preaching and a settled minister will come under consideration.

### Woburn Lyceum.

On Monday evening last, another of those entertaining conversations, or talking lectures, was given by Rev. Mr. Fletcher. On that occasion the "Land of Tell" was his fruitful theme. The hall was filled to overflowing by an audience who were anticipating a most excellent budget of knowledge and amusement. But we may be permitted to doubt whether the interest aroused by the description of "Brazil and the Brazilians," was fully sustained in the talk on Switzerland. The reason for such a doubt may not be easy to give. Every one appeared gratified and went home in the best of humor. Perhaps the most satisfactory suggestion with regard to it, is that the subject was a little hackneyed.

Switzerland is not a terra incognita as Brazil almost literally is. The diligence by which the former country is reached, has been described by many travellers, the last and best of which may be found in the pages of Rollo the famous juvenile tourist. We know something too, of Gesler and Tell, of the perilous trial of the Swiss hero's skill in archery, and his terrible revenge upon the hated emissary of the house of Hapsburg. We have read of Swiss valleys and mountains; we have almost seen those deep intervals bathed in warm sunshine and burdened with rich harvests, and we have all but felt the solitude and loneliness of those awful peaks that tower to the skies.

Childe Harold has told us of Jura and Jungfrau, where—

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder."

Of Leman and Constance, of the Rhine and Rhodan, of Chillon and its deep prison of torture and despair. We have been taught a little of Swiss independence and the confederation by Cantons, of their hearty love of freedom and impatience of absolutism and tyranny. We have heard of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Calvin and Zwingle, and of that living celebrity, Merle d'Aubigne. The music of the Alps is not all unknown to us. The Swiss Boy, the Mountain Cry, and the Ranz Des Vaches, are in our song books, and that fine overture to the opera of Wm. Tell, which the lecturer described as faithfully as words can express, is an established favorite with our orchestra. But where did the speaker learn that Rosini is the Shakespeare of music? That high honor is almost universally assigned to Beethoven. He has sounded deep, or than any other man the hidden soul of harmony. Well, we have got some idea too, of those luxuriant vineyards that lie along cliffs and battlements where no earth is found, but what the patient cultivator elevates from the vale below. We have had an inkling of those charming costumes, of the tightly fitting bodice, the short and skanty skirts, and the delicately turned extensors that move so nimbly among the mountain passes or in the green sward dale.

We say therefore that this partial familiarity with all these things, may have taken down the lecture some of its freshness, but it should by no means have lessened its enjoyment. It was so spirited, so graphic, so full of brilliant touches, that it was like hearing that overture to Wm. Tell repeated by a band for the fiftieth time, in all its life and warmth and sunny brightness. True, there might be occasionally a false note or a halt in time, but generally all was full, clear and refreshing.

There was one thing, however, that was so new to the audience generally, that it had all the pleasure and excitement of novelty. That was the illustration of the difficulties of getting married under the code Napoleon. The recital by the lecturer of the numerous obstacles that beset Messieurs Brown and Smith, in gaining possession of their respective brides, was extremely touching. No doubt all sympathized, as we did, in the perplexities and procreations to which the enterprising heroes were subjected. And if Mr. F. was one of the gentlemen (as we have heard it hinted), who figured under either of the brief patronymies suggested, we hereby tender him our admiration for the persistence and pluck he displayed in securing his Genevieve prize. We cannot commend to our legislature the enactment for our meridian of the marriage law of Napoleon, but might not those barriers which they set up against sudden marriages, be on the one hand a guard against improper nuptials, and on the other a spur and incentive to those attachments which are the offspring of mutual sympathy and affection. That is a question for discussion, but we think Yankee blood would quickly dispose of it by declaring in determined tones for the largest liberty in all matters of heart and feeling, as it does for thought, speech and action.

We hope the lectures will continue to be as deserving and popular as the two we have had from Mr. Fletcher.

A certain "little man," a particular friend of ours, would do well not to let the evil passions of envy and jealousy get the better of him, or they might resolve into a slow fever and the disease prove fatal. In relation to a meeting at the North part of the town, we received information concerning it the day after the meeting occurred, and afterwards heard probably a dozen persons speak of the matter before anything was published in relation to it, and such has been the case in other matters before courteously alluded to. Will this satisfy you, my dear little particular friend? If not, call in at our office for further information, and you will be received with neighborly kindness and courtesy—virtues which, we very much regret to say, some people do not exemplify in their conduct.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. D. D. Hart had two of his fingers severely burned, on Monday evening last, by the breaking of a fluid lamp which he was carrying in his hand. He was in the barn when the accident occurred, but he manfully held on to the burning mass until he was clear of the premises. His presence of mind doubtless saved the buildings from destruction.

Keep this fact in remembrance: At all times, and under all circumstances, you are subject to pain and disease, and liable to accident. As an effectual remedy, have within your reach a box of "MY MOTHER'S SALVE." It relieves pain. It heals wounds. It cures sores. See advertisement.

### YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Woburn Young Men's Literary Association held its semi-annual meeting for the choice of officers on Saturday evening last, when the following gentlemen were elected:

President—GEOORGE H. COX, (J.G. Pollard declined re-election.)  
Vice President—Richard Ingham.  
Secretary—H. A. Carter (re-elected).  
Treasurer—John F. Barrett.  
Standing Committee—F. W. Parker, J. E. Tilton, C. B. Winn.

On Thursday evening last the Association had its anniversary supper at the Central House. At about half-past seven o'clock they sat down, to the number of about twenty-five, to a repast furnished by Mr. Cyrus Tay, which did him great credit as a caterer, and to which the Y. M. L. A.'s applied themselves with becoming assiduity until their appetite for more was dispelled by the abundance they had partaken of, although there was still an abundance of rare good things before them. After the cloth was removed, the President, Mr. G. H. Cox, opened the intellectual entertainment of the occasion with a neat and appropriate speech, and other members followed in speeches, sentiments, &c. At a reasonable and seasonable hour they retired, all having passed a very enjoyable evening.

**Low Prices.**—The New England Carpet Company of our city, are advertising Carpeting for sale at much below the usual prices. Their recent large purchases at the New York Auction Sales, where goods have been sacrificed under the hammer, giving their customers unusual facilities for supplying themselves at low prices. Their warehouse is located at 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House.—Boston Traveller.

### Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

PROVIDENCE, Friday, Nov. 5, 1858.

Having just returned from a stroll about the city, I take my pen to tell you what I think of it. It is a most delightful place, and the Park, which is now nearly completed, is really a splendid spot, and not inferior to any I have yet seen. The shape is oval, the surface covering several acres, and is entirely covered by water. In the centre of this beautiful work of art the people of Providence had their fire-works on the Fourth of July, on a floating-battery, which, I am told, looked most magnificently, as the light reflected on the water. Well may the people of Providence feel proud of their achievement in this great work. The people here are hospitable and kind almost to a fault, and seem to enjoy life as they go along. Business is not very brisk, yet it is improving. Meeting a friend in my walk, I was invited into a saloon, where he bivalves, fit to be eaten, met the eye, and as my friend insisted that I should try a few, I did so, and I must say that I hardly knew what good oysters were before. They were white with fat, and in answer to a question I proposed, was told that the difference so manifest, in comparing the oyster here with those usually served up in Boston, was owing to the difference in the saltiness of the water, the water in Boston harbor being too salt, and that, as a consequence, the oysters, after being planted, or imbedded, actually became poorer the longer they are kept there.

The "Old Folks" have met with good success thus far, and particularly so in this city. This afternoon the school children assembled to the number of about fifteen hundred! To see and hear the "Old Folks," through the indulgence and approbation of the Mayor; and the conduct of these little ones, on this occasion, might well vie with some audiences of riper years to whom we have sung. When requested to be still, they at once became as quiet and orderly as could be desired, and while singing we were not disturbed in the least by them. This speaks well for the youth of Providence, while it speaks well for the discipline of the schools. A good share of their manners is, undoubtedly, attributable to parental instruction. An opportunity was afforded them to sing some familiar music with us, which they are accustomed to sing at school, and the almost perfect time in which they sang, plainly showed that music is regarded here as something more than a mere accomplishment. They sang with remarkable precision. Railroad Hall was quite too small to accommodate those who assembled to hear and see us in the evening, and probably as many as five hundred went away unable to obtain seats, or a standing spot. I felt sorry, on their account, that they had to go away, and, on my own account, as I have a personal interest in convening large numbers. But I must close here, and in the morning I hope to be moving to ward New-York.

New York, Monday, Nov. 8, 1858.

Being detained in Providence some two hours, in consequence of a baggage train being switched off the track, by the carelessness of the switch-man, we were unable to arrive in New York in season to take the train for Philadelphia, consequently, we spent the Sabbath in this city. We quartered at the International Hotel. I went to Brooklyn to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, but could not be gratified, as there was not room for one's pedestals to stand upon. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and as many as fifty ladies sat on the stairs leading to the galleries. The atmosphere soon became too hot for endurance, and so I made my way out as soon as I found it difficult to breathe. I could see, but not hear, that a large number were being taken into the church, showing that the religious interest was still progressing. The prospect is that this society will, ere long, have a house large enough to accommodate those who would like to attend his church. Last week a meeting was held, and the sum of forty-one thousand dollars was raised for that purpose. After I made my exit from this church, I entered the Rev. Dr. Storrs', and here found a seat, much to my gratification. The Rev. gentleman is a fluent speaker, and evidently studies to furnish his auditory with that refinement of language to which none could reasonably object. Brooklyn is called the city of churches, and I think it is entitled to the appellation, as one can hardly turn a corner without bringing into view one or more churches. In the afternoon I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Tyng, but, unfortunately, as he addresses the Sabbath School once a month, I heard only the address to them. He is a

man of very pleasing manners, and possesses a mind that comprehends much in a few words. The children alone conducted the singing. This church is not wholly completed, though nearly so, and when finished will cost, I am told, about half a million of dollars. It is the most splendid building for such a purpose I ever saw. The vestry stands some rods from the church, and the house of the pastor is between the two, and so connected that he can enter either the vestry or church without going outside. It has a fine location, with a beautiful Park immediately in front, and it has two towers, with a clock on each.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday noon, Nov. 8.

We left New York at 6 o'clock, by steamer, and arrived in this city at half-past ten, a. m. Business seems to be wide-awake here, and, I am told, is very brisk. A steam fire-engine, from Cincinnati, is here on exhibition to-day. It is soon to go to New York, and from thence to Boston. It is of Latta's make, the veritable man who made the Miles Greenwood, now in Boston. It threw a stream, horizontally, two hundred and six feet. It weighs, when in use, eleven thousand pounds, and has three wheels, and, I should think, occupies less room than any like machine that has, as yet, been brought before the public. The weather is beautiful and clear.

Yours, LENO.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor,—Allow me to call the attention of those in authority to a great nuisance which is to be found, every Sabbath day during church hours, in the shape of human beings who line our side walks, and whose mouths are so full of tobacco juice, and foul sayings, that when they open them the one is sure to run over and make our streets look more like the abode of the "unclean beast" than places originally intended as public thoroughfares for decent people, and the other to offend the ear that may, through necessity, be compelled to hear them. I think the former of these evils might be remedied, by the town having several large troughs made, and placed in convenient corners of the town, for the use of such people; and it might, I think, be made a paying business, by having the collection that may accrue taken good care of during the winter, and when the hot weather comes, and the dog fever is at its height, sell it for the very humane purpose of making the poor canine animals scarce.

Yours, &c., E. PLUMMER UNWIN, JR.

Woburn, Nov., 1858.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—The large number of passengers who often necessarily assume a peculiar attitude while undergoing transportation from Boston hither, ought to suggest the propriety of making a suitable addition to the number of cars.

By the way, is there a probability of our having a late train this winter? If so, is it not time arrangements were made? As the concerts, lectures, and other places of amusement, are just now quite as attractive as we can expect they will be during the season.

Yours, &c., Y.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

Winchester, November, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—"The Mirror," printed in Concord, N. H., 1799, copies the following from the Georgetown (S. C.) Gazette.

Yours, Post-Boy.

Among the many very singular circumstances which attended the settlement of this country, I have found no one that has given me more entertainment than the exportation of wives from England, for the colony of Virginia. Dr. Belknap, in his American Biography, a work replete with information and entertainment, has given us the following short account of that very uncommon article of merchandise:

"It seems to have been a general sentiment among these colonists, not to make Virginia the place of their permanent residence, but, after acquiring a fortune by planting and trade, to return to England; for this reason most of them were destitute of families, and had no natural attachment to the country. To remedy this material defect, Sir Edwin Sandys, the new treasurer, proposed to the company to send over a freight of young women, to make wives for the planters. . . . Ninety girls, 'young and uncorrupt,' were sent over at one time, (1620) and sixty more 'handsome and well recommended,' at another, (1621.) The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which, in money, was three shillings per pound. By a subsequent Act of Assembly, it was ordained that 'the price of a wife should have the precedence of all other debts, in recovery and payment, because of all kinds of merchandise, this was most desirable.'"

Ah! desirable indeed! The hearts of those rustic bachelors must have leaped for joy. And could that "most desirable" object be now obtained for so trifling a quantity as "one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco," there could not be a bachelor found in the country. Our beaux, by only preserving the ends of their cigars, might soon purchase what, perhaps, their gallantry could never acquire. Our desert country would soon be converted into beautiful fields, waving with the delicious weed; and a sweet savor would arise, testifying our attachment to the fair sex. In short, Messrs. Printers, I would myself immediately become a tobacco planter.

QCID.

WHO ARE THE MISERABLE?—Let the Dyspeptic, who suffer physically and mentally answer. But though he has drank the very dregs of sufferings, relief exists in the Osgood's Bitters: they are "a cure for all his woes."

**Conscience's Outcry and Pills.**—Look out for Conscience's Pills!—These can always be detected by the absence of the Water-mark, which appears in every leaf of the genuine book of directions. Unless the words "Holloway, New York and London," are visible in semi-transparent letters on each page, the medicine they envelope is spurious. To deplete the system by bleeding and violent purging, is to deprive life's machinery of its motive power. These great remedies disinfect the blood and the secretions, and cure external and internal complaints, by destroying their seeds in the vital fluids.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7, 1858.

The election here of course absorbed all the loose excitability of our people this week. Here, in New York, there was such a jumbling of national, state, county, city and purely personal issues, that everybody had a point of his own to carry, and a bet of his own on the result. Now the smoke of the conflict has cleared away, and the wounded are picking themselves up one by one.

The election here of course interfered materially with business, as country buyers were all at home canvassing their own districts. Merchants are now surveying with anxious eyes the prospects of trade for the coming spring season. So far as the South is concerned, there is everything to favor an early and active business, which will go far toward restoring activity in the manufacturing districts of New England. But nothing very promising appears in the West. An enormous crop of breadstuffs has come on and is being stored up in this city. Canal boats come in by scores every day, and proceed directly to the warehousing docks, where their loads are shifted by machinery into the bowels of great dark buildings, capable of swallowing food enough to feed a State, and crying still for "more." The bonded warehouses, and the numerous unbonded stores, hold at this time of the year, but especially this season, a princely store of wealth. Costly silks and velvets from Europe; broad-cloths, fancy stuffs and hides from South America; a raw silk and tea from China; sugar and coffee from the West Indies, are piled up, tier on tier, in the great warehouses by the docks, waiting for trade to come in. It does not pay when trade is as dull as present to pay cash duties on goods which may not be sold for months; they are therefore stored in bonded warehouses, where, as most of your readers are aware, they pay no duties until removed by the owner. The importer has his samples of these goods in his place of business; therefore the sales at this season, of imported merchandise, are made mostly by sample, to be delivered from bonded warehouses.

The literary crop of the season is beginning to come in freely. There are one or two attempts at popular novels of local life, which do not, however, seem to have the elements of success. The story of a New England girl, who went to Germany to see how the Germans live, has just published her rather unflattering opinions, which is making something of a noise; there are a great many Germans in this city of the highest intelligence, cultivation and social position, who resent the publication of these sketches as a libel upon their country and their people. New magazines and popular weeklies are starting in every direction. Four and five cent weeklies have paid pretty well hitherto, when skillfully managed, but the business is likely to be overdone. Bonner seems to "lead the field" without the slightest difficulty. A notorious scribbler for one of the Sunday papers, has taken it into his head to novelize the story of the murderer Gouldy—introducing the names of the real members of the unfortunate family, in connection with this imagined history of the boy. It is a pity that no law can be found to check such peculiar rascality.

Amusements are generally doing pretty well. The Opera, however, is less successful than had been anticipated. The gloss seems to wear off from Piccolomini very quick. After all the be-praisement of managers, and the puff-blown of musical critics, she turns out to be, though quite a charming woman, less of a singer than we have had as a recognized prima donna in a long while. The first efforts represented her too favorably, taken in connection with the enthusiastic spirit of her audience, who were determined to like the lady because she was a cardinal's wife—or had been.

### STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Last Sabbath, three persons were taken in to the Orthodox Congregational Church in this place, by confession, the fruits of the religious interest of last winter.

A free lecture was given in the Town Hall, last Monday evening, on "Modern Spiritualism," by Dr. Coffin. The Doctor announced to his "friends, patrons and sundry," that his agent would be present to sell sundry medicines. But so many of the "others" were present, who objected to some points of his doctrine, that he thought best to postpone the sale of his medicines till another time, and as he has not been heard from since it is generally supposed he has decamped for more genial climates.

The Stoneham Light Infantry have issued invitations to a course of "Military and Civic Assemblies," for the coming winter.

A piece of goods was stolen on Tuesday night, from Allen Rowe's store. A barrel of apples was stolen from Mr. L. Gove, about the same time.

### ATTEMPTED BURGLARY IN STONEHAM.

On Tuesday evening last, about 7 o'clock, some daring burglars attempted to effect an entrance into the residence of Dr. H. Goodrich, Pond street, doubtless with the intention of stealing a considerable sum of money which Dr. G. was known to have in his house. The doors of the house had been tried three times within the week previous. When the attempt was made on Tuesday evening, Dr. Goodrich was absent at his office, leaving no person in the house but Mrs. Goodrich. Hearing a noise in the basement of the I. part of the house, she took in her hand a revolver and cautiously approached the place from whence the noise proceeded, discovered a man partly through the window; she courageously brought her revolver to bear upon him and pulled the trigger, but not understanding the way to manage the pistol, it did not go off, and the burglar, hearing the click of the lock, made good his escape. Mrs. G. deserves much credit for her coolness and courage, and it is to be regretted that her efforts at shooting were not more successful.

Card and Fancy Job Printing neatly and promptly executed at the Journal Book and Job Printing Rooms, and at the very lowest living rates.

### READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FRIEND PIPPY:—Having a moment that I could spare, I send you a few lines to let you know that we have occasionally something out of the usual channel.

A day or two since I saw a bunch of fresh apple tree blossoms, and were told that there was more on the tree those were taken from, and that there was a cherry tree in the same garden, with quite a bunch of blossoms on it. My lady informant also said there was in Mr. S. Harnden's garden, strawberries in fruit and blossom.

On Monday evening, a Doctor Alcott lectured on the subject of Temperance, and gave, as I hear, a very acceptable lecture. He proposes to deliver a course of lectures on different subjects, providing sufficient encouragement is given.

Why cannot Reading sustain a course of lectures each winter, as well as other towns in our vicinity? There is much complaint about the way the young folks spend their evenings, and but trifling effort is made to induce them to change their course. I saw in the Journal a few weeks since a list of those persons who pay a tax of fifty dollars or more, and I thought that if the public would pay a very small tax for the support of a course of lectures, and have them FREE TO ALL, that they would do as much or more good, than any way they could appropriate their money. A tax of one or two per cent. would support a course of lectures, and that course do an amount of good not to be told, as many would attend that would be deprived by any other course that could be adopted; others would go who would not feel like paying, although they might be able, owing to the fact that they can go to many other places where there would not be a call on their purses. Having at first but very little taste for the subject, many persons after hearing a few lectures, would get their minds turned in a different course, and go on from the lectures to reading and studying useful books.

Since writing the above, I learn by the Boston Journal, that the citizens of Lynnfield have voted to have a course of lectures. I ask again, why cannot Reading?

Last week the town of Reading was alive and though there was not much kicking, yet there was some scolding, it was only the effects of politics.

On Wednesday, although the weather did not look very propitious, the friends did turn out in goodly numbers to attend the BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSALISTS, that convened at our place. As in all such associations, the business commenced in the forenoon by the choice of officers, making necessary arrangements for the ordination, and some before them; in the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Rev. J. W. Putnam of Danvers; text,—"What think ye of Christ?"—which was ably discussed, showing that the practical result of our faith depends very much on our faith in Christ, without that faith we would lack much of the "confidence of many." Conference in the evening; was very spirited remarks were made by Rev. T. Whittemore, D. D., Rev. T. J. Farnsworth, Rev. S. Harnden. (Mr. Harnden spoke very feelingly on the late accident which happened to Rev. T. B. Thayer, he (Mr. Thayer) being a teacher of his in former times.)—Rev. J. Nichols, Rev. H. P. Cutting of Vermont, and S. Thompson.

On Thursday morning the exercises commenced with a prayer and conference meeting, which was opened by Rev. E. A. Eaton of South Reading, by Reading of Scriptures, a prayer by a member of the conference, and singing:

Our Father, bless this hour,  
Inspire us with the power  
To worship thee.  
Thine would we make our choice,  
Raise our united voice,  
Which makes our souls rejoice  
In harmony.

This was succeeded by an address from Rev. E. A. Eaton, on the attributes of God, especially on Love; then singing that beautiful hymn: "What sound is this, a sound from heaven resounding;" and addresses from other members of the Conference.















## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1858.

## THANKSGIVING.

The joyous festival, Thanksgiving, so prized by every true son of New England, whether his home is amid his native hills or the prairies and wilds of the far West, or even beneath foreign skies, is almost here. Swiftly the seasons have sped in their annual round, presenting an ever varied landscape, rich in whatever is lovely to the eye of him who loves to commune with nature. As we look back over the past year and recall a few of the many events that have transpired, made up, as they may be, of mingled joys and sorrows; we can but feel that we, that all this community, have great cause for gratitude and thanksgiving to Him who crowns our days with loving kindness and tender mercies. The day is observed, by far too many as a time for fasting, and each one indulges his appetite till he can do so no longer. Such an observance degrades the day, and often causes it to prove a curse rather than a blessing. The central, controlling idea of a New England Thanksgiving should be religious. It originated among a religious people, and was the manner chosen by them to express their gratitude, their thankfulness, for the reception of a very great blessing. It is certainly the observance of the festival at the close of the harvest, when our barns are filled to overflowing with the products of the field, and our homes are still bright and joyous with the presence, the voices and smiles of our dearly loved and cherished ones. Were each of our readers to sit down and write out a catalogue of the blessings Providence has bestowed upon him during the past year, many a one would be surprised at its length, though the half of them would not be recalled.

The man who sets before him no higher aim than the making of money, may have experienced a signal failure. Still, were he to put the true interpretation upon the dealings of Providence with him, he would see abundant cause for thankfulness. The most valuable lessons are often learned in the school of adversity, and he is the happy man who most profits by them. Notwithstanding the many rumors, circulated by designing men for selfish purposes, the earth has yielded an abundant harvest, furnishing in rich profusion, food for man and beast. One year ago, a dark cloud, like a leaden pall, hung over the commercial world. Men were quaking with fear, lest, in a moment, they should find themselves bankrupt, without a cent they could call their own. Black and threatening as was that cloud it has been slowly passing away, till many a ray of light now finds its way into the haunts of business, strengthening hope and dispelling fear. Business has improved, and the times are easier than they were twelve months ago. Let us all be thankful in view of this fact. Let none of us forget or be ashamed of the economy we have been compelled to practice in months that are past. The panic, the reverses business men have experienced, if rightly considered, will prove to them blessings in disguise, for which they have great cause to be thankful.

There are many families that are still an unbroken link. Sickness has spread his dark wing over some of them, but the hand of disease has been stayed, and the bloom of health restored to pallid cheeks. There are other families in which there will be vacant seats as they gather around the festive board. Some of their cherished ones have passed away, to mingle no more in the scenes of earth and time. Is there no cause for thankfulness that their last days were marked by so many blessings from above, and that they were permitted to do so much to smooth the pathway of their friends to the tomb? Some, young in days, have been removed, leaving wounds in bereaved hearts, that seem too deep ever to heal. Who will not be thankful, though with flowing tears, that their little ones have so soon reached the haven of rest, where sorrow and want can never intrude? As one by one our friends pass away—youth in life, or full of years, the cords that bind us are being sundered, and our attachment to earth weakened, till, at last, we shall feel a desire to depart also and enter into rest. Sorrow, as well as prosperity, has been the lot of this, and every other community. But the wind has been so tempered to the strength of every one that all have cause for devout thanksgiving.

It becomes us all, as we enter the Sanctuary on the approaching day of public Thanksgiving, and as we gather around the social board, to recall the many rich blessings a kind Providence has bestowed upon us, and this highly-favored land. And while we are surrounded with enough, and to spare, let us not forget that the poor are with us always, and that we have the opportunity of aiding them, and ourselves also, good, if we will but improve it. Let us see to it that none of the sons and daughters of want are neglected, or have not the means of spreading their tables with a substantial, bountiful Thanksgiving dinner. Thus will their hearts ascend in thankfulness to their Lord and Master, and their prayers will call down richer blessings than silver or gold upon those who bestow of their abundance, thankful that a kind Providence has given them means wherewith to gladden the hearts of the poor and the needy.

**NORTH WOBURN.**—At an adjourned meeting of the Cong. Society at No. Woburn, on the evening of Nov. 18th, Messrs P. Winn, Josiah Lincoln and Joseph H. Bell, were chosen a Standing Committee. There was quite an accession to the Society of influential men. The Solicitor, Abijah Thompson, 2d, was instructed to take up subscriptions for the support of Congregational preaching for one year from Dec. 1st. The action of the Society was characterized by entire harmony. Rev. B. F. Bronson preached at North Woburn on Sabbath evening, Nov. 7th, and will preach again next Sabbath evening. Rev. Daniel March preached last Sabbath evening, to a large and interested audience. It is hoped that these efforts will be abundantly blessed to the people of this flourishing village.

## Woburn Lyceum.

The third of the present series of lectures was given as previously announced, on Monday evening by Rev. Lyman Whiting. The lecture was biographical in its character, and its subject "Sir Humphrey Davy."

There was a marked difference in the style of this speaker and that of the gentleman who had preceded him. But it is no discredit to be different from another man, if one is excellent in himself. The audience was good, though somewhat reduced in numbers compared with that gathered on Monday week. At first it was quite attentive and expectant. The sonorous voice and swelling periods of the lecturer fell musically upon the ear, while the rough boy of Penzance was sketched in a graphic though rapid manner. The opening of the young philosopher's brilliant career at Bristol was also briefly and nervously told. But when the great chemist had accumulated upon himself public fame and royal honors, when the world bowed before him, and wealth and fashion sought his hand in alliance, then the interest in the man had visibly decreased, and by the time the great constructor of the galvanic battery, the celebrated discoverer of the metallic bases of the alkalis, the immortal inventor of the safety lamp, had reached the end of life's journey at Geneva, that remaining interest was nearly extinguished.

The boys and younger persons present, who thought the young Davy to be a capital fellow, because of his indifference to common studies, his wide stretching desires, and his restless, earnest thoughts, began to think the author of the Bakerian lecture and the royal academian was of no great account in the world, and when he became the renowned philosopher, sated with honors, and seeking happiness in roaming over Europe from the Hebrides to Sicily, he was but a shadowy man as he flitted before them in their semi-consciousness.

We do not mean to say in these remarks that the lecture was really stupid and prosy, for it was not. It was a well prepared digest of the prominent events in Davy's life, and many of the current observations upon them were just and striking. But we do mean to say, that biography should never form the subject of a lecture when the mere narration of events in chronological order, is to be the staple of the production. In these days of many books and much reading, the outlines of the lives of distinguished men are quite generally known. We do not want to hear of a man merely, as the poet says, that

"He lived—he died,—behold the sum  
And abstract of the historian's page."

No, the true way to bring a historical character before an audience, is to introduce him in his greatness, to develop and analyze that which constitutes his chief excellence, to elevate and bring to view the grand and prominent features of his mind, and light them up with the glowing fires of sympathy and play around them with luminous and appreciative thoughts. We want to know the secret springs of his life, the motives that impelled him, and what is the essence of that character that should make it worthy of our study and regard. Fine examples of this method of treating representative or famous men, may be seen in Everett's address on Washington, Chapin's lecture on Columbus, and Dana's discourse on Burke.

Sir Humphrey Davy was a man of positive characteristics; there was something in him out of which the lecturer should have drawn hints and suggestions and practical lessons, that would have been attractive to the audience, and made them feel that they had become acquainted with a man whose strong and massive qualities might well have a permanent and moulding influence upon their lives. It was said of the knight of retorts, that he had not been a great chemist, he would have been a noble poet. This flattering estimate of the man might never have proved literally true, yet it was probably founded on verity. It is quite certain that he had a lofty and mounting imagination. His theories, though sometimes baseless, were bold and daring. He might never have been able to sing in numbers sublime and harmonious as those of Milton, but he had the vaulting and singing soul, and that should have been opened to us in his high aspirations and intense emotions. We want to know every part of a man that is stamped with nobleness and strength.

We think Mr. Whiting is capable of rendering to the character of the illustrious Davy a juster and more permanent tribute, and he will undoubtedly gratify himself and his future hearers by recasting his lecture, or at least the latter part of it, with that object in view.

**VIEW OF WOBURN.**—Mr. M. M. Tidd has executed, in India ink, a very fine view of Woburn, as it was in 1829, taken from a sketch made at the time by the Hon. Bowen Buckman. The picture is one possessing much interest to both old and young,—to those who can remember how Woburn looked nearly forty years ago and those who have since made it their home. Mr. Tidd proposes to have it lithographed in the best manner, if a number of copies sufficient to defray the expense of the same are subscribed for. The picture can be seen at our Book Store, where subscriptions will be received.

**SURPRISE PARTY.**—A surprise party, the first of the season, we think, came off at No. Woburn, on Friday evening of last week. About twenty-five couples took possession of the entire house of Charles Tidd, Esq., and had things their own way. The tables in particular were "fixed up" in ship-shape style—such as it would give pleasure and a watery mouth to any one to behold. The surprised gentleman was so completely surprised that he hardly knew what to do or say. The presence of so many friends finally reassured him, and he enjoyed the occasion as well as any present. A careful discussion of the well supplied tables, a plenty of good singing, and a capital social time generally, filled up the hours. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly, and the company separated with the feeling that all concerned felt better than they did before the party.

**THE WOBURN IRISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION** will hold their first Annual Lecture, in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening next, 24th instant.

**SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.**—The examinations of the public schools for the fall term will be completed, we believe, this afternoon. We learn that, with one or perhaps two exceptions, the examinations have been very satisfactory, giving evidence of good progress. The Grammar and Primary schools in Dist. No. 2, examined on Thursday, showed an advancement and discipline beyond the expectations of the committee.

Dist. No. 1 Grammar School was examined on Friday before a large number of visitors. The examination of the Assistants' classes was looked forward to with not a little anxiety, as at the commencement of the term they had taken up four new studies, viz: Familiar Science, Physiology, History and Botany,—in all of these they did well. In the afternoon the first and second classes were examined in Arithmetic, Reading, Grammar, Physical Geography and Map Drawing, and acquitted themselves very creditably.

The examination of the High School takes place to-day.

**WARREN ACADEMY.**—The fall examination of this institution took place yesterday. The Board of Trustees were present, and Hon. George Washington Warren and Rev. Daniel March conducted the examination. The classes were examined in Algebra, Parsing, Reading, Arithmetic, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy, Latin, French, and Greek. At the close of the examination the pupils read some original poetry, and delivered several very good recitations. Mr. Ladd has an excellent assistant in Miss Lucy Stevens, and the institution appears to be in a prosperous and flourishing condition.

**IT DON'T PAY.**—There have been two public exhibitions in Lyceum Hall this week, neither of which were advertised through the local newspapers, or in any way patronized by the local printing offices. Result:—a beggarly account of empty boxes; there not being enough money taken in either case to pay the usual fees for hall-rent and attendance. These samples of "economy in the wrong places" remind us of the old Scotch proverb of "saving at the spicket and running at the bung." It is hard to hammer common sense into the heads of some people, but we hope, for their own sake, they will eventually find out that "not to advertise" don't pay.

**SKATING.**—Our young friends are already beginning to enjoy themselves with this healthy and invigorating sport, on some of the shallow ponds in the vicinity, and no doubt some of the older ones would hail with pleasure an opportunity to glide over the glassy surface of Horn Pond, but its deep waters are not yet frozen over. We observed quite a number of boys skating on Wedge Pond in Winchester, this week, although the ice had closed over only a portion of the pond. It is not well to be too venturesome on new ice, and it is well to restrain our impatience until the ice is strong enough to be safe. Boys, remember this, and you may escape a cold bath, or a worse accident.

**COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.**—We respectfully call public attention to the advertisement of this association in another column. The inducements offered to subscribers this year are great indeed. The magnificent engraving of "The Village Blacksmith" is worth, as engravings sell, more than twice the subscription,—three dollars,—which entitles the subscriber also to the ART JOURNAL, an excellent quarterly magazine of art, literature, &c., of large size, illustrated with very fine engravings, besides a share in the distribution of works of art. The engraving and Journal can be examined at our Book Store, where subscriptions are received. Those intending to subscribe should do so at once, as the drawing takes place on the first day of January.

**DORCHESTER INSURANCE CO.**—In another column will be seen the advertisement of the Worcester Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of which Mr. J. W. Hammond has been appointed the Agent for Woburn. The Worcester enjoys a good reputation for conducting its business fairly and honorably, and stands well on the Insurance Commissioners report.

**THE THIRD ANNUAL BALL OF THE JACOB WESTER ENGINE COMPANY, No. 2,** will take place on Friday evening next, in Webster Hall, North Woburn. Music, by Simond's Quadrille Band. A pleasant time is anticipated.

## New Publications.

**WESTMINSTER REVIEW.**—October. We are in receipt of the October number of the Westminster, from the American publishers, Messrs. Scott & Co., New York. It contains an article on "France under Louis Napoleon" that is the best exposure of the reign of the "Nephew of his Uncle," yet given to the public. Articles on the following subjects are also among the contents of this number:—Indian Heroes; F. W. Newman and his Evangelical Critics; Travels during the last century; The Calas Tragedy; Realism in Art; Recent German Fiction; Outbreak of the English Revolution, 1842.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The December number of Godey is before us. Brother Godey has exceeded himself in the production of this number. The illustrations are in good taste, seasonable, and executed in excellent style; the reading matter interesting, piquant and instructive. We commend the "book" to the Ladies, feeling confident that all who take it will be delighted with it.

**PETERSON'S LADIES' MAGAZINE.**—An enterprise no less deserving of public favor is Peterson's Magazine. The December number affords good evidence of literary ability, enterprise and taste. It is only two dollars per annum.

**FORESTER'S PLAYMATE** is one of those clever little juvenile monthlies we, even now, delight to look through, for it brings back to us the memories of childhood's happy days now fled forever. Let us advise parents to receive this little monthly visitor into their houses. It will be an unfailing source of instruction and innocent amusement for the little ones.

**Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.**  
ASHLAND HOUSE, Philadelphia,  
Nov. 16, 1858.

In my last communication I had only time to announce our arrival in this ever beautiful city. Since then nothing of marked importance has transpired that I think would be of special interest to your readers. One evening last week a little incident took place just as we were about leaving our hotel, at the presentation of a baton to Father Kemp, by Wm. L. Peabody, Esq., in a short, pithy and pertinent address, in words calculated to embarrass almost any one, especially when taken entirely by surprise, as in the present instance. The baton is highly ornamented with silver, and tipped with handsomely wrought ivory. Father Kemp, though he may be regarded as somewhat loquacious, felt not a little embarrassed in responding to the happy and touching words in which it was presented. But the old man soon recovered from the shock, and beat the time better than ever that evening. On Friday last, by invitation of the gentlemanly managers of the Franklin Institute,—now open in this city for the promotion of the mechanic arts,—we spent an hour very pleasantly examining the various models, some of which the inventors may well feel proud of. I noticed a model of a steam engine, in which the cylinder, instead of the piston, was made to move, the whole, however, revolving when in motion. The inventor claims for it an increase of power of one-half over the old models. Judging from a slight examination, and the experiments made with it, I was favorably impressed, and have no doubt that for many purposes it would be of much utility. Many other things I might mention, but time will not permit. The weather has been very pleasant since we have been here, until yesterday, when a snow-storm set in, drifting down the entire day, and melting as fast as it came. I attended church twice last Sabbath, and heard some good sermons, but the singing cannot say so much of. Many of the churches here have quartette choirs, and congregational singing is very general. They hold on to a note as though it were gold above price, and very painful to leave, but I was rejoiced when they left one note and touched upon another, and still more pleased when they left off entirely. I hope the time is not far in the distant future when music will be regarded as consisting of something more than mere sound. To hear a male voice singing soprano in church seems to me about as appropriate as it would be for a hog to carve up a turkey (not a very classical illustration I admit, but it will express the idea intended). There are many "grog-shops" in this city, and what may seem very singular to many, as it does to me, is that I have never seen any one the worse for liquor save in one solitary instance, and that occurred on Sabbath evening when I was returning from church. It was a woman in the immediate care of one of the city officials, being trundled over the pavements in a wheelbarrow, and looked something like a load of cabbage.

This morning the weather is exceedingly beautiful. We had a large audience last evening. It is our intention to remain here a week longer, and then leave for Baltimore, to give our first concert there on Wednesday, Nov. 24th, and abide there for one week. We are all well and in high spirits. I must now hasten to a close, leaving further correspondence for a more convenient opportunity; so goodbye to you this week.

Yours, &c., LENO.

The defence of our "little friend" is very flat—we expected something a great deal funnier; but we suppose, finding himself in the wrong, and not having the courage and magnanimity to acknowledge it, he did the best he could, and we accept it as such. We could not entertain any ill-feeling towards our brother H., and cannot take offence at his hands, let him say or do what he will. If his very courteous notices of the *Journal* are a source of amusement to him we should be sorry to deprive him of so pretty and harmless a pastime, especially as they are no injury to us.—we therefore advise him to take a vote "to do as he pleases."

"PEN" (the production of our "little friend") is laboring under a "special" misapprehension,—for the present let him labor, he may yet be enlightened.

**NIAGARA ENGINE COMPANY, No. 1, Capt. Davis,** had a festival at their hall last evening, consisting of an excellent supper, speeches, sentiments and other amusements, which all present appeared to enjoy. Particulars next week.

**HARNESS MAKING.**—Those in want of a good harness cannot do better than to patronize home industry by calling on H. Hariman, who does all his work well and cheaply.

**Next week** being Thanksgiving, and our types wishing to enjoy the day, we shall issue the *Journal* in half its usual size. Correspondents and advertisers will oblige by sending in their favors early.

**FROM THE SPIRIT LAND.**—The New Bedford Mercury says, "a son of one of our citizens, who left this port some ten years ago, as a sailor in the bark *Wance*, which vessel was wrecked, was long since given up for lost. His father, however, corresponded with him through a spiritual medium, by whom he had the pleasure of learning that his son was in the spirit land, whence he received a message stating that 'he was among the saints, and a crown of glory was awaiting his father.' His confidence was, however, shaken in these spiritual revelations, by the arrival of his son at this place on Thursday last."

**AN OLD LINE WHISK.**—This cognomen has been used so often that it has lost the significance and respectability which was once attached to it. A gentleman of St. Louis, probably Edward Bates, who one time considered it an honor to be so styled, has lately become disgusted with the abuse of the term. He gave a definition, says the Democrat, of what he considers an "old line whig" of the present day. He says he is a man who takes his liquor regularly, and votes the Democratic ticket occasionally.

"A light breaks upon my brain," as the bull said when the butcher's axe hit him.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY  
NATHANIEL P. BANKS,  
Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A PROCLAMATION,  
FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

By advice and with consent of the Council, I have appointed and do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 25th day of November next, a day of Thanksgiving and Praise; and I recommend to the people, in observance of this ancient and religious custom of the founders of the Commonwealth, to suspend ordinary vocations and pleasures, and to assemble on that day in the usual places of worship, for the purpose of acknowledging our continued dependence upon His Providence, and to render thanks to Almighty God for the manifold and signal mercies He has bestowed upon us, upon our fathers and upon the great family of man.

That He has preserved our people in health, in prosperity, in peace and in freedom; that He has secured to us the rewards of intelligent industry, and the wealth of the seas, the soil and the seasons;

That He has crowned with success our institutions and labors for the moral and mental culture of our people, and the relief of those oppressed in mind, in body or estate; that He has protected us in the enjoyment of the privileges of a government, which combines with rare fidelity the freedom of individuals, the supervision of the family, and the authority of the State;

That He has suppressed traditional feuds and assuaged the animosities of nations, leading us through the marvellous developments of science to cultivate a civilizing and Christian intercourse with each other, instead of increasing the atrocities of war, and strengthening the lust for dominion;

And especially that He has given us that fixed and abiding faith in His providence, which sustains us amid the direst calamities, and teaches us that all events in life or death—sometimes interpreted by the imperfect wisdom of man as misfortune—may be overruled through His grace for the welfare of His people, and the glory of his name.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, this twenty-seventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-third.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of his Council.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS,  
GOVERNOR.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1858.

Winter has fairly begun this week; fires are no longer indispensable, even at noonday, when the sun is shining his brightest, and doing his best to make us comfortable. We are reminded that Thanksgiving is at hand; the festival of the roast turkey and "blind-man's buff," which the new star in New England poetry has so recently given to immortality. Dr. Holland has won his laurels as the poet of Thanksgiving. The critics unanimously gave favorable verdicts to the new poet, whose prose had long favorably recommended him to favor; but he may especially congratulate himself that the reading public seem to pronounce in his favor. It is proved by signal instances that the judgment of critics does not always coincide with that of the people.

The three successes of the season, thus far, in literary way, are the new poem of Longfellow, this maiden poem of Dr. Holland, and a fresh novel of "Ernestine," by an anonymous author, who shows that he has held the pen before. The book is severely pointed in some critical quarters, but the main point is that the book is eagerly sought after and read. It has, no doubt, serious artistic defects, but it has life and power, which is better than any quantity of dead art.

Manager Ullman is continuing to make a great fuss over Piccolomini. His vociferations becoming louder in his praise in proportion as that of the public dies away into indifference. She is now pronounced an inferior singer and an over-strained actress. Guzzaniga, and other of our resident artists, will retain the public favor long after Piccolomini has been forgotten.

Business is very dull; all the wholesale streets are quiet. Broadstuffs are continuing to come forward and accumulate here in large quantities. People may comfort themselves with the prospect of cheap food this winter, but cheap food can only be had at the expense of a poor trade with a great buyer, the West, which regulates its purchases by the price which is a large staple crop brings. The South is rich in a great supply of cotton, which promises to sell at enormous prices, and a very good trade is naturally looked for with that section.

The number of unemployed persons in this and other large cities is still very large, and the cold weather will undoubtedly reveal an unexpected prevalence of distress among the laboring classes, as there is very little employment offering, and many artisans have been living through the summer on wages which would not keep body and soul together in cold weather.

Rogers, the young murderer, was executed on Friday, Nov. 12th. There is a great deal of sympathy felt for this young man by many people, and those who are best acquainted with the parties and the circumstances are very loud in expressing their opinion that the Governor should have commuted his sentence. It appears this was the first scrape the young man was ever in; the first time he was ever under the influence of liquor. His two companions were long known as wretches of the most hardened and desperate character, and many believe that they deliberately swore a halter off their own necks upon that of Rogers, who was maddened with intoxication, and remembered nothing whatever of the affair. At any rate the affair is a warning to young men entering the city as strangers.

Rogers had come in from the country about a month before, an innocent youth, and fell in with some of the worst characters in the city. It was his "first spree" which now sends him to the gallows.

Cannemi goes to a fourth trial!

**WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM.**—This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequalled remedy.

**English Tapestry Brussels Carpets** are sold for ninety-five cents per yard by the New England Carpet Company, 75 Hanover street, Boston.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Friend Pippy—Last week I gave a notice of theft on the property of Mr. F. Fletcher, taken from his store in Lyceum Hall Building. This week I have to report that a considerable portion of the property has been found, also two of the thieves, who have been committed and are awaiting their trial, which will come off at East Cambridge, in February next. If they had any accomplices, I hope they may be, before that time arrives, as safe from harm as the two now in custody. I understand the probable loss of Mr. F. to be about \$1100, about two-thirds of which has been recovered, and that there are two other parties implicated in the above transaction by receiving the property that was stolen. Although the thieves did not return the horse and wagon, yet they placed them so that they could be taken care of and the owners find them without delay.

I notice that the signs of Mr. Isaac Kilborn have been taken down. Is he about leaving Reading? We hope not, as a public Reading House is very much needed here. There are many persons who require such accommodations, and the enterprise should be sustained.

Where are the watchmen of Reading? The citizens of this town should—and I understand that it is being talked about in some circles—maintain two or three good watchmen in our village, the expense to be paid by the public—at least those who have property liable to be lost or destroyed. The statutes provide that watch wards may be formed;—why may not the village call a meeting and organize at once? the expense would be very trifling. As the framers of the statutes probably looked the matter over in all its bearings, they of course adopted the best plan, then let a petition be circulated around the village and a meeting called, and be prepared for any emergency.

**MORE STEALING.**—Tuesday night some thief entered the premises of Wm. B. Perkins and stole therefrom six or eight fowls. The thief could be traced some distance by the blood, and with a little extra effort might possibly have been overtaken. Where is Constable Blood?

**FATHER KEMP TO EUROPE.**—There has been a report in circulation the past week that the Old Folks were about making a contract with parties to travel, and Europe was one of the points looked at; but they will probably see more of America before they see Europe. They are doing well and are having a good time. Why not let well enough alone?

Yankee Locke was here on Tuesday evening and those who went with long faces came away with them considerably shortened. It takes the Yankee to tell a story.

Report says that one of our citizens, A. COMINGS, JR., is to leave Reading for the winter to take up his residence in Boston, for which we are very sorry; but if he must go we are glad that his health has improved so much as to enable him to endure the confinement of city life.

As one goes so another comes—"home again." Miss Mary P. Harnden, after an absence of some months in Iowa, has returned to her father's, (S. Harnden, Esq.) improved in health and much pleased with her tour. Hope there is nothing very attractive in Iowa, for we do not wish to spare Mary—not yet.

After six years the Selectmen have concluded to spend the money that should have been spent years ago, in ornamenting the Cemetery. One hundred trees will do something towards improving the looks of the grounds; but if individuals were as tardy in ornamenting the Cemetery as the Selectmen have been since the town has had the charge of the grounds, I fear it would look very desolate.

Before we meet again, Thanksgiving will be upon us, and who is there in our midst that is not provided with a Thanksgiving dinner? It is a practice in Reading to take up a collection in all of the religious societies the Sabbath before Thanksgiving,—do not forget that next Sabbath is the day; and do not forget one thing more,—what think you that is—your Purses; do not have that for an excuse. Let all be thankful; those who have enough of this world's goods and to spare, that they can have the satisfaction of feeding the hungry, for Christ says that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" those who are in want, that they have one that cares even for the sparrow, and that he will not forget the children of his charge. And let every one be thankful for the favours received during the past year.

The members of the Old Reading Assemblies will commence their twenty-ninth course, consisting of five assemblies, on Thanksgiving night; they will have Gates' Quadrille Band for the season. As every one knows the reputation of these Assemblies, which have been creditably sustained for the last twenty-nine years, it would be superfluous for us to make any comments. Suffice it to say, go early, as dancing commences at seven o'clock, precisely.

**LENO, JR.**  
Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the little anatomy of a woman, who has travelled in nearly every quarter of the world, with an indomitable perseverance and disregard of danger, has ceased her travels upon this earth. The last steamer from Europe brought an account of her death.

**DR. O. W. HOLMES** defines a b'ho to be one who turns up the bottom of the legs of his pantaloons, imbibes questionable fluids, and smokes unconscionably bad cigars.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**, in spite of the prejudices of medical martlets, have found their way into the leading hospitals and dispensaries of Europe, and are now the established family medicine of all classes in the United States. Upon the stomach and liver, which prepare and temper the blood, upon the organs which vitalize it in the process of respiration, and upon the excretory vessels, which discharge from the system, the residuum not required for the purposes of nutrition, these pills operate in an almost miraculous manner, regulating, invigorating, cleansing, and fortifying the whole physique. In bilious disorders, dyspepsia, asthma, diarrhoea, dysentery, sick-headache, constipation, general debility, and complaints peculiar to females, their effect is astonishing.

"Don't all speak at once," as the instructor said to his deaf and dumb pupils.

## SOUTH READING.

GENERAL NEWS.

A serious accident like to have occurred in the Apothecary store of Dr. Mansfield, on the evening of Monday. Soon after the clerk had lighted the camphine hanging lamp, the chain parted, by which it was suspended, and in the fall the lamp broke to pieces, the camphine spread over the floor and took fire, the blaze nearly filling the room. The clerk cautiously kept the doors closed to prevent the admission of fresh air, and after letting as much of the camphine burn as it was safe to do, spread a bucket of water on the floor, which extinguished the flames. It was fortunate to escape with a scorched floor, a blistered counter and black plastering.

In the notice last week of the school exhibitions to take place this week, we were sorry that by some mishap, mention of the High School was omitted. We were, however, solaced by two thoughts: first, that it is generally understood that Friday afternoon of the closing week of schools is appropriated to the High School, and secondly, that the interest to attend it will surely induce them to inquire about the time of holding it.

The following persons have been drawn as Jurors to attend the United States Court now in session at Boston:—Messrs Stephen Lufkin, D. B. Wheeler, Lemuel Sweetser and Geo. Sawyer. It is probably in the vicinity of twenty years since the last draft for Jurors for the United States Court was made upon our town.

The library for the delivery of books will be re-opened on Saturday of this week. New books have been added for the various classes of readers. The young have been especially remembered. It is very gratifying to learn that our young people call for so valuable a class of works—as travels, adventures, histories, &c. Other volumes of the kind will be added in a few months.

Dr. Alcott delivered the last of several lectures in the Baptist vestry, immediately after the close of the Sabbath School Concert on Sabbath evening. His subject was the Causes of Intemperance—connected with early childhood, and social habits afterwards. It would be well for us to practice upon some of the suggestions made by the lecturer.

The Universalist Society have begun their preparations for enlarging and beautifying their house of worship.

**UNIVERSALIST MEETING HOUSE.**—The members of the Universalist Society are making arrangements to enlarge and beautify their meeting house. The house is to be moved back fifty feet, and an addition of twenty feet is to be made to the front of the building with an elegant spire on the top. The enlargement will contain twenty-four additional pews. A large hall will be finished off underneath forty feet by sixty. The yard in front is to be enclosed by a neat fence and ornamented with trees which will be an ornament to our village. The expense is estimated at \$4,000, which is all subscribed.

**For the Middlesex Journal.**  
Epitaphs from tombs in four different Nations.

**GREEK.**—By a near friend.  
Pillar of death! carved syrens' fearful urn!  
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,  
To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,  
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say a maid  
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name  
Of Myrtis gave; her birth and lineage  
High.

And say her bosom friend Erinna came  
And on the marble graved her elegy.

**FRENCH.**—By a child.

Mother, sweet mother, thou canst never know</



Wicks & Foster, 124 Washington street.  
Seth E. Pecker, 20 Elm street.  
A. L. Cutler, 43 India street.  
Wilson, Fairbanks & Co.  
Carter, Colcord & Preston, Hanover and Portland streets.  
Burr, Foster & Co., 1 Cornhill.  
Samuel N. & Wm. A. Brewer, 90 & 92 Washington street.  
A. S. Mendenhall, 100 Cornhill.











## The Journal.

WOBURN:  
Saturday, Nov. 27th, 1858.

## Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving has come and gone. It was characterized in this town by an unusual degree of quiet, and we doubt not every family saw and felt that they had abundant cause for devout thanksgiving to the Giver of all good. We have reason to believe that the poor were remembered, and their hearts made glad by liberal gifts from benevolent hearts. Deeds like these, performed in secret, with no desire for the world's applause, reflect a salutary influence, and season the feast as nothing else can.

## Woburn Lyceum.

Prof. Tuttle, late of the Cambridge Observatory, gave the fourth of the present series of lectures on Monday evening. He treated of Comets. There is no doubt of this gentleman's learning and ability on the subject in question. He gave some account of the history of comets and the theories in regard to them previous to the times of Sycho Brahe and Newton. Then he explained the laws discovered by the latter which apply to those apparently irregular motions which these bodies describe in the heavens. He illustrated the cometic actions and the movements of comets in those vast planes which form either the ellipse, the parabola, or the hyperbola. He next took up the discoveries of modern astronomers with regard to these erratic bodies, showed the value of the observations on them, from which may be deduced the nature of their orbits and the precise period of their revolutions. He spoke of the comet of 1682, and of the accuracy with which Halley predicted its return in 1758. He also alluded to the comets of more recent date, and the great definiteness and precision with which their motions are traced, particularly he mentioned the great comet of the present year, Donati's, giving an account of its discovery early in June last, and the observations made on it during the time of its visibility in our northern hemisphere, and of those which are still being made south of the equator. He described its velocity, its nearness to the earth and sun, the supposed causes of that brilliant train at one time extended to a length of more than fifty-four millions of miles. Some comets, he said, were of the extreme tenuity, stars of the sixteenth magnitude could be seen through them without obstruction or refractive. Other comets have dense opaque centers. Donati's is of this kind. The diameter of its nucleus being near two thousand miles, or about one fourth as great as that of the earth. The period of its revolution is ascertained to be about 2290 years. Another comet of recent discovery has been proved to have an orbit requiring more than one hundred thousand years for its circuit. The lecturer next remarked upon the danger that may be supposed to be incurred by the frequent introduction of these flaming visitors among the planetary bodies. He cited Arago's calculation, that the chances of collision with one of them, was equal to about one in two hundred and eighty millions. A sufficiently remote contingency, one would think, to calm the nerves of the most timid. He closed with some observations upon the elevating tendency of the study of astronomy, and gave some glimpses of those sublime starry spaces, that are ever about and around and beneath us, stretching away into infinity.

This much for a slight sketch of the course of thought in the lecture. We are sorry to add, however, that it was presented in such a dry and abstruse manner, that it almost entirely failed in giving satisfaction. There was no lack of learning and mathematical deduction, but it was wanting in enthusiasm and those popular elements which alone gain the public ear. It was better fitted for the recitation room, where are gathered students eager for demonstrations of difficult problems, than for the common lecture room. Public speakers must learn that our audiences are not students, they do not want to be put to hard thinking. If a speaker has any profound or abstract ideas to present to his hearers he must simplify and popularize them, or he is talking to deaf ears and heavy eyes. We have seldom seen an audience in our hall assume so drowsy an appearance as it did last Monday evening. But we must protest against the noise and confusion attendant upon persons leaving the hall before the close of a lecture. It is discourteous to the lecturer, and annoying to those who remain. If it is excessively painful for any one to sit until the lecture is done, let him at least leave with such quiet but in walking along the hall, or closing the doors, as to make as little disturbance as possible. But we submit whether stalking down the aisles, or slamming the doors in the face of a man who is giving us instruction, if he is not tickling our fancy, is either wise, gentlemanly or christian. We hope to witness no more of it.

**BALL OF THE IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY.**—This society held its first annual ball—this was also its first social gathering—on Wednesday evening, in Lyceum Hall. About two hundred persons were present, and all enjoyed themselves until a late hour in the night at dancing, both in the new and old style, and many of them appeared to understand the newest dances and dance them as gracefully as those "to the manor born." Good order and decorum prevailed, and the amusements of the evening passed off much to the satisfaction of the young men of the society and their friends in attendance.

**DEBATING CLUB.**—The communication of "C" in another column, in reference to a Debating Club on a plan somewhat different from that in vogue when our first best began to grow, is deserving the attention of all, young men particularly, though we are of the opinion that it would not do some of the older ones any harm to "join in." By all means let us have a Debating Club, and a good one. If fairly started and well attended, it may save many good ideas from being spoiled at their birth by stammering and stuttering; make orators of some of us, and, perhaps, statesmen of a few.

## Supper of Niagara Engine Company.

The first festive occasion of this company, since its organization, took place in "Niagara Hall" on Friday evening of last week. About one hundred and fifty persons, including a goodly number of the fair sex, sat down to the tables, and partook of an excellent supper. The tables were decorated with rare flowers furnished by the lady of one of the engineers, and among other good things, a mammoth cake of delicious quality, presented by Mrs. John B. Davis.

After the supper had been disposed of, the Foreman of the company, Mr. John B. Davis, in a brief speech of welcome, spoke of the pleasure it afforded him to see the company and their friends enjoying themselves at the feast prepared by the "Niagara" boys. This was the first time the company had assembled for such a purpose, but he hoped it would not be the last, and that all other occasions might result in much benefit to the company and the whole department. He introduced Col. Burbank, who said he met with them with pleasure, not only as a "father of the town" but as an engineer. The Colonel made a good speech, as also did Mr. Converse, Mr. Cragin, Engineer Cooper, the Foreman of Jacob Webster, No. 2, ex-Engineer Jacob Webster, Capt. Perham, Mr. A. Roundy, and other gentlemen. We regret that the diminished size of this week's issue, consequent upon Thanksgiving holidays, prevents our giving a full report of the speeches.

During the evening it was proposed by P. L. Converse, Esq., to have a union gathering of the whole fire department once in a year regularly hereafter, for the purpose of bringing about a good social and fraternal feeling in the department, cementing the bonds of friendship between the several companies, and securing unity of action when an alarm of fire called them out. This proposition was discussed at length, and unanimously approved of by vote of the company. The Foremen of the several companies, with the Chief Engineer, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for securing the result desired.

A first rate "game of string,"—which the ladies appeared to enjoy as much as the gentlemen—followed the speeches, and the pleasures of the evening closed with singing some popular airs.

**THANKSGIVING SERMON.**—The Rev. Mr. Bronson preached in the First Baptist Church on Thanksgiving Day, from the text "For in him we live, and move, and have our being," Acts 17: 28. The discourse was a very able one, and was listened to with marked attention by a large congregation.

**FIRE.**—On Thursday evening about 8 o'clock the barn of Mr. Jacob Pierce, at the West side, together with a quantity of hay contained in it, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$250. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

**NIAGARA NO. 1.** and the little "Veto" were at the fire promptly, but the building was nearly consumed before they arrived. The other companies, although they started, did not go to the fire, as there was no occasion for their services.

**THANKSGIVING TURKEYS.**—Presents of fat turkeys from employers to their workmen was much in vogue in this town on Wednesday last. The firm of Choate & Cummings presented a turkey to each of the married men in their employ, to the number of about one hundred.

**NEW SITE.**—The Middlesex Journal will appear next week in a new suit of type from the foundry of John K. Rogers & Co., Boston. Advertisers who may wish to make a change in their advertisements will oblige by handing in the copy early in the week.

**HIGH SCHOOL.**—The Woburn High School was examined in the presence of the Committee and friends of the School, on Saturday last. The classes appeared remarkably well.

**BRIEF.**—Our notices of various local matters are necessarily brief this week, as we publish only half size.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**MR. EDITOR:**—If I am as scarce as news in Medford the courts would be deserted, and the office of sheriff a sinecure. We are waiting patiently to see what the spring will bring forth, much in the manner of a wood-chuck spending the winter in his burrow, i. e., living on the fat laid up during the summer of prosperity.

There will be little doing here this winter in the way of business. J. T. Foster has made a contract to build a ship of about one thousand tons burthen, to be completed and launched early in the spring. J. O. Curtis will probably put a vessel on the stocks at once; but now ship-building is at a very low ebb, as the above facts indicate.

Since I last wrote Mr. Elias Nason, formerly of Natick, has been installed pastor of the Myrick Church, (24 Congregational). The installation took place on the evening of the 10th inst., after which the Council and invited guests partook of a bountiful supper at the residence of A. K. Hathaway, Esq. On the evening previous to the installation Mr. Nason's former people presented him with a valuable gold watch, and other tokens of regard.

Medford, Nov. 23, 1858. OPTICS.

**HOLLOWAY'S GOUT REMEDY AND PILLS.**—What are their credentials?—They are approved by the most enlightened governments, sanctioned by the highest medical authority. Let no victim of sciatica, salt rheum, or any ulcerous or eruptive malady, fancy a cure impossible. It is never too late to use Holloway's Gout Remedy for external complaints, or his Pills for internal disorders. The public are hereby informed of a sure test, whereby to ascertain the genuineness, or the contrary of these medicines. This consists of a Water-mark, the words, "Holloway, New York and London," in semi-transparent letters in every leaf of the book of directions, around each box and pot. Without the Water-mark none are genuine.

**DO YOU SUFFER** after eating, or from acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, water-brash, wind, burning sensation, or indigestion? Immediate relief can be obtained by using the Oxygenated Bitters.

**THE "AMERICAN MONTHLY"** is the title of a new candidate for public favor in the magazine line. Graham's Magazine, the United States and Putnam's Monthly is to be incorporated with it.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

ASHLAND HOUSE, Philadelphia, }  
Nov. 22d, 1858.

This morning I date my last epistle from this city, for the present. The weather for the past week was delightful. On Thanksgiving day, (Thursday, Nov. 18.) we gave a concert to the school children, at three o'clock in the evening, and nearly two thousand of them, with up-turned faces, sat before us, conducting themselves in a very creditable manner. In the evening we had a large audience, and so did all the other places of amusement, but we claim to have had our share. This city has, for some weeks, been almost inundated with amusements of various kinds—a surfeit of them—though it is to be admitted that a city like this needs much recreation and amusement, as it contains a population of about 600,000 inhabitants, but they should be of the right character, which, it is feared, is not always the case. Thanksgiving day was well observed, religious exercises being held in most of the churches. A few days since I took the cars and went to Germantown. It was formerly a township by itself, being only six miles distant, but has now become a part of this city. It has a place in the history of our country, as it will be remembered that one of the battles of the Revolution was fought there. Many new and elegant houses, pleasantly situated, may be seen, while a much greater number, that would remind one of the times that are past, are also visible. On my return I made use of my pedestals, instead of riding in what are called cars, and had a fine opportunity to see something of rural life. Here I saw some of the most lovely and romantic spots it has ever been my fortune to witness, and a fine road leads all the way into the city.

Yesterday the "Old Folks" attended religious service at the "House of Refuge," which institution is similar to the Farm School at Westboro', Mass. This institution has now about five hundred children to deal with and care for. Many are here who have no parents, but are well looked after. While it is pleasant to think that such institutions are springing up in various parts of the land, it is also melancholy to relate that there is so much need of them. During the exercises in the chapel, boys fifteen years of age, occupied one side of the house, and those of younger years, the other side, while the girls were situated in the gallery. The "Old Folks" conducted the singing until the close of the services, when the children sang several pieces exceedingly well.—all being requested to sing without exception,—and presented one grand chorus. There are quite a number of blacks connected with this institution, but these we did not see. The Rev. gentleman who preached to those children is evidently just the man for the place. He selected for his subject "Is it well with thee?" and in an extempore address adapted himself to their comprehension by many illustrations, which they could not fail to understand. As an illustration of his happy manner, I will make one quotation. He said that often when he asked the question "Is it well with the soul?" the answer would be "I don't know." "Well, boys," said he, "suppose a ship under full sail, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, should be spoke by your vessel, and hailed 'whither bound,' the answer should be given by the captain, 'I don't know.' Now, boys, how long do you think such a captain would be entrusted by the owner of that vessel going at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, and didn't know where or in what direction he was going?" A beautiful motto, in a semi-circular form, in the rear of the pulpit, read as follows: "Take this child, nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." In the evening we attended the Rev. Dr. Smith's Church, (Presbyterian.) At the very earnest solicitations of friends we conducted the singing. We listened to a very able sermon, and heard many a quantity of organ-grinding, which resembled more like a drove of hungry hogs than anything I can compare it to. It continued to grow as we left the church, and, for aught I know, is now grinding out the same grime.

On Monday last I went to West Philadelphia, in company with several others, to take a view of the "cattle market." Quite a large lot of beef cattle was to be found in the market, and looked remarkably well. I did not see any cows, and but very few sheep. One bullock, having become frightened, made his way out of the enclosure, and was not at all particular who he scraped acquaintance with. He made considerable effort to hoist some of us, and we had hardly time to make our escape by climbing a very high fence.

A deep religious feeling still pervades this city, and meetings are held daily, and almost hourly. Yesterday was very rainy, but notwithstanding it mild and agreeable. To-morrow, providence permitting, we shall leave this city at eight o'clock for Baltimore, and, if anything occurs which I think will be of interest to your readers, and our friends at home, I will write from the Monumental City. Yours, LEXO.

**NEW CLOTHING AT LOW PRICES.**—New Goods for the Fall Trade.—Our friends, J. W. Smith & Co., corner of Dock Square and Elm Street, have just replenished their popular Clothing Store with a large and excellent stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, &c., selected with great care from the best custom houses in New York and Boston. This firm has marked out a line of policy which is achieving for itself an enviable position, and is meeting with deserved success. The very best—as to quality, durability and style—is what the patrons of this house are sure of receiving. Employing experienced cutters, civil salesmen, and deceiving no man, it is no wonder that their model departments are full of purchasers. Although the ready-made clothing sold here is as fashionable and as well put together as that of any first class custom tailoring establishment in the city,—a fact which renders this firm so popular,—particular attention is also given to the custom or order department; thus uniting in one house all the elements of a successful clothing establishment. The stock is complete at all times, and also comprises every article known as gent's furnishing goods. The firm possesses every facility incident to the business, and is well worthy of extensive patronage. Citizens and strangers are invited to call and inspect the goods offered at this model clothing house.—Boston Ledger.

**THE "AMERICAN MONTHLY"** is the title of a new candidate for public favor in the magazine line. Graham's Magazine, the United States and Putnam's Monthly is to be incorporated with it.

Winchester, Nov. 26. W. L. A.

## SOUTH READING.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The school exhibitions which came off last week were, as a whole, very successful. We intended to have a full report of them, but can only give them now a passing notice. There has been a very marked improvement in reading, mathematics, order, &c.—Some have excelled in one thing and some in another. They are all advanced, though with different degrees of rapidity. The teachers are ambitious, and they inspire a like ambition in their pupils. These examinations, unlike some we have attended, were not got up for show, but were conducted in a plain matter of fact manner. Where the pupils were deficient in knowledge, that deficiency appeared, and where they knew, as a general thing, they knew for a certainty. More honest exhibitions are seldom attended.

Last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Phillips preached two discourses on the relation of pious females to the church, endeavoring to show what are their rights and privileges. The discourse in the morning was founded on Acts 1: 14, and was intended as introductory to a more thorough discussion of the subject, showing the state of society at the time in which Paul wrote, and contrasting the degraded condition of the women then, with their present elevated position. In the afternoon the same text was commented upon, viz:—1 Corinthians 14: 34, 35, also, 1 Timothy, 2: 11, 12.

We will not undertake to give a synopsis of the discourses, but be content with saying that the preacher came to a very different conclusion in the matter from that arrived at by a writer in the Watchman and Reflector.

Quite an effort was made about 6 o'clock on Sabbath evening to raise an alarm of fire. There was an appearance of a fire in the East, though it must have been at a considerable distance.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**MR. EDITOR:**—The Literary Association of this town have commenced a course of Public Lectures, two of which have been listened to with great satisfaction by our townspeople, and we anticipate much pleasure from bearing the remainder of the course. Last Monday evening a lecture was delivered by Rev. W. B. Alger, upon the life of Dr. Kane, presenting in this form lofty examples, in series of glowing pictures, for the encouragement of young men. Next Monday evening we expect a treat in the form of a poem by G. W. Pettes, Esq. Subject—"Appearances." A week from that time we understand that Wendell Phillips, Esq., will deliver his popular lecture upon "Joan of Arc." The young men deserve credit for their efforts to entertain and gratify the public, and we wish them abundant success in their undertaking.

## TOWN NOTICE.

The Selectmen of Woburn will meet at their rooms, Woburn, Nov. 27, 1858, at 7 o'clock. For order of selectmen.

Woburn, March 27, 1858.—C. L. CONVERSE, Chairman.

## Died.

In Cummingsville, on the 24th instant, GEORGE O., son of John M. Leach, aged 1 year and 29 days.

In South Reading, Nov. 22nd, CHARLES HALE, only son of Dr. J. D. Mansfield.

## WOOD AT AUCTION!

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

## NEW DWELLING HOUSE!

With half an acre of land, in Burlington.

At AUCTION!

The undersigned will sell at Auction, on the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, Nov. 27th, 1858, at two o'clock, p. m., on the premises, a new and desirable residence for a mechanic or any person wishing an eligible house in a pleasant and healthy locality.

Terms made known at Sale.

By order of EDWARD GERARD.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Burlington, Nov. 26th, 1858.

## WOOD AND TIMBER AT AUCTION!

The finest growth of Wood ever offered at Public Sale in Woburn.

ON MONDAY, the 29th instant, at 12 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at Public Auction, lots of

**WOOD AND TIMBER**

standing on about ten acres of land, situated in the western part of Woburn, within twenty rods of the residence of Wm. Pierce, and adjoining the new road recently made from Joseph R. Kendall's to said Pierce's, and about a quarter of a mile from the Tannery, North Woburn.

ACCESS GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

For full and true description of the wood, and to what it will be used, apply to

JOSEPH H. BELL,

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Wilmington, Nov. 27.

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Wilmington, Nov. 27.

Woburn, Nov. 27, 1858.—W. L. A.

of Washington, and he has already received the thanks of every patriot in the land. Mr. Donner has simply done a smart thing for himself and his paper. No other weekly paper in the country can boast of a weekly contribution from a man of his position in the literary world.

There are beginning to be further symptoms of distress among the working classes, as the severely cold weather comes on. The abject poor are able to live in summer for about half what it necessarily costs them to keep body and soul together, and we look to see a great deal of distress here this winter. It may be averted by timely resources, but it is difficult to devise any means of helping the destitute which will not at the same time encourage the indolent.

Henry Ward Beecher's monster church does not bid so far to be erected as it promised some time ago. It was found quite impossible to find people who would give \$200,000 without looking for interest in return; the present plan is to issue scrip payable in pew rent, but only \$40,000 of scrip has been subscribed, and the wealthiest supporters of the enterprise have already done their share. It is quite evident that Brooklyn does not need any such church. She has already a third more church room than is filled from Sabbath to Sabbath. In New York a very commendable enterprise has been inaugurated for Sunday evening: preaching by some of the most popular city pastors in the Academy of Music and the Fair Hall of the Cooper Institute. Large audiences are attracted by the novelty of the thing.

## Special Notices.

## WARREN ACADEMY.

The Warren Term of this Institution will open on Monday, the 29th of November, under the direction of the Hon. J. A. M. Principal, with ample assistance.

For particulars, see catalogue.

B. CUTLER, Sec. Board of Trustees.

Woburn, Nov. 26.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

THE SUBSCR





TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

## ON THE MISSOURI.

One hole neglected in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will to mend it at once.



## The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.  
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 30 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$7.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, 10 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

## AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.  
Main Woburn.—Messrs. L. RICHARDSON.  
Boston.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.  
South Reading.—Dr. M. MASSFIELD.  
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOVEY.  
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), South's Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN R. MILL, Boston, are authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates reported by us.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by any paper published in Middlesex County. By procuring uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

## JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT AND CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

## To Correspondents.

"HENS," South Reading, will appear next week.  
"CITIZEN," Woburn. We will publish your letter when you forward us your proper name, not otherwise.  
"KAPPA." Reading. Your poem has been received. We should be pleased to number you among our regular contributors.  
"E. R." South Reading. No. IX of E. R.'s excellent article on Roman History is on file for publication.  
"J. I." Winchester. We would advise you to try prose. Poetic articles, to receive insertion in the JOURNAL, should be short and of good quality.  
"SANDRA BROS." A capital letter from Sadie Bagg, one of "Father Kemp's Old Folks," arrived too late for insertion.

We thank our correspondents for their promptness this week, and also for their interesting communications to be found in other columns. We hope to have the pleasure of weekly communication with all of them.

## The Middlesex Journal.

## WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

## OURSELF.

THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, having completed a little more than seven years of its existence, appears this week in a new and much improved dress. We take, therefore, this opportunity to extend a cordial greeting to our many friends for the liberal and unwavering support they have accorded to it during these years that are past. We have aimed, as we have heretofore remarked, to raise the JOURNAL to a position that should secure for it the respect and confidence of an intelligent and appreciative community. This, our numerous readers assure us, we have done.

Believing, however, that the JOURNAL ought to extend the sphere of its influence, and that it can be easily made to do so, we have determined to make an effort, the first made since the paper came into our hands, to give it a more extensive circulation in this and the adjoining towns. To this end we have issued a Circular, in which are set forth some inducements for those who have not hitherto taken our paper regularly, to become subscribers at the present time. No matter how many or what city papers are read by a family, the local paper supplies a want that is met by nothing else. The events transpiring immediately about us—unimportant except in the community where they occur—seldom appear in the city papers, and what few do find a place there are usually so incorrectly reported as to be utterly worthless as a record of facts. Not so with the local paper. By personal observation or enquiry, or by means equally reliable, the conductor of the country paper gathers up and spreads before his patrons the news of the day and intelligence possessing interest to all in the community. The city sheet gives an outline only, while the local paper fills up the picture in its minutest details. Hence the latter is frequently needed to explain and render intelligible the former.

Of the influence exerted by the JOURNAL we hardly need to speak. The opinions of a large number of our fellow citizens in Middlesex County assure us that it is highly valued and is exerting a very salutary influence for good, intellectually, socially and morally, and that it ought to be more extensively read. The publication of a good paper in any town exerts an important influence upon the prosperity of that place. By making it a central locality, it brings the inhabitants of the adjoining towns into a more intimate acquaintance, gives a business character and a reputation for enterprise to the people, attracts others thither as permanent residents, thereby increasing the demand for real estate, and consequently enhancing its value. Such has been the influence of the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL in this and the adjoining towns.

In asking a more extended circulation we pledge our patrons and friends that we shall spare no efforts to elevate the JOURNAL even above its present prominent and commanding position. It will be our aim to exclude everything from our columns that is calculated to exert a deleterious influence upon the community, morally or socially. We shall do all that in us lies to render our sheet an ever welcome visitor to the family circle. We shall endeavor always to have something for all—for the young and for the old, for the fun-loving and the sober, for the sentimental and the matter-of-fact. We believe that no family can make a better use of the small sum of two dollars than by paying it for the JOURNAL one year. The returning prosperity, so lately observed in the markets of business, and the recent entrance upon a new volume, render the present a very favorable opportunity for subscribing for the JOURNAL. We have struck off a large number of extra copies this week with the intention of distributing them among the families of non-subscribers, thus affording them an opportunity of seeing the paper and deciding for themselves whether they can longer do without it. Please to read it carefully, and at the same time bear in mind that if you become a subscriber you will do us a small favor, but yourselves a very much greater one.

## Woburn Lyceum.

A Poem by Rev. John Pierpont formed the fifth of the entertainments before the Lyceum for the present season. He sung of Progress, or as he styled his subject, Onward. He showed in his exordium that all nature is in motion; the earth, its sister planets and the sun. So also are the materials of which the globe is composed. Matter has no rest. It is ordained to be ever changing, ever at work. It is continually moving to a higher and more perfect state.

So it is with man and mind. The poet introduced some of the improvements in science to illustrate this. He contrasted the tallow candle of his boyhood, with the brilliant jets of gas that now light with almost solar blaze the parlor, saloon and hall.

With a few most graphic strokes he sketched the power of the sun as a limner. His portraits were always in profile, and were ever varying as morning, noon or evening prevailed, and never survived the day. But Daguerre had taken its quickening beams, and in a few seconds fixed in permanent lineaments the face of beauty or the form of manliness, the feature of ugliness or the contour of deformity. Flatness was no assistant in the work, but a true and exact image of the "human face divine," was set up for the gaze of the world. A humorous comparison was then made between the former and the present method of "riding on a rail." Once the process was tedious and attended with much shame and contumely, as well as decided discomfort to one of the termini of the spinal vertebrae. Now, it is a pastime and pleasure and success, indulged in by all classes, and by none more frequently than the ladies.

The difference between the ancient and the modern method of making books was very skillfully alluded to. The leaden plate, the waxed tablet, and the papyrus, on which the priest or the monk might etch but a single volume in a life, have given place to stereotyped forms and power presses that throw off as many books in an hour as a whole generation can read.

The modern telegraph was put in juxtaposition with the old forms of signals, the beacon fires, the alarm gongs and sky-rockets. This "onward" movement of science was most beautifully drawn from the mythic quarrel between Jupiter and Neptune, in which the water god received the immortal Thunderer's bolt upon his trident and thus escaped the fatal shock. The knowledge of man as taught by philology as against the older philosophies of the human mind, was brought forward as illustrating the march of intellect. Merism and clairvoyance also received the stamp of "progress" by the poet, and were put among the evidences of the "onward" spirit of the age. Buchanan (not the President but the Cincinnati neurologist) was placed among the great discoverers, for his development of that mysterious but tremendous power, which from the written manuscript unfolds the hidden character of man, and reveals those secrets of the heart which are preserved in its inmost recesses. As the last movement to be wrought into verse the poet introduced spiritualism. On this phase of the "onward" tendency of the age, he scarcely offered anything, but his pungent interrogatories gave pretty good evidence that he was little less than a "believer." Tables are moved, mediums are entranced, intelligence is evoked from profound sleepers, music is produced from strings untouched by mortal fingers, but he did not know that these things were of spiritual origin; on the other hand is there any one that knows that they are not.

"But here are the facts; what are you going to do with them?"

The poem closed with some prophecies of still greater marvels to be disclosed in science and philosophy, and yet the career of mind would be ever, ever "Onward."

Mr. Pierpont has lost something of his ancient vigor, but he has enough left to supply a reasonable capital to half a dozen of some of our modern poets. His fine, musical voice has faded him in a degree, though it is clear that he was some weeks since. As a nervous, emphatic, tasteful reader he has scarcely a superior. In delivering his present poem there was more apparent labor than is usual with him, probably from want of familiarity with the manuscript.

As to the quality of the poetry itself, we think it will not rank with the best productions of the Rev. gentleman. It had many polished and well turned lines, and some of the conceptions were worthy of his pulpit days. The descriptions of the elemental action upon and within the globe we inhabit, and the contest between Jove and Neptune were of this character. The poet indulged in satire more sparingly than usual, but many passages were limpid with genuine humor, while others sparkled with a rosy wit.

Much of the poem was labored and dogmatic. To state and argue the abstract principles of philology was a dry work, and however fitting and epigrammatic might have been the sense, the poetry was as stiff and un-musical as the prose of Carlyle. A similar remark might be made with regard to the last canto of the poem, spiritualism. We question also whether it was in good taste to introduce the topic at all in its present condition before the people. It has assumed an essentially religious character and is therefore controversial, and consequently should not be hastily or largely introduced upon the platform of our Lyceums. Nevertheless we think that if the poet had seen fit to ridicule and lampoon with his caustic verse the "spiritual" pretensions, it would have been received with much favor. Such is the tendency of the mind to judge of a performance by its likes and dislikes, rather than by its abstract qualities of good or bad. Still, as observed before, we believe subjects that are of an obviously controversial or religious character should generally be avoided by lecturers. No man however, when speaking on ethical or philosophical subjects can help permeating his thoughts with the biases and conclusions of his mind, and this is to be allowed and pardoned. Censure is to follow only when this degenerates into special pleading for mooted theologies.

DONATION TO THE TOWN LIBRARY.—Col. J. F. Bates, who has resided in town during the past three or four years, has recently made a handsome donation of valuable books and pamphlets to our Public Library. Among the volumes are quite a number of works upon military science. The thanks of the Library Committee have been presented to him, and we feel sure he will have to those of our citizens generally. We think there are others in town who ought to see their way clear to "go and do likewise."

SOCIAL.—A sociable, under the management of Mr. A. Jackson Parker, took place at the Central House Hall on Thursday evening. The attendance was rather small, but those who were present appeared to enjoy themselves.

SKATING.—The numerous ponds and lakes in this vicinity are now in good order for the enjoyment of this delightful recreation. Our neighbors, A. E. Thompson and L. Thompson, Jr., have at their stores the various kinds of skates in use.

## PROSPERITY IN BUSINESS.—We are happy

to record the prosperous condition of various kinds of business—particularly the Shoe and Leather business—in this section of New England. These latter were probably never better. Some of the shoe manufacturers are unable to meet the demand made upon them for shoes. This state of things, particularly at this season of the year, when the necessary expenses of living are much enhanced, comes opportune, and must send joy and gladness to many a fireside. Prosperity in the shoe and leather business must, if continued, produce a prosperous condition in respect to all kinds of business. Our farmers are finding ready sales for their produce, at good prices, while the articles of daily consumption—meat and breadstuffs—are selling at reasonable rates. Even should we experience a severe winter, there will be less cause of suffering than during the previous winter. Money we understand is abundant, though not as yet circulating generally. We may reasonably look for better times the coming season.

This state of things renders it a very favorable time to subscribe for the JOURNAL.

MR. RICHARDSON'S BIG FIG.—The great pig raised by Mr. Marshall L. Richardson, Clinton street, was slaughtered on Thursday. It was the handsomest specimen of the porcine species, (there is beauty even in a pig) we ever saw. We paid his pigship a visit two days before the "cruel knife" of the "stalwart butcher man" converted him into pork, and then took his dimensions. His length from his snout to the end of his tail, which was very short, was 7 ft. 3 1/2 inches; he girthed 6 ft. 4 in., and stood about 3 feet 3 inches high; his breadth across his back in a straight line was 25 inches. Slaughtered and dressed, he weighed 607 pounds. He was bred by N. A. Richardson, Esq., Winchester, and was a cross between the Suffolk and Leicester breeds. When he was killed he wanted one day of being 16 months old. For some weeks previous his eyes were closed up with fat so that he could not see; he was fed sometimes from a small trough, though lately with a spoon; was white all over; had but little hair on him, and was kept very clean.

Porkologists have had quite an exciting time during the last two weeks, viewing this wonder of a pig. Mr. Richardson's residence is a little out of the way, and visitors had to "climb the hill" to get to it, still they were numerous—from fifty to a hundred persons every day paid their respects to piggy, all of whom would, of course, like to see him fed from a spoon, and Mr. R., being of an accommodating disposition, administered "spoon victuals" to piggy accordingly; and piggy had good living and his fat was thereby increased. We saw him cut from said spoon—he did it gracefully, and acted as if he liked the operation; as we looked the old song of, "Frightened my mother she'd spoil my mouth, She fed me with a quill,"

came forcibly to our mind. But no more will he open his delicate jaws to admit the "spoon" for the gratification of admiring crowds.—The "cruel butcher men," as the Autocrat calls them, in killing piggy killed out the excitement:—

"They put a stick between his lips, And through his back a thong; And round and round an osken beam A bencher cord they flung. And, like a mighty pendulum, All solemnly he swung."

A MISTAKE OF LONG STANDING.—It appears that the Town of Woburn, has been supporting and taking care of a lunatic named Abbott for the past twenty-five years, nineteen of which he did not belong to the town, and should have been cared for by the town of Wilmington, where he legally belonged.—One of the present board of selectmen—Colonel Burbank—entertaining doubts as to the Town being bound for the care and support of Abbott, investigated the matter, and found that the father of the lunatic had removed from Woburn to Wilmington some twenty-five years ago and gained a residence there; that the son, being of unsound mind, must of necessity belong to the same town as the father, even after he came of age. The result is, that the poor fellow has been taken in charge by the Wilmington authorities and removed to the Poor Farm in that town. Abbott has been a source of much anxiety to the keeper of the Farm and the Overseers of the poor of this town. He was very treacherous and dangerous in his disposition at times, and had to be closely watched. Our Wilmington neighbors have been rather fortunate in having so troublesome a member of their town's poor taken care of without expense to them for the past nineteen years, while Woburn is no less fortunate in having an officer so careful for her interests.

A SINGULAR CASE IN WILMINGTON.—A little boy about a year and a half old, of Mr. John L. Howard of Wilmington, a year ago last October swallowed the seed of a squash, which lodged in his throat. The efforts of four physicians failed to remove the seed, and it remained in the child's throat eleven months and five days, when he was seized with vomiting and brought up the seed, which appeared to be in about the same state as when it was swallowed. During the year the health of the little fellow was quite bad, and his life was sometimes despaired of; he now appears to be doing well.

OUR NEW DRESS.—How do you like our appearance, reader? We hope it pleases you, for that is our object. Our type is furnished by the Boston Foundry, John K. Rogers &amp; Co., proprietors, and for beauty of face is not excelled by that of any other foundry in the country. Our paper is from Rice, Kendall &amp; Co., Boston; our ink from Morrill and Son. We have much pleasure in recommending all of these firms to our brother printers.

ROBBERY AT THE WEST SIDE.—On Friday night, 26th inst. some burglars broke into the workshop of Mr. O. H. Parker, by forcing the doors, but it does not appear that they stole anything; probably they did not find what they wanted. They then repaired to the slaughter house of Mr. Henry Shedd, broke in, and carried off a quantity of beef and four bags of meal.

MR. THOMAS GILMAN met with a severe accident this week, by falling off a staging at J. B. Winn &amp; Co.'s tannery, Main Street, breaking two of his ribs.

THE FOUR SISTERS. A Tale of Social and Domestic Life in Sweden. By Frederica Bremer. 12 mo. pp. 393; price \$1.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson &amp; Bro.

Miss Bremer's books have ever been received with great favor in America. Her works are "as familiar as household words." None are more eagerly sought after, read with warmer interest, or remembered with greater pleasure. This new novel, which opens to us the doors of Swedish homes, and gives a clear view of the inner life of Swedish society, both in high and low places, awakens in the mind of the reader an interest that is indescribable, and which is admirably sustained until the last leaf of the volume is turned. All who read it will derive not only pleasure but much profit from its pages. Its style is pure, its sentiments are glowing; its subject—the wrongs inflicted on woman, and their remedy—are portrayed with a spirit and a strength that is irresistible.

THE TENANT HOUSE, or Enders from Poverty's Heartstone. 12 mo. pp. 101; price \$1.25. New York: Robert M. DeWitt.

This is one of the most interesting and interesting books, and withal one of the most pure in style, that has been given to the public for many months. "The Tenant House" is a domestic story of startling facts and strange experiences, gathered from visits to the tenement houses of New York City. None can read it without being made to "feel another's woe." It is based on facts that will appal the reader, and awaken his warmest sympathies in the cause of humanity. J. M. Whittemore &amp; Co., Boston, are the New England Agents.

THE KANSAS PIONEER.

We commence on the first page of this paper, the publication of an original story of rare merit and absorbing interest, written expressly for the Middlesex Journal, by a gentleman of well established ability as a story writer. The theme is one that cannot fail to interest all readers. The plot is founded upon actual occurrences in the experience of the author. It is no sensation story, got up for effect, but a well written tale of romantic adventures in "the new territory." We venture to assert that all who read it will pronounce it one of the best stories they ever read.

## BOOK NOTICES.

COURTESY AND MATRIMONY: with other sketches from scenes and experiences in Social Life. Particularly adapted for every-day reading. By Robert Morris. 12 mo. pp. 408; price \$1.25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson &amp; Brothers.

This is a volume of beautiful thoughts, clothed in forcible yet elegant language. Its author is editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and is a man of warm heart, fine intellect and cultivated talent. We heartily commend the volume to our readers. One of the sketches contained in it will be found on the last page of this paper.

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OUR BUSINESS FRIENDS.—We call attention to the business cards published on the third page. Here the reader will find represented most of the stores, business and professional men, in Woburn and vicinity. Let the reader look down the columns, and he or she will be sure to find the place where, and the person of whom, to procure most of the needs, necessities and luxuries of life. The business firms and gentlemen there represented have all of them, we may safely say, the reputation of being "honorable men" in their transactions, and deserve the patronage of the public, which we have no doubt they receive to a large extent.

THE subscription for a good newspaper is the best investment a man makes during the year, as it gives to him and his family ten-fold more real benefit and enjoyment than they can obtain from any other source for a like sum.

EVENING SCHOOL.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the special notice of J. J. Ladd, Esq., who proposes to open an evening school at Warren Academy, for instruction in common branches of study. Those who cannot afford the time to attend a day school will do well to patronize Mr. Ladd. We can assure them that by so doing their time and money will be well spent.

INDUPEMENT.—Persons who will send in their names as subscribers, pre-paid for 1859, will receive the Journal from the commencement of this volume to the first of January, 1859, gratuitously.

NO. TWO'S BALL.—The social assembly given by Jacob Webster Engine Company, on Friday evening of last week, was very largely attended, and passed off very pleasantly. The music was good, the ladies handsome and well dressed, the gentlemen kind and courteous, and all went along "merry as a marriage bell." Delegations from the Charlestown, Reading, Stoneham, and other companies, were present.

INDIAN HEAD HOUSE, NASHUA.—This excellent Hotel, presided over by Colonel Mark Gillis, the prince of landlords, is the principal stopping place of travellers visiting Nashua. A friend of ours, who often wields the hospitality of Colonel Gillis, and speaks loudly in praise of the house. We presume he was treated to something remarkably good while there.

ACCIDENT IN STONEHAM.—We understand that a man in Stoneham, by the name of Hay, was very badly scalded, one day this week. He was helping carry a kettle of hot water to be used in scalding hogs. As he was walking backwards, he stumbled and fell, and the water was thrown upon him, scalding his limbs and body so badly that his medical attendant said he could not possibly survive.

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## SOUTH READING.

## GENERAL NEWS.

A union service was held at the Baptist Meeting House, on Thanksgiving day. Rev. Mr. Phillips preached from Psalms 65: 11—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." Last year the service was held in the Congregational Meeting House, sermon by Rev. Mr. Johnson.

All the public schools in town, re-commenced on Monday morning. The teachers are the same, with the exception of the Center Primary No 2, where a pupil of the Greenwood Seminary, Miss Caroline A. Page of Lowell, takes the place of Miss Thompson, resigned.

Henry L. Eaton, Esq., has resigned his charge of the Grammar School, but by request of the Committee has consented to continue his services for two weeks, in order to give them an opportunity to procure another teacher. The Committee will meet at the Grammar School-room on Wednesday, Dec. 8th, to examine applicants and make an appointment.

We are always quite sure to have a taste of cold weather after Thanksgiving. Last week was mild, yet cool enough to preserve the largest and nicest lot of turkeys we ever saw in town. This week the thermometer seems differently affected, a few merry bells jingle, the lads in great numbers skim over the frozen lake, ice-houses are being got in readiness, and preparations are making to fill them. But then December has arrived, so it is winter, and such weather is not out of place. It creates a desire to seek more leisure to be with the family at home, drawing near the well heated stove, or around the blazing fire.

On Saturday last, the morning freight train met with a sad disaster, just before it reached the South Reading station on the Boston and Maine R.R. The cause of the accident was the breaking of a wheel on one of the platform cars, which threw the cars from the track, and with a portion of the freight, presented a doleful heap of ruins. No one was injured.

On Tuesday evening, the burning of Mr. Burham's house in Melrose caused an alarm in this place, though the engine did not go.

About 1 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the roof of the Sash and Blind Factory of Messrs. Roberts &amp; Butterfield, took fire from some cause, but by the assistance of a large number of workmen in the vicinity, the fire was subdued before the engine reached the place. A great number of people were called out, ready for action.

Mrs. F. B. Norris lectured on temperance at the Town Hall, on Sabbath and Tuesday evenings. Her experience is too much of a reality to dwell upon with pleasure, being wedded to one whose dissipation led him to treat his family with neglect and cruelty.

We learn that Mr. Charles E. Locke has disposed of his interest in his Eating Saloon to Mr. Aaron Butler, who was formerly in the business.

## RELATIONSHIP.

Moses, the oldest writer whose works have come to us, in his history gives an account of two young men who could truly use the following language:—

"We are two brothers, two sisters' only sons, Our sisters are our mothers:— How does the relation run?"

Mr. Harwood had two daughters by his first wife, one of whom married John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Mr. Harwood married, and by her had a son; therefore John Coshick's second wife could say:—

"My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother; My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother."

A lady in Iowa, by her recent marriage has become sister-in-law to her father, aunt to her brother, sister to her uncle, daughter to her grandfather, and great aunt to her own children.

It has been remarked that the Mulattos, Sambos, Mestizos, Quadroons, Quinteroons, &amp;c., of Spanish America, by continuing to mingle would, ere long, form an indistinct mass, a new compound nation,—thus uniting in one, the great varieties of our race, white, black and brown from both continents.

The effect of inter-marriage in obliterating or greatly changing such varieties even in a few generations, is often very surprising, and may justify the philosopher who vainly inquires after more than two first parents of the common family of man, while it illustrates the truth of the assertion of inspiration, that God "has made of one blood, all nations of men;" and teaches the absurdity of man's finding his fellow guilty of a skin not coloured like his own, and for such a worthy cause, dooming him to perpetual servitude.

## STONEHAM.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."—It is gratifying for us to know that there are men—energetic, business men, in this nineteenth century, who hold to the above rule, in practice as well as precept. John Hill, Jr., &amp; Co., of Stoneham, who employ hundreds of persons (male and female) in their extensive shoe factory—pay liberally, (not in orders on some speculative trader) but in cash at the end of every month, for all services rendered. In addition to this, each family received from them a good fat turkey for Thanksgiving. There are some fatherless children, to our certain knowledge, who have cause to remember John Hill, Jr., &amp; Company, with gratitude.

The reign of love is not yet over. A Venus was in our midst, and ever-melting Cupid hovered near, and pierced with a venomous dart the tender heart of a luckless swain. Weeks and months did the youth feed the wound in his veins. His bones drank in the poison, and he was consumed by unseen flames. Long and desperate was his struggle for freedom—for life. Overcome at last he resigned himself to his inevitable fate. The chains were placed around his willing neck, and he was led a sacrifice to the altar; and a Scullion sent him blissing to a lovely dell in the Sweet(er) state of matrimony.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

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At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Western Presbyterian Church, held on

Their love—long and ever may it continue to bless (e). Their union—may it grow Sweet(er), and Sweet(er) to the last.

Among the things our citizens had to be thankful for on the Governor's Sunday was the excellent discourse preached by Mr. Swallow, which gave universal satisfaction.

The smiling faces and contented looks of the scholars of the North Grammar School are a sufficient warrant of the wisdom of the School Committee, in placing their old teacher over them again.

Miss Frost has opened a Private School in the South Primary Room. Miss F. is an excellent teacher, and it is hoped she will receive liberal patronage.

## WINCHESTER.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving was observed here in an unusually spirited manner. In the morning, a foot-race was provided for the entertainment of the "fancy," and great numbers flocked to the West Side, in order to witness the contest between the renowned worthies, who delight in the high-sounding titles of, "Young Frity," "Little Sam" and "Ben Holmes." We are advancing, we next expect to hear of some quiet knock-down sport between those pioneers of civilization, the professors of "the manly art of self-defence."

It was rumored about, that a shooting match was taking place in "Turkey Swamp," and from the sound of various reports apparently wafted from that settlement, we should infer that it was time that a detachment of patriotic individuals had undertaken the task of quelling any insubordination among the inhabitants.

Of course we went to church, expecting to hear a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving sermon, but in place thereof, much to the disappointment of ourselves and others, we were regaled with a political essay.

In the evening the Rising Star Division, Sons of Temperance, threw open the doors of their lodge and invited the public to enter and make themselves at home; and the public did avail themselves of the opportunity, and rushed, a large assembly, but a little too promiscuous. The "Social Orchestra" discoursed excellent music, especially the piece entitled "A little more cider too." The young people promenaded, sang, played parlor games, and amused themselves as much as possible. Speeches and sentiments being called for, appropriate remarks were offered by Messrs. Norton, C. Russell, Nichols, Johnson, and others, after which the assembly adjourned, much pleased with the evening's entertainment.

## READING.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

MALTBY HOUSE, Baltimore, Nov. 29.

Once again in the Monumental City, and having a leisure hour I improve it in condensing a few thoughts for the JOURNAL. We have now been here a week, and have had a very pleasant time thus far, and have met with good success. The kind treatment we have received on every hand, especially from the Press, is highly gratifying to us. We have received several invitations to dine with some of the most distinguished men in the city. Our concerts are well attended, and the audiences remain loyal after the close of performance, with steadfast eyes and mouths wide open, thus attesting the satisfaction they take in the music and estimate of "ye olden time."

The religious part of the community we depend principally upon for our patronage, hence here, as elsewhere, we have the first class of people, and consequently intelligent and appreciative audiences. We sometimes wait for them to go out of the hall before going ourselves, but are often compelled to change our minds and make our way out as best we can. Perhaps it



Wednesday evening, Nov. 24th, it was unanimously resolved, "That the thanks of this Board be tendered to Father Kemp and the unequalled corps of 'Old Folks,' for their kind assistance in taking charge of the music of our church on Sabbath evening last." The collection taken up at the time has been placed in the hands of the Dorset Society of the church, and it may be gratifying to you to know that the funds received will gladden the hearts of many poor children who will, partly by your instrumentality, be protected from the storms and cold of winter. The Board would further desire to express their warmest wishes for your usefulness and prosperity.

By order of the Board,  
Romey Town, Sec'y.  
Philadelphia, 24th Nov. 1858.

Our friends at home will see, that although away from home, we do not spend our Sabbaths in roaming about, as is the case with other companies in many cases; hence we gain the respect of the good, and promote our own happiness.

I should be doing injustice to my own feelings did I not speak in the highest terms of the Malby House, L. W. Malby, Esq., proprietor. Mr. M. has been very kind, and understands fully the wants of our company and makes much effort in person to make our stay with him agreeable. He sets one of the best tables I ever sat down to, and the waiters are on hand to prompt and serve, and very unlike some we have met with who keep at more than respectful distance from those who expect their attention. Good bathing rooms are connected with this house, and many of us enjoyed a very pleasant and, what makes it a little more pleasant, at a much less price than travellers generally can obtain them.

I am pleased to observe that Leno, Jr., has taken the pen in his right hand, and is passing evenings in Reading, for which kindnes he will please accept my most hearty thanks. He very pleasantly alludes to a report in circulation, in relation to the "Old Folks" going to Europe, and thinks they will go there about the time the Atlantic Cable gets in full operation. Report is here that they are going to England about the first of May, or that thing, which, I think, is just before going to Europe, and I think our friends in Reading know all about it, or, at least, inform them of our arrival immediately on our reaching London.

LENO.

READING DEPARTMENT.—We very much regret that our Reading correspondence did not come to hand until after the JOURNAL had been prepared for press, consequently too late for this week's paper.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent.—

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1858.

Business is rather improving since the cold weather set in; the Broadway shops are all illuminated with novelties, and are driving a famous trade. Cloaks being the "rage" for ladies' wear this winter, there is an immense demand with the Dry Goods people for all kinds of fine woolen fabrics suited to this purpose. Shawls are mostly given up to the country; great quantities of them were brought here from abroad this season, but were mostly sold to the country trade, some time ago.

Things look rather more encouraging for manufacturing districts. The great ease in the money market, of course provokes a speculative feeling, as capitalists must employ their resources, and if we have a good trade next spring, there are few better investments offered than the cotton and woolen machinery, which is now laid up in the Eastern States, for want of capital to set it in operation. It is to be hoped that manufacturers will revive speedily, for the artisan classes in the large towns and cities have a long and, it is feared, an unusually cold winter before them.

The reign of fashion for the winter is commencing brilliantly. The pageant began with weddings, is combined with private balls, and crowds at the Opera House. Just now the fashionable young men at the Gentiles, in chess, in which abstract game, the redoubtable Morphy's triumphs have excited the interest and ambition of a large section of young New York.

The escape of Dr. Guillardet from his confinement in the City Jail, for an assault of an aggravated character upon Mr. Granston, proprietor of the New York Hotel, is the subject of much private and public animadversion, as the parties are both well known to New Yorkers, and the escape seems to be a clear case of corruption of the officer who had the Doctor in charge. The assault was felonious, and would have subjected Guillardet to imprisonment, had he not been released, probably, quite willing to escape with the loss of \$8,000 bail, which was in the hands of the authorities for his re-appearance.

The arrest of an Irish Rabbi for peddling lottery tickets to his flock, has excited considerable interest and amusement among the Gentiles. It appears that the arrest was at the instigation and on complaint of some of the more respectable and exclusive ones, who are more jealous of the good fame of the Hebrew community. Some of this latter class may be found among the leading men in every business in this city—they generally favor sharp practice with the Gentiles, and though they never become very popular in trade for this reason, they do generally acquire large fortunes in the end; and very frequently when this consolation is achieved, they re-emigrate to Germany, or Poland, or which countries the majority of the Jews are natives, or the immediate descendants of natives.

The Bible in the public schools, is again up for discussion, and there is likely to be a stormy time of it. The political parties are stirring up their roots and putting their iron to heat up for the great campaign of 1860.—In books, there is nothing new.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We would call your attention to the advertisement of Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, which appears in the columns of our present number. From our long acquaintance with the proprietor, and with numerous individuals who have used his preparation with perfect success for the last two years, we feel no hesitation in recommending the article as superior to any other preparation now used for the same purpose, viz: for restoring gray hair to its original color, a sure and perfect cure for baldness, and a never failing preventive for the falling of the hair.

It is decidedly the best and most popular in use for beautifying, preserving, restoring, and strengthening the hair, relieving dandruff, and all eruptions and feverish heat from the scalp.

We speak in relation to the above from what we know, having been personally acquainted with numerous persons who have used the restorative for the above purposes with the most gratifying results.

It is not often we notice a patent medicine, indeed, we think we never noticed one before. Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative is something so superior to most of the preparations of the day, that we cannot forbear asking the attention of our readers to it.—(Catholic Visitor.)

Sold by all good Druggists.

Mr. W. S. Bennett shot a fox last Tuesday, in the woods near North Woburn.

It is reported that Rev. Jonathan Edwards, formerly of this town, has received and accepted a call from the Winthrop Church and Society, in Charlestown, to become their pastor.

Mr. Nehemiah Littlefield, of this town, was badly injured by falling from a load of hay while coming down Salem st., on Tuesday last.

Show us a newspaper whose columns are at all times crowded with new advertisements and we will show you a community alive with business and enterprise. The age is a moving one. A man who stands still in these "latter days," will in a short time find himself behind his competitors.

The magnificent engraving of the Village Blacksmith is now on exhibition at the Woburn Book Store.

Save your Doctor's Bills.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the progress of the consumption, it does more than most Physicians can do. A single trial will satisfy the incredulous.

It is no shame to learn. The shame is to be ignorant.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Those who have been taught to believe that there is no remedy for cancer but the knife, are invited to peruse the following statement. Reuben Withers, late of Brooklyn, and now residing at Marysville, California, was for several years afflicted with cancer, by two physicians, for what they pronounced to be a cancerous tumor on the left breast. Finally they recommended excision, but the patient having heard much of the efficacy of Holloway's Ointment, in such cases, resolved to try its effects before submitting his flesh to steel. He used it in conformity with the directions for two months, at the end of which time the lump had entirely disappeared, and the date of his leaving for San Francisco, in August last, an interval of four weeks, no symptoms of its re-appearance could be discovered. The Pills are equally efficacious in all internal diseases.

Special Notices.

## EVENING SCHOOL.

The School Room in Warren Academy will be open on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 7 until 9 o'clock, for the benefit of any who have not the opportunity of attending a day school. Instruction will be given in Writing, Reading, Spelling, Bookkeeping, Declaration and Dialogue or Colloquial speaking.

Tuition for 12 weeks, \$4.50.

JOHN J. LAIRD, Principal.

A CARD.

JOHN M. LEACH and WARD tender their heartfelt thanks to the friends and neighbors for the kind assistance and sympathy constantly afforded during the long and distressing sickness of their children, and especially for the unexpected donation of *valuable medicines* in money. May Heaven's richest blessings ever rest upon them and theirs.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The sixth Lecture before the Woburn Lyceum will be delivered by

HON. J. V. C. SMITH, M. D., in the Lyceum Hall, on Monday Evening, Dec. 6th, 1858, at 7 o'clock.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.

EPHRAIM CUTLER, Secretary.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1858.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Subscriber is the SPECIAL AGENT for Woburn, by appointment of the Board of Directors, of the South Reading Mutual Safety Fire Insurance Company, and is prepared to take risks for said Company at the usual rates—being as low as those of any other mutual fire insurance company.

Woburn, Dec. 1858. JOHN J. PIPPY.

TOWN NOTICE.

The Selectmen of Woburn will meet at their Rooms, Wade's Block, on the First and Third Monday EVENING of EACH MONTH, at six o'clock, for the transaction of Town business.

Per order of Selectmen,  
R. L. CONVERSE, Chairman.

Woburn, March 27, 1858. If.

WIGS! WIGS!

BATHOLOMEW WIGS TO PUPES surpass all. They are elegant, light, easy and durable.

Fitting to a monarch. No sticking up behind. No skinning of the head. Made at 333 Broadway, New York.

JOHN J. PIPPY.

DISPENSARY.

Considering the various forms in which this disease presents itself, it may be called "hydra-headed." In its train follow *Indigestion, Pain in Stomach, Headache, Water Brash, Constipation, Flatulence, Torpidity of the Liver, Discolored, Debility, Female Complaint, &c.* Some of the first men in our land have given their written certificates relative to the cures effected in our own persons by the OXYGENATED BITTERS; while testimonials from other sources, editorial opinions and voluntary expressions from persons who are averse to see their names in print, are perfectly overwhelming.

Read the following from a highly respectable Clergyman:

EAST TAUNTON, Mass., Feb. 9, 1858.

To the Editor of the Portland Mirror.—Sir—

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—For more than twenty-five years I have been a sufferer from the dyspepsia, or indigestion, of the stomach, and family physicians in the almost endless trial of the various patent medicines, I have tried a great variety of patent medicines, but without success. I received last March, half a dozen bottles of OXYGENATED BITTERS. I began to use them without any hope of deriving benefit from them. Being determined to give them a trial, I continued their use, but without any perceptible benefit till June.

Since then I have gradually improved in health, and am now free from acidity of the stomach, and from the consequent flatulence, and almost daily relieved of sick headache, which often, for days together, has wholly incapacitated me for study and for all other mental duties, and rendered life a burden.

Had I not used OXYGENATED BITTERS, I should have been a confirmed invalid, and a great deal of suffering and expense would have been incurred. I am, in my estimation, a sure remedy for that most trying, most vexing, and cruel of all diseases, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and I feel bound to state that I have suffered so long, and tried so many different remedies, and that I have been cured by the OXYGENATED BITTERS with a confidence few others can feel.

One of the readers of the Mirror are suffering, I hear, from indigestion, and I feel bound to state that I have been cured by the OXYGENATED BITTERS with a confidence few others can feel.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and sold by

B. W. Conant and Jacob Smith, Woburn; Nichols, Wm. & Co., North Woburn; Thomas Pratt and Thomas Richardson, Reading; Charles E. Locke, Boston; J. H. Goodrich, Stoughton; Josiah Hovey Winslow, H. S. Nichols; W. A. Nichols; Josiah T. Perkins, Lexington, and by all dealers in medicine.

Just published, by FREDERICK & CO., Bookellers and Stationers, No. 13 Court Street, Boston, a Brief Treatise of 64 pages, on Diseases of the Sexual System of both Sexes—their symptoms and treatment—prepared by a physician of the "Boston Eclectic Hospital." This work also contains a scorching exposure of the deception and imposture practiced by advertising quacks, with some of their names and locations. Sold by periodical dealers generally, sent by mail on the receipt of three postage stamps. Address Box 1802, Boston Post Office.

## Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor!

In all diseases inflammation more or less predominant, now to allay inflammation strikes at the root of disease—hence an immediate cure.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor, and nothing else, will allay inflammation at once, and make a certain cure.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor will cure the following, from a great catalogue of diseases:—Barns, Scalds, Cuts, Chafes, Sore Nipples, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Strains, Rashes, Pains, Chills, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Spleen, Piles, Ear-ache, Itch, Sore Eyes, Gout, Swellings, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Stomach, Blisters, Erysipelas, Ring-Worm, Barber's Itch, Small Pox, Measles, Rash, &c.

To some it may appear incredible that so many diseases should be reached by one article; such an idea will vanish when reflection points to the fact, that the Salve is a combination of ingredients, each and every one applying a perfect antidote to its opposite disorder.

Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor in its effects is magical, because the time is so short between disease and a permanent cure; it is an extractor, as it draws all disease out of the affected part, leaving nature as perfect as before the injury.

It is scarcely necessary to say that no house, work shop, or manufactory should be one moment without it. No Pain Extractor is genuine unless the box has on it a steel plate engraving, with the name of Henry Dalley, Manufacturer.

For sale by all the Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Principal Depot, 105 Chambers St., N. Y.

Jan. 2—ly. C. F. CHACE.

## Hair Dye—Hair Dye—Hair Dye!

WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE!

Gray, Red, or Rusty Hair Dye! Instantly to a beautiful and natural brown or black, without the least injury to hair or skin.

FIFTY MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS have been awarded to Wm. A. Batchelor since 1850, and over 85,000 applications have been made to the HAIR of his patrons of his famous DYE. Prejudice against Dyeing the Hair and Whiskers is unjust, as it would be against covering a bald head with a wig.

WM. A. BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE produces a color not to be distinguished from nature, and is warranted not to injure in the least, however long it may be continued.

Made, sold or applied (in 9 private rooms) at the Wig Factory, 203 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in all cities and towns of the United States, by Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers.

"The genuine has the name and address upon a steel plate engraving on four sides of each bottle. WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, 203 Broadway, New York."

Jan. 2—ly.

## A Proclamation! To the Ladies!

WHEREAS, it appears that the days of right, honor, and integrity are fast falling away, and WHEREAS, the unscrupulous and ignorant are daily taking advantage of the profound and learned, BE IT KNOWN, THEREFORE, to all, whether MAIDS, WIVES, or WIDOWS, that Dr. CHEESEMAN'S FEMALE PILLS are ALONE the certain panacea for the troubles incident to female disorders, and they ALONE correcting the painful menstruation, assuaging palpitation of the heart, disturbed sleep, pain in the chest, and causing health and happiness to the whole sex; more especially to the MARRIED PORTION, as they are certain to bring on the monthly period with regularity.

WHEREAS, these PILLS are purely vegetable, and entirely free from minerals, therefore perfectly harmless in their operations, and wholly unlike other medicines thrust upon the public, purporting to effect the objects already stated. THEREFORE BE IT KNOWN, that NOTHING but the said Pills of Dr. CHEESEMAN will accomplish the desired object when disappointment has been experienced under the regime of other Pills; and the Ladies will cause this Proclamation to spread amongst them, to their own everlasting benefit and to the glory of the Pills.

Proclamation in one case must be considered null and void; that is to say, that the Pills must not be taken when any female is in an interesting situation, otherwise miscarriage will be the inevitable result. Explicit directions, to be carefully read, accompany each box. Price \$1. Sent by mail on enclosing \$1 to Dr. Cornelius L. Cheesman, Box 4531 Post Office, New York City. Sold by one Druggist in every town in the United States.

Given under my hand and seal, C. L. CHEESEMAN, M. D.

K. B. HUTCHINGS, General Agent for the United States, 615 Chambers St., New York. To whom all wholesale orders should be addressed.

AGENTS—Thomas Richardson, Reading; B. W. Conant, Woburn.

Jan. 2—ly.

Married.

In Lyndeboro, N. H., Nov. 25th, by Rev. E. B. Claggett, Mr. EDWIN L. KINT to Miss DIANTRA T. TIPP, both of this town.

In the new church at North Carver, Nov. 24th, by Rev. William C. Whitcomb, Mr. CHARLES H. CHASE, to Miss LAURA A. COLE, all of Carver.

By the same, at the same time and place, Mr. WM. H. BARROW, of New York City, to Miss ALMIRA H. COBB, of Martha's Vineyard, daughter of Dea. Thomas Cobb, of North Carver.

Died.

In Cummingsboro, 24th inst., CHARLES O., aged 1 years, 20 days; 26th inst., GEORGE L., aged 1 year, 22 days, twin sons of John M. Leach.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In Woburn, Nov. 26th, Mrs. SOPHIA A. BELL, aged 37 years.

In this town, Nov. 23d, MARY FRANCIS GIBNEY, aged 1 year, 4 months, 29 days.

In Winchester, 27th ult., Mr. THOMAS T. LAW, aged 92 years.

In South Reading, Nov. 27th, Mrs. MARY RAYNER, in her 90th year.

In South Reading, Nov. 29th, Mrs. MARY EATON, wife of Mr. Jacob Eaton, aged 20 years, 9 months.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 6th, 1858, trains will leave Boston, for—

Wilton, Manchester, Concord and Upper Railroads, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

Wilton, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

Lowell, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

North Billerica, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

Wilmington, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

Woburn, 7:30 a.m., 12 m., 5 p.m.

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## New Advertisements.

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN!

THE Subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favors. Gentlemen of

Elegant, Rich & Fashionable Garments.

—AS WELL AS—

Clothing for Common Wear.

are solicited to examine my New Stock of Cloths, Vestings, Coatings, and Pantaloonery,

the largest variety of which, and which has been selected with much care from the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These GOODS, many of which are adapted to FALL AND WINTER WEAR!

are offered to the public at LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I GUARANTEE to give those who favor me with their orders, GARMENTS which, for

FIT AND FINISH,

they will at once appreciate and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect satisfaction.

I have also a large assortment of appropriate fabrics, FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

A select assortment of FANCY FURNISHING GOODS constantly on hand.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1858. G. R. GAGE.

Jan. 2—ly.

Now is the Time!

As cold weather advances, AND JACK FROST is around, TO BUY UP YOUR WOOLLEN, And keep yourselves sound.

I have now on hand an unusually large assortment OF ALL THE DESIRABLE FABRICS,

in various styles, for WINTER USE, to which I invite the attention of purchasers.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF Shawls, Tubets, & Cloakings of all kinds, Flannels, White, Colored, and Twilled, of all kinds; Cotton, do, the best made; and all the latest styles of

Linen, Opera do, in beautiful Colors, Woolens, for Men's and Boy's Wear, in great variety.

I have just replenished my Stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, which will be found very complete. Also, a great variety of SMALL WARES, useful in the family. All will be offered at PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL BUYER.

C. E. MOISE.

Woburn, Dec. 4, 1858—ly.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO REPLENISH YOUR WARDROBE! CLOTHING IS CHEAP! Sack and Frock Coats from \$2.50 to \$5.00; Pants from \$1.50 to \$3.00; Vests from \$1.00 to \$2.00; Collars, Cuffs, and Neckties, from 25 cents to \$1.00. A large assortment of

Garments at the following prices: 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.25, 3.50, 3.75, 4.00, 4.25, 4.50, 4.75, 5.00, 5.25, 5.50, 5.75, 6.00, 6.25, 6.50, 6.75, 7.00, 7.25, 7.50, 7.75, 8.00, 8.25, 8.50, 8.75, 9.00, 9.25, 9.50, 9.75, 10.00, 10.25, 10.50, 10.75, 11.00, 11.25, 11.50, 11.75, 12.00, 12.25, 12.50, 12.75, 13.00, 13.25, 13.50, 13.75, 14.00, 14.25, 14.50, 14.75, 15.00, 15.25, 15.50, 15.75, 16.00, 16.25, 16.50, 16.75, 17.00, 17.25, 17.50, 17.75, 18.00, 18.25, 18.50, 18.75, 19.00, 19.25, 19.50, 19.75, 20.00, 20.25, 20.50, 20.75, 21.00, 21.25, 21.50, 21.75, 22.00, 22.25, 22.50, 22.75, 23.00, 23.25, 23.50, 23.75, 24.00, 24.25, 24.50, 24.75, 25.00, 25.25, 25.50, 25.75, 26.00, 26.25, 26.50, 26.75, 27.00, 27.25, 27.50, 27.75, 28.00, 28.25, 28.50, 28.75, 29.00, 29.25, 29.50, 29.75, 30.00, 30.25, 30.50, 30.75, 31.00, 31.25, 31.50, 31.75, 32.00, 32.25, 32.50, 32.75, 33.00, 33.25, 33.50, 33.75, 34.00, 34.25, 34.50, 34.75, 35.00, 35.25, 35.50, 35.75, 36.00, 36.25, 36.50, 36.75, 37.00, 37.25, 37.50, 37.75, 38.00, 38.25, 38.50, 38.75, 39.00, 39.25, 39.50, 39.75, 40.00, 40.25, 40.50, 40.75, 41.00, 41.25, 41.50, 41.75, 42.00, 42.25, 42.50, 42.75, 43.00, 43.25, 43.50, 43.75, 44.00, 44.25, 44.50, 44.75, 45.00, 45.25, 45.50, 45.75, 46.00, 46.25, 46.50, 46.75, 47.00, 47.25, 47.50, 47.75, 48.00, 48.25, 48.50, 48.75, 49.00, 49.25, 49.50, 49.75, 50.00, 50.25, 50.50, 50.75, 51.00, 51.25, 51.50, 51.75, 52.00, 52.25, 52.50, 52.75, 53.00, 53.25, 53.50, 53.75, 54.00, 54.25, 54.50, 54.75, 55.00, 55.25, 55.50, 55.75, 56.00, 56.25, 56.50, 56.75, 57.00, 57.25, 57.50, 57.75,



## Poetry.

## HOW WE KISSED.

The snow lay on the window panes,  
Winds howled along the leafless lanes;  
Within, the fire shone bright and clear,  
And Ben sat there and I sat here.

I watched the glow upon his cheek,  
When summer left a sunny streak;  
Like people the snow teeth appeared  
That glinted through his tawny beard.

"I love you, Dora," murmured Ben;  
"Ah! will you love me back again?"  
His voice was sweeter than the tune  
Of bugles playing beneath the moon!

I took two fillets from a bowl,  
Two fillets smooth, and brown and whole;  
To each I gave a secret name,  
And placed them near the nearest flame.

They blazed and burned upon the bars,  
And shot a thousand fiery stars;  
I trembled lest a certain one  
Should leap, and leave my hopes undone.

My fears were vain—my heart was shamed:  
The nuts with an avowance flamed;  
"They burnt together!" I quick cried,  
And Ben crept closer to my side.

"They cling together, firm and true;  
Each burns for each, as I for you.  
Thus let our lives together glow—  
Nay, Dora! crush that jesting 'No'!"

The hand that stole around my waist,  
The lips that dared my lips to taste,  
The breast that hid my blushing cheek,  
Translated what I did not speak.

And now the white snow, come again,  
Once more flows through our window-pane;  
As Ben and I sit side by side,  
Nor has the flame we warmed with died.

## OLD JOKES VERSIFIED.

The plough o'er a desert wild  
Should never be sent to the field;  
For he at any time can  
The sand which is around him.

It might seem odd that he could find  
Such profitable fare,  
Did not we know the son of Ham  
Were bred and nurtured there.

At church, Joe says, his manly heart  
With true devotion swells,  
Disproving that—as some assert—  
He's led there by the force of habit.

While Jane, the hapless of coquettes,  
Whose eye ne'er grows dim,  
Most proudly employs her time  
In looking for the hims—Boston Post.

## The Policy of Minding One's Own Business.

"O wad some power the gifts give us,  
To see oursel's as others see us."  
It is curious to observe the disposition that

prevails with many people to interfere with the business of their neighbors, and to neglect their own. They are always on the look-out for something new, some fresh piece of scandal, some misrepresentation or calumny, and really glow with delight when they are able to indulge their peculiar propensity.

There are in every large community, individuals who for years have been busily engaged, day in and day out, in hunting up the shortcomings of their fellow-creatures, and spreading the details before the world in as vivid language as possible. The idea of attending to their own business never seems to strike them. Their own follies and frailties are scarcely noticed at all, and are regarded as of no account whatever. But let another take a false step, or let any member of a neighboring family commit an oversight or an error, and the fact is caught up with eagerness, is retailed from door to door, and however trifling, it is magnified into a grave and serious affair. In the great multitude of cases, the successful in life are those who attend to their own business, while the reverse is exactly the case with the intermeddlers, the scandal-mongers, the curiosity-hunters, the mischief-makers, and the Paul Pry's generally of the hour. And how can it be otherwise?

How can a man watch his own affairs thoroughly and properly—how can he attend to his own business, fulfill his engagements, and discharge his duties, if he be engaged four-fifths of his time with the affairs of other people? The idlers to be found at the corners of streets, the loungers of bar-rooms, and all the numerous class of do-nothings who constitute such a pest to society, are for the most part to be ranked among the intermeddlers of the time, who are on the qui vive for something new and rare, something calculated to injure this man's credit, or to wound that man's character, something that has merely the shadow of truth by way of foundation, but may be exaggerated by distortion and perversion into the serious, painful and discreditable. If the good old system of minding one's own business, could only be recognized and practised universally, the wheels of society would roll along much more smoothly, there would be less unkindness and ill-will in the world, and far more comfort, courtesy, true social enjoyment, and genuine contentment and happiness. We are told that this country is peculiarly addicted to the infirmity of idle curiosity. As a people, we seem to be remarkably meddlesome. The affairs of our neighbors are watched with singular vigilance, and their modes of dress, their style of living, their revenue, the very food they eat, are constant subjects of comment and criticism. This is the case, not only in large cities, but in small towns. It thus becomes necessary to live, not as one could wish, nor as seems best suited to one's family and circumstances, but in conformity with true economy and self-dependence, but so as to harmonize with the views or escape the animadversions of the critics and lookers-on outside. And hence it is that so many live for others and to satisfy the judgment of others, and not in conformity with their own wishes. Nay, there are thousands who have gone deliberately to ruin, who have sacrificed themselves in fact, rather than be subjected to the severe remarks of the curious, and prying and intermeddling. In other words, they have lived beyond their means, and simply with the object of satisfying the many who neglect their own business for the purpose of watching over, analyzing and speculating upon the affairs of others. In some cases, this nuisance of prying, retelling and falsifying, becomes intolerable, and the sensitive and diffident are absolutely made miserable thereby. Doubtless some of our readers could furnish forcible illustrations. Nothing is more annoying than a consciousness that some idle and malicious individual is constantly on the look-out for an opportunity

to misrepresent and calumniate—that his disposition is one of animosity and malevolence combined, and that in consequence of some morbid perversion of the moral nature, the anxiety and unhappiness of another constitutes a source of satisfaction to such a specimen of the intermeddling, the suspicious, and the malignant. How often does it happen that three or four individuals are engaged together in confidential conversation, when another makes his appearance, listens against all rules of propriety and gentlemanly breeding, catches up a word here and there, and then hastens elsewhere to repeat and distort. It is the easiest thing in the world to find flaws in the human character. No mortal man is perfect. There are few individuals without their infirmities, and there are few families without some painful associations, some erring member, or some unfortunate connection. But it is a part of duty, of courtesy, and of brotherly good-will, to overlook and avoid all allusion to such sad features or circumstances. Or, if compelled to advert to them, to do so in a spirit of forbearance, generosity and magnanimity. Not so, however, the intermeddler. His disposition is to make bad worse, to exaggerate follies into crime, to carry discord into families that were before tranquil and happy, to hunt out forgotten errors and frailties, and recapitulate them in strong language—in short, to become a pest, a nuisance and a curse to social life. The penalty, too, is fearful for himself. He is certain to be despised and contemned, to be disliked and avoided. His own affairs will infallibly go behindhand, and his presence be avoided like that of a moral pestilence.—Rob. Morris.

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal the petticoats, bonnets, and the crib babies.

Yes, and hook the eyes, too.

Why is a youth like a church robbed of its bibles, prayer-books, &c.?

He is in a state of pew-pillage.

To love and to labor is the sum of living; and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love.

The man who undertakes to blast his neighbor's prospects, would too short a fuse, and get blown up himself.

Bribery—Offering you a pair of lips—for a Justifiable Corruption—Taking the bribe.

Too much is seldom enough.—Pumping after your bucket is full, prevents its keeping so.

Fair dealing is the bond and cement of society.

All things are soon prepared in a well ordered house.

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

Blessed are they who pay their debts.

Rabies and babies are the emblems of love—especially the babies.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in the year.

In the Malay language the same word signifies woman and flowers.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

One never loses by doing a good turn.

One of the best remedies to ease a cough, and relieve tightness of the chest, is an application of "MY MOTHER'S SALVE." It relieves pain. It heals wounds. It cures ailments in medicines generally. See advertisement.

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## B. W. CONANT,

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.**  
The store formerly occupied by Mr. Charles C. Smith, Nos. 2 & 3 WADSWORTH ST., where also may be found a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first class drug store. He pledges to the public, and Physicians in particular, that every article used by him in Pharmacy shall be of the first quality.

Strict personal attention paid to putting up Physicians' prescriptions. Compounding and delivery of Family Medicines at all hours of the day or night, and at as low a rate as can be afforded.

He has the honor to announce the arrival of  
SIXTH W. FOWLER, Druggist, of Boston.  
SIXTH W. FOWLER, Druggist, of Boston.  
SIXTH W. FOWLER, Druggist, of Boston.

Also to Dr. Henry Bartlett, Charles E. Winship, Dr. E. C. Cutting, Horatio G. Morse, John S. Flint, Henry A. Martin, Timothy R. Nute, and A. L. Cummings, City Physicians.

Woburn, May 1st, 1858.

## LUMBER!

**SAMUEL L. THOMPSON, at his Wharf in EAST CAMBRIDGE, next to Craig's Bridge, offers to the public a large assortment of LUMBER, at prices which will not fail to give satisfaction, consisting of**

**Finis and Spruce Timber**  
for frames of Houses, Stores, Churches, &c.  
**DIMENSION PINE AND SPRUCE TIMBER**  
Sawed by Scheide, furnished at short notice.

Eastern Pine, Spruce and Hemlock Boards & Plank, Eastern Pine and Spruce Laths, Pickets, Clapboards, Shingles, &c.

Also—A large assortment of Dressed Lumber, housed in great order, consisting of—  
Pine and Spruce Boards, planed and matched.  
Pine and Spruce Laths, planed and matched.  
Pine and Spruce Laths, planed and matched.

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## To the Citizens of Massachusetts!

GRAVEL, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

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## WOBBURN BOOK STORE.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS, STATIONERY, WRITING PAPERS, BLANK BOOKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FANCY GOODS, &c.







## The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, unless previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (forty lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (even lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 37 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, *London*, 12 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted "UNTIL ORDERED OUT," and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

## AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.  
York & N. H. RAILROAD, (opposite to V. B. Palmer's Building, Court Street, Boston); and JOHN RICHMOND, Boston.  
South Woburn—Messrs. J. H. MASSFIELD.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.  
S. M. PETERSON & CO., Boston and New York.  
S. R. NILES, (opposite to V. B. Palmer's Building, Court Street, Boston); and JOHN RICHMOND, Boston.  
South Woburn—Messrs. J. H. MASSFIELD.  
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent equalled by no other paper. It is not only a medium for the publication of advertisements, but a paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by ALL ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

## JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of JOB PRINTING. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper, regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A." Woburn. "The Literature of Captivity" has been crowded out this week by matters of a local nature. We will probably find room for it in our next issue.  
"J. H." Winchester. We are much pleased to hear from you. "Something each week from your pen and your literary friends" will be very acceptable.  
"N." Your "few random thoughts" are worthy, and will appear in our next issue.  
"E.H.A." Please invoke the muse again. The sentiments you express are the conceptions of a poetical mind, but the construction of the stanza is perhaps open to objection. Try again.  
"W. L." The editor will be pleased to receive a call from you.  
"ONE OF THE PEOPLE." Would you not effect your object by explanation with the committee more readily than by the publication of the matter complained of?

"SADLER BAGE." Your second letter arrived just as we were closing up the number of this week. We regret this, as it is of a character so interesting that we would be pleased to publish it.

## The Middlesex Journal.

## WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

## BE SOCIAL.

Has it ever occurred to the people of this goodly town that they are exceedingly deficient in true sociability? Have they any idea how great an amount of real happiness is to be derived from a free interchange of thought and sympathy between neighbors and friends, by means of unceremonious, neighborly visits? Nowhere is the social element of society so well developed and so highly cultivated as in sparsely settled rural districts. There all are indeed brethren, mutually interested in each other's welfare. We see there no standing off at a distance—a saying by actions, done come near me, for I belong to the "upper ten." Exclusiveness, that ban of society, the legitimate offspring of a heavy purse and an empty brain, is known there only by name. But should it make its appearance, should a family, after a visit to Saratoga, Newport, or some other equally important place, attempt, on their return home, to put on airs as well as other ridiculous things, and essay to stand aloof from their honest, intelligent, though homespun neighbors, they would be just "let alone," and be allowed to come to their senses at their leisure—a result that would not be long in taking place. The mutual dependence more strongly felt in the country, though existing quite as much in our large suburban villages, is the secret bond of union that renders them one great family, actuated by a regard for each other's highest welfare and happiness. The custom of inviting a neighboring family to take tea and spend a long winter evening in social converse—what are all our great parties, our assemblies, &amp;c., &amp;c., in comparison? They afford, to be sure, an opportunity for a display of the rustic and glitter that money procures, but nothing better, while they are the hot beds where jealousy and envy spring up and grow luxuriantly. Many have not the means necessary to attend such gatherings, and many more have not the least desire to do so. There is but little, if any, of the real, social element—that which does our whole being good—in such meetings. Many an iceberg floats, so brilliantly illuminated and decorated, sailing through the sea of life, but its interior is empty, and imparting its own coldness to every one that comes near it.

There is need of more sociability in this place. We need an introduction of the good old customs of our fathers and mothers. Selfishness is in the ascendant—a supreme regard for ourselves to the exclusion of all others—bidding fair to render us social beings no longer. We are in danger of becoming like the trees of a forest, over which the devouring element has swept, leaving them blackened and desolate, stripped of their comeliness and destitute of beauty. True, we are to seek for the development of our social being around the hearth of home. But this is not enough. A wider range is needed, and selfishness will utter even there, and destroy the fairest buds ere they attain to maturity. And even here—in this only paradise on earth—we fear that the unalloyed feelings which are brought into existence in the

counting room and amid the competition and strife of trade, enter, spreading a cloud over sunny hearts, and putting out the sacred fires that should ever burn brightly upon the altar of the heart. With us it is all business, business, money, money, more money, and no time is left, from the opening of the eyes in the morning till they close in sleep at night, for thinking of much else.

The man of business, when he shuts his safe and closes the door of his place of trade, should leave his business there. He should bid the petty annoyances he has too well known during the day, trouble him no longer. The remembrance of an affectionate family at home, awaiting his return, should scatter the clouds that have been darkening his brow in deeper and heavier folds. Let him see to it that he meets them with a smile, and allows the looks of gladness they offer, to sink into his heart and render him contented and happy.

It is the custom in this day of improvements, to do every thing upon a large scale. Machinery is devised to relieve the hand, and to do work quicker and—and it is pretended—better. All attempts to apply this way of doing things to the education of our social and moral natures, will prove a failure. We shall need only to judge of results to become convinced of it. As social and moral beings we are individuals, and as individuals we must use or abuse the talents with which we are endowed. If we sow tares in our own hearts, and plant thorns in society where we might and ought to have sown flowers, as individuals we must answer alike for what we have done, and what we might have done. Each of us—without public display, and public applause—must do our duty to ourselves and toward our neighbors. If we find that we have been allowing the weeds of selfishness and exclusiveness to find root in our hearts, we must pull them out, even though the pain and the sacrifice be great. We have only to adopt the second table of the decalogue, and love our neighbors as ourselves—though perhaps some ought to do better than that—and there would be a speedy improvement in society. We should then become more social, more kindly disposed toward all others; we should seek to smooth their pathway, to lighten their burdens, and to enhance their joys; while a reflex influence, would be exerted upon ourselves, brightening our sky, and rendering life more desirable for the good we could do unto others.

## Friendly Counsel to the Middlesex Delegation in the Legislature.

GENTLEMEN:—When young men are about setting out upon any new enterprise, especially when their pathway lies amid regions hitherto unexplored by them, and is liable to be beset on every side by temptations and snares, and cunningly devised guiles, a kindly word or two from one who has seen a little of the world and of life, as it is, (ahem!) may encourage you and strengthen you for the hour of trial. We address you because we feel a deep interest in your success. Many eyes will watch your every step, and some would even rejoice should they but see you stumble and fall. You will find, not to your sorrow and regret, we trust—that the allurements employed to draw you from the path of virtue and integrity, will be neither few nor feeble. Be then ever upon your guard, and, like the Pilgrim after his terrible conflict with Apollyon, carry the sword of truth ever drawn in your hand, with which to put to flight the minions of the prince of this world. It will be well for you, inexperienced as you are, to have some settled rules of action, well considered, upon which you can rely under circumstances requiring instant decision. We think the following will meet your wants, though we are as conscious of their lack of perfection as you can be:

- 1st. Remember that you hold *Honorable* and dignified positions; see to it that you fill them with *dignity*.
- 2d. Be modest. Remember the old maxim, that modesty sits gracefully upon youth.
- 3d. Should you conclude to make speeches, don't fire until the game is in sight. And should you think it advisable to deliver them in the barn, in order to witness their effect upon a bovine audience, be sure that no reporters are sufficiently near to "steal your thunder."
- 4th. Should you find that you have a very large number of acquaintances and friends, more by far than you ever supposed, accept this as an additional proof of your fitness for the office you hold.
- 5th. Don't blush to hear yourselves addressed by honorable titles. Let your honors sit upon you easily and gracefully.
- 6th. Be careful and keep clear of all Committees that are not held in good reputation. Remember the past, and learn wisdom.
- 7th. Be cautious about Lobbying, as unpleasant circumstances have been known to arise in connection with these services.
- 8th. Be wary of late Suppers, Parker-House Committees, Lager Beer Saloons, Old Bourbon, and other eat ceteras—especially the eat ceteras. Young men are sometimes led astray by such attractions.
- 9th. Finally. If you feel willing to serve your country still longer, and wish for a reelection, keep on good terms with the Reporters.

WOBURN INSTITUTE.—An Association "for purposes of moral improvement, mental culture and social intercourse," was organized, on Thursday evening, at a meeting of citizens held in the lower hall of the Lyceum Building, a preliminary meeting having been held on the previous Tuesday evening. W. T. Grammer presided, and C. C. Woodman acted as Secretary. The organization was effected by the adoption of a constitution for the future government of the Institute, and the election of the following board of officers:

President—W. T. Grammer.  
Vice President—Joshua E. Littlefield.  
Secretary—Charles W. Stevens.  
Treasurer—J. W. Hammond.  
Directors—L. P. Davis, H. P. Champney, E. D. Hayden, Dyer Freeman, John J. Ladd.  
The Institute will for the present hold its meetings every Thursday evening, in the lower hall of the Lyceum Building.

DONATION.—We are informed that Mr. Edward Butler last week made a donation of a number of books to the Woburn Irish Literary Society.

## Woburn Lyceum.

Dr. Smith, late Mayor of Boston, gave the sixth Lecture of the present course on Monday evening. He was not among the lecturers originally secured for the series, but was engaged as substitute for Mr. D. A. Wells, who, for some reason unexplained by the Committee, did not meet his engagement. We cannot well estimate the loss or gain to the Lyceum by the change, as the capacity of Mr. Wells to interest an audience has never been tested here. We think, however, we are quite safe in saying that the inquiry into his qualifications, or the cause of his failure to appear, will not be pushed very far.

The lecture by Dr. Smith was one of those that are always received with marked favor. He treats science much after the fashion that Rev. Mr. Fletcher deals with history and travel—that is, he talks about it. The audience are all made the speaker's personal friends, and he tells them in the most commonplace and familiar way respecting things that interest them. No matter if they knew it all before, which to be sure is not likely to be the case, still it is pleasant and profitable.

The subject of the Doctor's remarks, was the organs and processes of respiration, particularly in the lower animals. He began by describing the breathing apparatus in man, showing its necessity and purpose. Air, he said, is the great vitalizer. On this, every living thing depends for existence. When inhaled into the lungs, it is distributed to every one of the innumerable cells of which they are composed, and there parts with its oxygen to the blood by which that fluid is renovated, and sent again on its life-giving course to the extremities of the system. In this connection the Doctor gave some excellent hints on ventilation, also upon the tendency in our population, especially among females, to diseases of the lungs. These were owing, as he believed, in a considerable measure to the want of a proper oxidation of the blood. Fresh air is not breathed in sufficient quantities. We confine ourselves too closely to small and ill ventilated apartments. Our sleeping rooms are so carefully closed, that a supply of pure air through the night is almost impossible. There is no better way to guard against that insidious destroyer, consumption, than to breathe fresh air, and to exercise in the open air. In many cases, where there is constitutional predisposition to this disease, life may be preserved to the usual length, or at least greatly prolonged by a rigid observance of this precaution. The lecturer then proceeded with his description of the functions of respiration as found in some of the crustacea, fishes, reptiles and birds. To exhibit these he presented drawings of these organs in these different classes of animated nature. The oyster, which is not generally suspected of breathing, was first alluded to, and its peculiar process of taking in and expelling air very clearly explained. The clam and lobster were also mentioned, and the variations of this function in them described. The frog and toad were next adverted to, and in connection with clear and simple explanations of the organs for aerating the blood, interesting remarks were made about their uses and habits. Toads were particularly recommended to the protection of those who would rid their gardens of insect pests, and frog concerts will henceforth be more thoroughly appreciated from the animated description given of their methods of producing their varied musical tones, and the fascinating process of their life. The lizard tribe were then taken up, and a lucid exposition given of its methods of breathing. He also alluded to the wonderful power of reproducing a lost member possessed by this and similar reptiles, and the great value of this bountiful provision of nature to them. The aerating process in fishes was next described. In most kinds this is done by the gills. The lamprey eel is provided with several spiracles on each side below the mouth for this purpose. The whale, he said, is no fish, as it has lungs like the human species and cannot breathe under water. Our courts of law have decided against its claims to the piscatory character.

The lecturer then referred to the breathing function in birds. He exhibited the section of an ostrich to illustrate it. Birds require more air than insects or quadrupeds. Their bones are hollow, and the cavity of the chest is divided into compartments which are inflated when in flight. Man can never fly, as he cannot introduce sufficient air into his system to attain the required buoyancy. We suppose the learned Doctor meant to include the ladies under the general term—man; but he may be called upon soon to modify his statement if they should deem it expedient to slightly enlarge their skirts.

From the birds the lecturer passed to the insects. The mechanism for breathing in this department of nature is different from all others, and very beautifully contrived. His diagram contained a rare specimen of one species, which created especial admiration. He not only described its method of recuperating its vital powers, but very graphically illustrated with his thumbs the manner of terminating its existence. The mouth or proboscis of the insect is never used in respiration, but the process is carried on through numerous apertures on the surface of their bodies. Air is conducted through these and thus the blood is renovated. The very many incidental remarks made by the lecturer on the value and characteristics of the different animals, cannot be given without greatly extending this report. They were all interesting to the audience and germane to the topic he was treating. Such a fund of anecdote and illustration, of facts and hints, and brief charming episodes, are not found in the possession of every man. The Doctor gave more time than is usually allotted to a lecture, but he could have easily got a vote for another half hour, and there would have been no ways to have been counted. May this worthy son of science long live to instruct and entertain his fellow citizens on the lecture platform, whether he succeeds or not in his renewed enterprise with regard to the Mayoralty.

STONEHAM LIGHT INFANTRY.—The social party of this company, held in the Town Hall, Stoneham, last evening, was a very gay assembly, well conducted and ably managed, and passed off much to the enjoyment of the large company present.

STONEHAM HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.—This company intend giving a grand Firemen's Military and Civic Ball, on Christmas Eve, Dec. 21st, in the Town Hall, Stoneham, judging by the array of names on the Committee, it is safe to say that this will be one of the best parties of the season. We hope to be there to see.

TO DYSPYPTICS.—Soda, Magnesia, and all pike watching the bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner, and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—be hind so many scales.

## Surprise Visit and Presentation to Niagara Engine Company.

With pleasure we record a very clever surprise perpetrated by the ladies upon the "Niagaras," on Tuesday evening last. The company had its regular monthly meeting on that evening, and while in the midst of business about two score of blooming and beautiful young ladies made their appearance in "Niagara" hall, and requested the honor of being presented to the Foremen. Captain Davis, though taken entirely by surprise, and attired in his every-day costume, plucked up courage, stepped forward and made his best bow to the ladies, assuring them that they were very welcome. A "string" was then produced from some mysterious corner, all "hands" took hold and for about an hour the "smacking" business flourished beautifully. While this "pleasant amusement" was being pursued up stairs a table was sumptuously spread in the lower hall, laden with viands tempting to the appetite. The Niagaras, again to their surprise, were invited to proceed below for the purpose of partaking of refreshments, and each lady conducted a gentleman to the table. When all were assembled, surprise number three, and the surprise of the evening, took place. Order having been called, Miss ANN W. HONSE, in a clear and mellow voice, spoke as follows:—

MR. FOREMAN and Members of Niagara Engine Company.—Permit me in behalf of the ladies here present, to present you with this Bible Case as a slight testimonial of their respect and esteem for that so often misinterpreted class of our citizens, the Firemen. In presenting this we would not wish that more precious gift, for which this is the intended receptacle, forever here enclosed; on the contrary, may its pages be often perused, and more carefully considered, become a light to your path throughout the journey of life, and shining far out into eternity. Guard well that blessed Book, and may this more humble gift of ours preserve it from the soils and stains consequent to all things here below, as that will preserve your hearts from the soils and stains of sin and vice, if rightly studied. And, Mr. Foreman, you will ever find the ladies your warmest friends so long as that Book shall grace your table.

The Foreman thanked the ladies, and called upon the 2d Foreman, Mr. R. P. Staniels, who expressed the gratitude felt by the company at these repeated marks of kindness and generosity on the part of the ladies. The Bible Case is a very beautiful piece of paper mache work, manufactured at Winchester. It is handsomely ornamented, has a glass lid, and is lined with crimson velvet. The gift was a very appropriate one, and the company have every reason to feel proud both of the case itself and the very pleasant manner in which it was presented.

After the very excellent supper provided for them had been partaken of, the "wells" of the Mid. Journal, in response to the calls of the company, endeavored to make a short speech; Mr. Foreman Davis, Assistant Engineer Cooper, 2d Foreman Staniels, and others, also made fitting and appropriate remarks.

In addition to the Bible Case, a new set of window blinds and fixtures, had, through the instrumentality of the ladies, been mysteriously put up at the windows of the hall. A series of pleasant games, and singing, concluded the enjoyment of the "surprise." It is not often that ladies step out of the family circle, or aside from their usual social relations, to visit an engine house and mingle with the members of a fire company. That they do so here, is an evidence that the company they thus honor is worthy their esteem and deserving of their smiles, and consequently worthy the respect of the whole community. We trust it may ever be so with our Fire Companies.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of Mount Horeb Lodge of this town, was celebrated last evening, by a supper and Social Party, at the Central House. The presence at this "commemoration" of many of the fair dames and daughters of Woburn and vicinity, gave grace and loveliness to the assemblage, added greatly to the brilliancy, and contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion. The supper was prepared in *recherche* style—the *salons* were decorated with evergreens interspersed with emblems of the fraternity—the literary and intellectual recreations, and indeed all the social pleasures of the evening, had a refined and elevating tendency, being such "a feast of reason and flow of soul" as to secure the highest appreciation of all present.

FESTIVAL AND FAIR.—In another column will be seen advertised the first Festival and Fair of the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association, to take place in Lyceum Hall on Thursday, Dec. 23. If any society in our midst is more deservingly than another of the aid and sympathy of a christian community, it is this, and we hope to see on the occasion of their Fair such an exemplification of that sympathy as will be creditable to the religious societies in the town, and rejoice the hearts of the young men and young ladies too, more directly interested for the welfare and prosperity of the association. We are assured that the attractions provided for the occasion are such as will afford pleasure to all who attend.

Some of our readers seem to think the credit, accorded by us to Col. Burbank for freeing the town from the maintenance of Abbott, so too exclusively bestowed, inasmuch as they think it due equally to the whole board of overseers. Our statement was in accordance with our information, but we think that the merit, even when divided among the whole board, will give a pretty large slice to each gentleman, and the more especially so as no other body of overseers, during the past twenty-five years, ever suspected that all was not right in the case.

STONEHAM HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.—This company intend giving a grand Firemen's Military and Civic Ball, on Christmas Eve, Dec. 21st, in the Town Hall, Stoneham, judging by the array of names on the Committee, it is safe to say that this will be one of the best parties of the season. We hope to be there to see.

TO DYSPYPTICS.—Soda, Magnesia, and all pike watching the bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner, and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—be hind so many scales.

## BOOK NOTICES.

ROLLO'S TOUR IN EUROPE. By Jacob Abbott. 18 mos. price 50 cents. Boston: Brown, Taggard &amp; Chase.

This excellent series of juvenile books is familiar to all our readers. Mr. Abbott has a way of making juvenile books that will interest while they instruct the young that will improve the mind while they tickle the fancy, unapproachable by any other writer. We used to think, some years ago, that Peter Parley was the greatest writer, the cleverest, kindest, and altogether wisest man that ever lived; but if we were a boy again the boy leaves would be placed upon the brow of the author of Rollo's Tour. There is no series of books we would prefer before these to place in the hands of youth. The holidays are now at hand, and we know that many a young heart will bound with joy at the prospect of a volume of ROLLO.

BOUVIER'S FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY: or an Introduction to the Study of the Heavens. By Hannah M. Bouvier. Octavo, pp. 286. Philadelphia: Childs &amp; Peterson.

A popular treatise on the subject of Astronomy should not only be in every family library, but in the hands of all pupils in our High Schools and Academies. The work before us appears to be exceedingly well adapted for both these purposes. It comes very highly recommended by the most renowned professors of Astronomy and Mathematics in America and Europe. Recommendations from such sources at once established the excellent character of Miss Bouvier's work. J. M. Whittemore &amp; Co., Boston, are the New England agents for the work.

A pamphlet of twelve pages entitled "First Principles of the Doctrine of Messiah," has been issued by Mark Allen, Woburn. He says, "My purpose in writing this little work is to do good." We hope he will accomplish his purpose.

PETERSON'S Philadelphia Counterfeit Detector and Bank Note List for December is issued. It contains a list of sixty-six new counterfeiters. This is the best Detector issued.

The Edinburgh Review for October and Blackwood's Magazine for November, reprinted by Messrs. Scott &amp; Co., have been received from the American publishers. They both contain many articles of rare merit, and deserve to be extensively read.

Peterson's Magazine for December is on our table. It is an excellent number, and the editor promises that the Magazine for 1859 will be greatly improved, and we have no doubt it will.

The Happy Home and Parlor Magazine, published by C. Stone &amp; Co., Boston, is a good publication for every Christian family to take. The December number is issued in good style.

The books and Magazines noticed above can be obtained at the Woburn Book Store.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As the ice train from Horn Pond was going down this morning at half past seven o'clock, the 7 o'clock passenger train from Boston came into collision with it, breaking up both engines and injuring the cars very materially. Fortunately no person was seriously injured. Business on the road was stopped, and passengers from Woburn had to proceed to Winchester to take the cars for Boston.

THE FRANKLIN COAL.—By the politeness of Mr. A. H. Hayward we were furnished with some of the Lyken's Valley Franklin Coal, for trial. We have had opportunity, as yet, to test it but partially, but from the trial we have given it we hesitate not to pronounce it an excellent coal for cooking and parlor stoves, and particularly for stoves and grates having but slight or moderate draft. It kindles very readily, burns with a cheerful blaze, emits a strong heat, and appears to possess the property of "keeping in" for a long time after the draught has been shut off, which is a very great convenience these long and cold winter nights. Mr. Hayward has it for sale.

MEN DISCONTENTED.—Our readers will find a poem on our first page, in imitation of the first Satire of Horace. It is decidedly a production for the times, no less than were those of Horace, when he lampooned the vices and follies of the Roman aristocracy, without fear and without mercy. There are those in every community to whom it will apply. The love of money—which has been declared to be the root of all evil—was never more a ruling passion than at the present time.

To our business men the JOURNAL possesses peculiar importance as an advertising medium. Its extensive circulation enables them to bring their commodities to the immediate notice of a large number of buyers, while facts, the world over, go to prove that the most liberal advertisers are the most prosperous in business.

The magnificent engraving of the Village Blacksmith is now on exhibition at the Woburn Book Store.

For the Middlesex Journal.

PICTURE OF WOBURN.—Mr. Editor:—I presume the thought has occurred to more than one, while looking at the beautifully executed view of Woburn in 1829, by M. M. Tidd, Esq., why does he not also get up a picture of Woburn at the present time? I am confident he would find subscribers enough to warrant the undertaking. His picture, made a few years since, was excellent, so far as it goes, but it is far too limited in its view. It gives to the eye no adequate idea of what the village really is. A view taken from some one of our best eminences would give a picture that many would be glad to possess as an ornament to their parlors and an honor to home talent. I hope Mr. Tidd will give us not only Woburn in 1829, but a large sized view of Woburn as it now is.

The Lafayette (Ind) Courier says that at a recent county fair in Indiana, a couple of fashionable ladies, attired in very low-necked dresses, were mortified because all the infants from the rural districts cried after them.

In fishing we have occasionally seen a big pike watching the bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner, and being a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—be hind so many scales.

## Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

MALIBY HOUSE, Baltimore, Dec. 6, 1858.

This city contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the blacks, who, I suppose, are not reckoned as anybody. There are here some twelve thousand darkies, one-third of whom are held as slaves. The whole number of schools is seventy-nine, which, to support, requires an expenditure of one hundred and forty-three thousand dollars, employing seventy-six male teachers, and two hundred and nine female teachers. I believe no poll tax is assessed in this State, consequently the burden of supporting these schools must fall upon those who own personal property. From a recent school report I perceive much complaint is made in regard to the onerous burden of taxation, which is twenty and a half cents on the dollar. The reason given for this great tax, is that a part of the sum assessed is ever collected. This seems to exhibit a laxity in the execution of the laws, which, I am told, is proverbial in most other matters. It has one hundred and seventy-seven churches, nineteen Protestant Episcopal, sixteen Presbyterian, eighteen Roman Catholic, forty-one Methodist Episcopal, five Methodist Protestant, five African Methodist Episcopal, nine Baptist, nine Lutheran, five German Reformed, four Evangelical Association, one Seamen's Union Bethel, three Friends, one Universalist, one Unitarian, one Swedenborgian, eight Jewish Synagogues, and one United Brethren in Christ Church. It will be seen from the above that there is quite a large sprinkling of the Methodist denomination.

Turning to other matters I will say that the "Old Folks" attended church on Sabbath morning, and had a very comfortable position, all in a lump, like a pile of bricks. Their mode of worship is somewhat peculiar in some respects, as, for instance, during prayer every one in the house kneels, the minister reads two lines, and then the choir responds in singing the same, and then two lines more are read, and again the choir responds, and so on, until the last verse is reached, when the two last lines are repeated, and the audience arise and face the choir. If our clergymen in Massachusetts preached sermons as lengthy as they do here they would want a vacation of six months in the year, and I think the people would be perfectly willing to grant it; I should for one. In the afternoon we attended meeting at the Maryland Institute, which was filled to its utmost capacity, notwithstanding the fog that pervaded, which was so thick that one might cut it with a knife. Several clergymen were present and took part in the services. A sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, which was forcible and eloquent. His text was, "The poor ye have always with you." At the close a collection was taken up in aid of six charitable associations. The Rev. gentleman told us, in the course of his sermon, that there were nineteen thousand in the city who, sometime in the year, needed assistance in order to procure the necessities of life, and that the majority of these earned less than thirty cents per day. The principal points in his discourse were, that it was necessary we should have the poor always with us for the more full development of our humanity; that we should become hard-hearted if it were otherwise; that the poor were Christ's representatives; that in the future judgment we should be judged by the regard we had for the poor; "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these my brethren ye did it not unto me."

But I must close. To-morrow morning we expect to be on the way to Washington, and shall not, for the present, go where we intended, and as I indicated.  
In haste, yours, truly, LENO.NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.  
From Our Regular Correspondent:—  
New York, Dec. 6, 1858.

We are still in the shadow of two holidays—Thanksgiving past, and Christmas to come. It is, perhaps, the least practical and the most enjoyable period of the whole year, for our merchants and clerks, having little business on their hands, come home early, and between matinees, dinners, and balls into the late small hours, there is a merry sound kept up. It was once the case, however, that the dividing line between the spring and fall business "seasons" was very strongly marked, there being an almost entire absence of trade from the middle of November to the first of January, when the buyers of the far off sections of the South were wont to come on all together and make very heavy purchases in a very short time, keeping both principals and subordinates busy night and day. But now the multiplication of railroads all over the country has made a journey to New York from distant points West and East by no means the formidable undertaking it once was, and the consequence is that far off buyers often visit the city for goods twice in the same season, beside sending orders. So that even now there is some business doing; not an utter flatness.

The dry goods interest is centering about Park Place to such a degree that rents in that locality have risen out of all proportion. A leading merchant who has recently taken a store there, when presented with the rent contract, affected great amazement, stating that he supposed he had paid that price for the title to the store, and not for the annual lease merely! Wholesale trade is just beginning to edge up against Canal Street, and in two years more, there is no doubt that Broadway, as far up as Blacker Street, will be lined with wholesale stores, while the retailers who now stretch as far down as Stewart Street, will spread up along the whole length of Broadway! For it is the opinion of those who have carefully watched the changes for fifty years back, that Fifth Avenue must ultimately become a business street. The streets which are really adapted for private residences are the cross streets, and not those spacious avenues which run the length of the island, and are so absolutely necessary for thoroughfare.

The funeral of the Hon. B. F. Butler occurred on Thursday last, and drew out an immense concourse of the old residents of the city, though the day was extremely unfavorable. Probably no man in his profession was more respected by honest men of all parties, than the late Mr. Butler. Some memorials will probably be prepared by his son, the author of the two brilliant satires, "Nothing to Wear," and "Two Millions," which are now attracting great attention in England. Mr. Butler was especially esteemed in the religious world as a man not only of large benevolence, but of sterling administration, facilities which were frequently called into exercise in directing the great associated benevolent operations of the day.

We are beginning to have some murmuring from the laboring classes. Wages have been cut down to eighty cents per diem on the public works, and the alms-house governors are proposing, considering a proposition from a firm in the city, to employ the convicts on Blackwell's Island, at mere nominal wages—20 to 50 cents per diem. This excites great indignation among those classes of artisans whose occupations would be interfered with by the proposed movement. There will evidently be some need of extra public provision for the poor this winter; but, as last year was the case, the burden will not fall entirely on the city authorities. All the towns on the high roads within a hundred miles of New York will be filled this winter, as they were last, with people, mostly foreigners, travelling from place to place, at the public expense, only under the place to keep the pain.

The weather is wet underfoot, but still mild, agreeable, and not unhealthy.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## TIE COQUETTE.

BY R. B. STANTON.

If Jennie proves a gay coquette, What care I? Are there not many other's yet? To charm my eye? Ah, yes! I know another yet For whom I'll sigh. Jennie, a real coquette you are, A rogue indeed! Your cap you set so witching fair, I did not heed, 'Twas but a trap of silken hair! To snarl my head! Then go and flirt! but pray don't tell Of foolish me! Then go, and be the gayest belle! To society. And flirt, flirt! but pray don't tell Of foolish me! Winchester, Dec., 1858.

For the Middlesex Journal.

DEAR JOURNAL.—It may interest some of your readers in this vicinity to be informed of the doing of the STILLMAN ASSOCIATION of Winchester, and as some of them may not have heard of such an organization, or know anything of its aims or objects, we will give a short sketch of its history. In May last, fifteen or twenty young men connected with the Baptist Church, who had been in the habit of meeting weekly for prayer and social religious conversation, proposed to form a permanent organization. This plan was carried into effect the first of June, under the name of the Stillman Association, (in honor of the late Dr. Samuel Stillman, pastor of the 1st Baptist Church in Boston, for 42 years.) Salem Wilder was its first President. We give a few extracts from the Constitution:—

"The objects aimed at shall be the improvement of its members in religious knowledge, zeal and usefulness, and cultivation of brotherly love, and christian sympathy."

"At the regular weekly meetings the exercises shall consist of Addresses, Essays and Discussions upon religious subjects."

"All meetings shall be opened by the reading of a portion of Scripture and prayer by the President, or some member at his request."

Since its organization the meetings have been of deep interest, and essays have been read, and discussions occurred upon the following, among other, questions:—

"Is it expedient and Scriptural for females to speak in religious meetings?"

"Is God ever unhappy by reason of the sinful actions of his creatures?"

"What are the scripture attributes of God?"

"What is the relation existing between our Church and our Sabbath School, and what are the requisite qualifications of a Sabbath School Teacher?"

The last subject of discussion was the 36th, of the 3d ch. of John.—"He that believeth on the Son" &amp;c. The semi-annual meeting occurred on Monday evening last, and the following officers were unanimously chosen, viz:

John A. Bolles, Esq., President; John Story, Vice President; Josiah Hovey, Secretary and Treasurer; A. D. Weld, John W. Taylor, F. S. Richardson, Directors. We think that much good has been done by these discussions in strengthening our minds, and preparing us to "quit ourselves like men," and we fervently wish that a similar organization was connected with every evangelical church in New England.



**BOSTON & LOWELL**  
**AND NASHUA & LOWELL RAIL ROAD.**  
**WINTER ARRANGEMENT.**  
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, DEC. 6th,  
1854, trains will leave BOSTON, for—  
Wilton, Manchester, Concord and Upper Railroads,  
7.30, a.m., 12, m., 3, p.m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Tewksbury, Wilmington, Woburn W.S., and E. Woburn, 7:30, 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m.  
 W. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m.  
 Woburn W.S., 7:30, 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m.  
 Winchester and Melford, 7 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 2:30 p., 5:15, 6:30, 9:15 p.m.  
 Express trains leave Woburn W.S. at 7:30 a.m. and will only stop at Stations above specified, except Woburn W.S. and North Billerica. Express 8:45 a.m. train will also stop for passengers to Lowell.  
 \*Wednesdays at 11:30; Saturdays at 10 p.m.

**TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE**

Wilton at 6:15, 10:30 a.m., 3:30 p.m.  
 Nashua at 7:20, 11:20 a.m., 4:40 p.m.  
 Lowell at 7:50\*, 9:30 a.m., 12:30\*, 5:15, 5:30 p.m.  
 Woburn W.S. at 8:15, 10:15 a.m., 3:15, 5:15 p.m.  
 Billerica & Tewksbury at 7:45, 9:45 a.m., 2:30, 5:45 p.m.  
 Woburn Centre at 8:05, 10:05 a.m., 3:05, 5:05 p.m.  
 Woburn at 7:50, 9:50 a.m., 4:45, 5:45 p.m.  
 North Billerica at 8:05, 10:05 a.m., 3:15, 5:15 p.m.  
 North Woburn at 8:05, 10:05 a.m., 3:15, 5:15 p.m.  
 Woburn Centre at 8:05, 10:10 a.m., 3:15, 5:24, 6:05 p.m.  
 Woburn at 8:15, 10:15 a.m., 3:15, 5:20, 9 p.m.

7.15, p.m.  
 Winchester at 6.19, 7.35, 8.15, 9.05, 10.14, a.m., 1.20,  
 3, 5.05, 7.20, p.m.  
 Medford at 6.28, 7.45, 8.20, 9.15, 10.20, a.m., 1.30, 3.07,  
 5.15, 7.28, p.m.  
 \* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.  
 J. B. WINSLOW,  
 Superintendent B. & L. and N. & L. R. R.

**DORCHESTER MUTUAL  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

**INSURES** Buildings, Merchandize, and  
Personal Property generally, on terms as favor-  
able as is done by any other Dividend-paying Com-  
pany.

**DIRECTORS.**  
Asaph Churchill, Marshall P. Wilder, John H.

Robinson, Henry Humphreys, Edward H. R. Rug-  
gles, Otis Wright, Charles A. Wood, William F.  
Temple, Charles Hunt, Laban Pratt, Dorchester;  
Charles Stearns, Brookline; Samuel Babcock, Mil-  
ton; Henry O. Hildreth, Dedham; Charles Endi-  
cuff, Canton; Norton Pratt, Dedham. Aug. 26.

**Wm. F. TEMPLE, Secretary.**  
**ASAPH CHURCHILL, President.**

**References, by Permission.**  
Henry J. Gardner, Enoch Train, Enoch Baldwin,  
Alpheus Hardy, Daniel Denny, Dorchester; Robert  
B. Forbes, Amor Hollingsworth, Dr. C. C. Holmes,  
Milton; F. W. Lincoln, Canton; Martin Wales,  
Stoughton; A. & A. Lawrence & Co., Dana, Farrar  
& Hyde, Boston.

Agent for Woburn and vicinity,  
Nov. 12, 1858.—y J. W. HAMMOND.

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**Books and Shoes.**

FLETCHER & SON'S famous goods, in all their varieties, constantly on hand. Also, the HAYWARD RUBBER CO'S BOOTS & SHOES. AT AUGUSTUS ROUADY'S, Cor. of Main and Railroad Sts. Woburn, Sept. 25.—3m.

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**WHITE STONE CHINA!** Before you purchase elsewhere, just look at the new patterns at Nov. 6. WM. WOOLBEERY'S.

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**ON HAND YET,  
AT MY OLD STAND,  
LIBERTY HALL CLOTHS  
—AND—  
CLOTHING WAREHOUSE!!**

**READING.**  
AND AM MAKING UP TO ORDER A GOOD  
SUBSTANTIAL OVERCOAT for Five  
Dollars, and superfine all wool black and brown  
Overcoat for ten dollars, suitable for handsome wear.  
Also, still finer, varying from ten to twenty dollars,  
made to order, every

Reading, Nov. 27, 1858.—Jw.

To the Hon. the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled :

The undersigned, Selectmen of the town of Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex, respectfully represent that by a late decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth, the taxes of said town have been illegally assessed. They therefore pray that the taxes of said town be annulled.

I approve of the publication of the foregoing petition,

OLIVER WARNER,  
Secretary of the Commonwealth.  
Secretary's Office, Boston, Nov. 9, 1858.—4w.

**JAMES S. CHAPMAN,**  
**WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER.**  
AND DEALER IN  
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, English and American  
Pocket Cutlery, Hair Oils, Chapman's Steam  
Whistle Hair Lustral, Perfumery, and all  
kinds of FANCY GOODS.  
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry made to order.

**Ladies' Capes and Raglans.**  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS  
for the Ladies at GAGE'S. Dec. 4.

**LUMBER.**  
TO CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS. All kinds of LUMBER for Building Purposes, ready planed, matched, &c., for sale at *very low prices*, by the subscriber, at his wharf, next to the bridge in East Cambridge.  
Dec. 4. ytl  
S. J. THOMPSON

**Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate,  
IN WEST CAMBRIDGE.**  
**B**Y Virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed of Real Estate, given by George Russell and Harriet Russell of West Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, and I, Corv...

wealth of Massachusetts, to Albert Winn of West Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, dated the 12th day of April, 1833, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 709, Page 349, and for brevacy of the conditions therein, will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of December, 1858, at 4 o'clock, p.m., a certain lot of land, situated on the northerly side of Main Street, in said West Cambridge, with a Cottage House, Stable and out-buildings thereon, containing about thirty

South-westerly by said Main St., there measuring forty-eight feet, North-westerly by lands of Edward and Abigail Russell, there measuring ten rods; North-westerly by lands of said Edward and Abigail, there measuring forty-eight feet, and South-easterly by land now of James A. E. Bailey, lately lands of the late Mrs. Lucy Still, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, being the same lot of land described in a deed made by the

Terms—Cash in ten days from the day of Sale. One hundred dollars of the purchase money will be required to be paid on the spot to the Auctioneer.

By order of the Mortgagees.

W. J. LANE, Auctioneer,  
West Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1858. 3w.

**Holiday Presents!**  
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF GOODS  
FOR GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING GOWNS  
may be found at GAGE'S. Dec. 4.

**A New Watch for Timing Horses!**  
**THE CHRONODROMETER.**  
**APPLETON, TRACY & CO., WATCH**  
**MANUFACTURERS, WALTHAM, MASS.,**  
 have invented a Watch for Timing Horses, which  
 performs with a promptness and accuracy never be-  
 fore attained. A drawing and full particulars sent  
 on application at the office.

Street, Boston, or to Robbins & Appleton, New York. A patent has been applied for. Dec. 1, 3m

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## The Middlesex Journal.

JOHN J. PIPPEY, Editor and Proprietor.  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 37 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$5.00; three months, \$3.00. Half a Square, per year, \$5.00; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.50. Less than half a square charged as half a square. More than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *found*, 12 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

## AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.  
East Woburn.—Messrs. L. RICHARDSON.  
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.  
South Reading.—Mr. J. D. MANSFIELD.  
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOSKEY.  
S. M. PATTEN.—Boston and New York.  
S. R. NILES.—Concepcion to V. R. Palmer's College Building, South Boston, and JOHN BIRKILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions for the JOURNAL at the rates required by us.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the JOURNAL renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance, by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all ADVERTISERS. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

## JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Job Printing. The variety of NEW and HANDSOME TYPE with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have, therefore, every facility for doing all kinds of work, QUICK, NEAT and CHEAP. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"WITNESS," Wilmington. The article on "Ecological Councils" is too lengthy for our column. If published, a pamphlet form it might be productive of good results.  
"HELEN BEVERLEY," South Reading. We are pleased to receive your contributions to a new quarterly. Our friend "M." of the South Reading department, will, we doubt not, be no less pleased to add to our columns a contribution to his list of good correspondents. We will publish the article received in our next issue.  
"B.B.S.," Winchester. Your favors came too late for this week's issue.  
"KAPPA," Reading. Your article on "Benedit Arnold" has been received. We have not yet had time to look over it.  
"C.," Woburn, in reference to "Colporteur" matters, will appear in next week.

## The Middlesex Journal.

## WOBURN:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

## Writing Poetry.

We have often wondered why it is that so many individuals are to be found dabbling in what they call poetry. Some who do make very well when they "stick to sober prose," make but a sorry figure when they mount some broken-winged, spavined Pegasus, and essay to climb Olympian heights. Certainly the divinities on the mountain, should their attention be called to the scene enacted upon the plain below, would think the brain of somebody was under the influence of too much wine. We venture to say that not one in a hundred of those who write poetry are able to produce anything worth reading. Editors, if nobody else, entertain such an opinion. We are not sure but what we do wrong oftentimes in this matter. We receive an effusion containing pretty good ideas, and some good lines. Being, upon the whole, rather pleased with it, we attempt to "tinker" it up, and publish it. Now, if the editor happens to be a poet, and "fixes" the thing up pretty well, the author takes all the credit, and his or her friends are so much pleased that another attempt is made, usually with a similar result. The old adage that, the poet is such by nature, and not by education, remains true, notwithstanding the many attempts of would-be poets to show it false, and so it will probably continue for ages to come.

The person who really possesses valuable ideas, will be sure of attentive readers. If he only expresses them in plain prose. The history of literature presents us with men of the highest eminence as speakers and prose writers, who became dull and heavy when they essayed to write poetry. Their stanzas, to be sure, were rigidly exact, so far as the laws of versification were concerned, but there was wanting the essential elements of true poetry. We have read productions from the pen of Edward Everett, and from that of the "old man eloquent," to which the remarks just made were particularly applicable. Any person of sensibility and cultivation can write in measured lines. But poetry is either first rate or is nothing at all. We now and then meet with a piece that possesses the ring of the true metal, and we read it over and over with an interest that never tires. Still, three-fourths, if not more, of all the poetry that has been written since the discovery of this continent is entirely worthless as poetry. Few, indeed, are the poets—in all ages and nations of the world—whose productions have come down to our time. But there is no reason to suppose that the writings of many, if of real excellence, have been lost amid the devastations that have swept away the gathered treasures of literature. How would it be possible for Gray's Elegy to pass out of existence, were it that no man to stand ten thousand years more? It is scattered and read everywhere, and it would be an impossibility for all the copies of that inimitable production to pass out of existence. There is much in the effusions of our modern poets that is good,—good in moral sentiment, sound in religion, and right in philanthropy—especially is this true of some of our recent living hymnologists,—but they would all have done better, had they conveyed their instructions to the world in simple prose.

To all who may chance to read this article we honestly say,—if you feel a strong desire to write in measured lines, and to be known in the "poet's corner" of the village paper as poets, you will probably be successful in getting your names and your productions into print, but not to be read and remembered. But, if you will present sound, common sense truths, upon practical, or even theoretical topics, in prose, carrying the evidence that they have been turned over in the mind by day and by night, till they have received the true impress of mature thought, you will be remembered, and your productions will be read, and continue to constitute a portion of our national literature. Such will not be the good fortune of a large part of the poetry that is sent into the world.

## Woburn Lyceum.

The seventh lecture before the Woburn Lyceum was given on Monday evening, by Rev. B. F. Bronson of this town. The evening was one of those unfortunate ones that are sometimes vouchsafed to us, and which so sadly interfere with the best laid plans of men and women, of lecturers and the lectured. It was not only rainy and hence sloppy, but the streets were covered with an icy crust, that rendered locomotion not only difficult, but dangerous. Before going to the hall, we felt that a large attendance was quite inevitable, and feared that our respected townsman might imagine that it was partly owing to that natural trait in men to pay no honors to their own prophets. But we think Chapin or Beecher could hardly have drawn a better audience on such a bad night.

Mr. Bronson's subject, as before announced, was the "Influence of the imagination in common life." He said he should not treat his theme in its poetic relations, he should not ascribe his Pegasus and rise into the Empyrean, but rather keep the solid earth and talk about imagination as it affects men and women in their common pursuits and avocations. He then described this power of the mind, showing its relations to the other faculties and its distinction from memory. The latter power merely gathered up dry and stubborn facts and events, while imagination bridges over the distance at which they are placed, and surrounds them with an atmosphere of glory or gloominess as they may be severally fitted to inspire. The lecturer then illustrated his idea, by giving vivid pictures of the application of this power to many of the circumstances of life. In children the faculty is predominant and active. It seizes upon the whole being. The boy finds a whole menagerie in the nursery. Here he rides on the poney, mounts the elephant, feeds the monkeys, chains the lion and grows out monstrous "cigars." So he makes engines and acts as conductor, brakeman and engineer; he goes long journeys on business or state, or takes a trip to the city to bring father home. Now what is to be done with this active, controlling power? Shall it be rudely curbed in its flight, or dashed against bytelandue or strife? No, let it rather be nursed by sympathy, and led by a hand that knows its deep yearnings, and can go with it in its wildest careerings. So with the school. Let the boy who most sorely feels the trials of being immured in a scanty room, when his imaginings are with the horses in their freedom and fleetness, with the squirrels and partridges in the woods, with the birds' nests on the loftiest boughs, let the boy, the lecturer said, have the geography of big rivers to sail on and high mountains to scale; the arithmetic of computing the distance to timid rabbits, or the altitude of high perched birds; and the reading of perilous adventure and daring feat. Instead of goading the feelings by thwarting and opposing this elastic, soaring power, it should thus be guided in its natural course till it becomes subdued and manageable.

Again, the imagination is one of the greatest sources of happiness in all the activities of life. It is ever with us, lightening and softening labor. It builds for us fine houses, and lays out ample gardens; it takes us to distant lands, and shows us the glory of them; we fly among the clouds and out into the stellar spaces; we breakfast at Jupiter, dine at Saturn, and sup at Neptune, and for an evening excursion, take a Comet on its outward journey, and when at its extremest verge of flight, we look among the constellations,—they have the same forms and bearings as when we were at the earth; but we push on for a fixed star, and soon gain the one nearest us; here the golden clusters change; but on we go, and while a rail-car would be thousands of years in reaching the Pleiades, we are there in a moment; the heavens now put on new a glory, we seem to be in the midst of the great universe, and the burning stars wheel in divine harmony around us—but back again we come to our work before three sides of leather have gone through the machine or the shoe in our hands has been last.

So, imagination is with us in all our studies. In geology it goes back to the primitive ages, and sees all the formative processes on our globe, and reappeals it with those vast birds and fishes and reptiles that once sported in its air and waters, and among its gigantic vegetation. In astronomy, it covers the planets with verdure, and inhabits them with happy intelligences. In travel, it goes to the lands of history and song, and makes Cato and Cesar, Charlemagne and Napoleon tread the stage of life again; builds anew the coliseum and the forum, and surveys the majestic forms of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. In art, it does not see alone the chiseled marble, or the painted image, but it beholds the warrior or the statesman in his hour of triumph, or spell of inspiration, and makes the canvass glow with animated forms, or the beauty and grandeur of nature. Some persons, the lecturer said, consider the imagination as a faculty of at least doubtful value. But he did not so believe. Like every other power in man, it is liable to abuse, but in its healthy action, it vivifies and embellishes all the rest. It tends to broaden and deepen the whole nature. It makes men more charitable, more brotherly. But space forbids any further enumeration of the points made by the lecturer. He embraced a wide field, and swept over it with a pliant tread.

We must say a word in general terms, of the force and ability of the lecture. We regard it, on the whole, as very successful. It had variety, and light and shade, which are always necessary to success. It was good in its conception, sound in its philosophy, and broad and liberal in its tone. It showed a wide reading and a generous culture in the direction he was taking his audience. Its chief faults were want of compactness, and a certain looseness of style, which came near to a loss of dignity. If a little more care had been bestowed in the composition, and some points omitted or more briefly considered, it would stand as a superior lecture on the difficult subject it discusses.

WOBURN INSTITUTE.—At the first regular meeting of the Woburn Institute, held at the Lower Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening last, new members were elected, and business in regular order was taken up. A code of By-Laws was reported, when an interesting debate sprang up on their adoption which lasted until late in the evening. A deep interest was taken by all present in the proceedings, which augurs well for the success of the Institute, while the advantages of such an Institution will be especially apparent to those present who have a desire for mutual improvement, and induce them to join and take part.

GEO. W. CHAMPNEY, Esq., Superintendent of the Sunday School connected with Dr. Stebbins' Society, was the recipient, last Sunday morning, of a beautiful WRITING DESK, the unexpected and voluntary gift of the children of the school. Miss Cooper, in behalf of the scholars, in presenting the desk, spoke very happily of the mutual, kind, and pleasant relations existing between the Superintendent and Scholars, and wished this gift to be a slight expression of the regard of the scholars for his hearty and self-sacrificing services in their behalf. In response to this complete surprise, Mr. Champney spoke very feelingly of the gift and gave—of the gift as a token he should ever most highly prize, and of the givers as friends and pupils whom he should always meet with pleasure, and whose kind gift would encourage him to renewed exertions in their behalf. The whole affair was a gratifying expression of the confidence and love felt by the scholars for their earnest and worthy Superintendent.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL AT BURLINGTON.—There was a very pleasant social gathering at Burlington on Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, consisting of the usual attractions. The tables were tastefully spread with an abundance of delicacies, which were partaken of with evident signs of good appetites. Various kinds of fancy work were exhibited and disposed of by lot. With vocal and instrumental music, excellent systems and other refreshments, dancing, &amp;c., none could fail of being pleased, and we could not see but what our Burlington neighbors know how to get up a first-rate social time, and enjoy themselves quite as well as other folks, if not a little better. The proceeds of the Fair are to be appropriated to the support of a singing school. For attention to the Doctor and ourself we tender our thanks to William Winn, Esq., and his accomplished lady.

ACCIDENT.—Gen. Abijah Thompson received a serious injury on Monday evening last. As he was returning from the Lyceum lecture he fell upon the ice and fractured the neck of the left thigh bone. We understand that he is in good spirits, with a fair prospect of recovery.

SALE OF THE HORN POOL ESTATE.—We learn that Mr. Hudson, a gentleman recently of New York, now boarding at the Horn Pond House, has purchased the estate, with the intention of occupying it as a private residence.

SKATING.—The skating is now tolerably good, but the appearance of snow as we write assures us that it will not long remain so. Skaters, enjoy the sport while you can.

MIDDLESEX COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—The December term of the Middlesex Court of Common Pleas commenced at East Cambridge on Tuesday. The juries were empaneled, and Abraham W. Grant of Charlestown chosen foreman of the first, and Christopher Morgan of Lowell, foreman of the second jury.

THE WOOD DIVORCE CASE.—The Wood divorce case, in which Matilda C. Wood petitioned for a divorce from John Wood, has been decided in favor of the defendant. The charge of ill treatment was given up by the petitioner, and that of intemperance was broken down by rebutting evidence.

SARAH JONES is a bad girl. She has been convicted of placing rocks on a railroad track in Virginia, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

NEW GAMES for amusement and instruction, at the Woburn Book Store.

CHANGE OF WEATHER.—The first days of the present week were foggy, wet and sloppy; then came hard weather and now it is spitting snow, with a fair prospect of good sleighing—sometimes.

OUT AGAIN.—Mr. Thomas Glynn, who was severely injured by a fall a few weeks since, is out again, having nearly recovered.

FARMING ON THE CAPE.—They have some good farming on the cape notwithstanding the prevalent idea to the contrary. Mr. Wm. Nichols informs us that 1000 bushels of corn, 1000 of turnips and 600 of potatoes, all of good quality, were raised this year by Mr. Simon Higgins, on his farm at Orleans, Cape Cod. Such a crop might shame some of the farmers in the "agricultural districts."

A friend who has tried the experiment, and pronounces it in every way successful, furnishes us the following receipt:—A SUBSTITUTE FOR CELERY.—At seasons when celery is not to be had, cabbage may be made a good substitute. The common drumheads are the best. Take the centre of the cabbage, chop it fine, and prepare a dressing as follows:—One tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, one teaspoonful of olive oil, a little mustard and salt—beat them well together, then add one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cream—stir it well, and pour it over the cabbage. This affords an excellent good relish to a dish of fresh meat or poultry. The oil can be left out if you don't like it—I use none.

## Christmas.

Saturday of next week is Christmas, that day observed by thousands in various parts of the world, but possessing special interest to the "little folks," as the time for well filled stockings. Of course they will read the advertisement of good old Santa Claus, in another column. Although the times have been hard the old gentleman is determined—sink or swim—(of course he won't sink) that every good boy and girl shall receive a suitable present as a reward for good behavior. As their patron saint is getting quite old, and fireplaces are nearly all filled up, he earnestly solicits the co-operation of parents and friends in the distribution of his unlimited stock of desirables. We hope, therefore that no child, however humble his circumstances, will be compelled to lay his head upon his pillow Christmas night, feeling that even good old Santa Claus has forgotten him. Do not let any child fall of having his eyes brightened and his heart gladdened by something suitable for the occasion.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Congregational Singing.

MR. EDITOR,—I was much pleased by the remarks of Rev. Mr. March, last Sabbath afternoon, when he extended a special invitation to the congregation to join in singing the last hymn. It seems to me there is a beautiful appropriateness in this. Why should the songs of praise be confined to a small number who act as choir, while many in the congregation are able to sing in a manner that would be acceptable to Him to whom we offer our praise. I hope the effort will be continued to bring the whole congregation into the habit of joining in this delightful part of worship. Now, I go further than to have the congregation sing the last hymn; I should like very much to have them sing the first and third also. I am confident many would feel a deeper interest in the service—would not hereafter—if they were to take part in it. I hope those who have the special charge of this part of public worship will give it the careful attention it deserves, and that without delay. I think if congregational singing was adopted, we should be freed from a class of tunes that are much in vogue. What they are, or whether they mean anything, is more than I can tell. They do not affect me as I think church music should, and as many other tunes do.

I think a new interest would be manifested at once, if the congregation rose and joined in the singing of the first hymn in the forenoon, and the first and last in the afternoon. Shall it not be done? I understand the members of the choir are anxious to have congregational singing. Let us, then, without delay, make the attempt to secure it, by earnest, persevering efforts, and we shall succeed. The music in the sanctuary should not be a mere exhibition of the artistic powers of the choir, or individual members of the choir, but all should strive—with melody in the heart as well as in the voice, with a higher aim than mere human applause—to join in rendering songs of praise that shall be acceptable to Him whom we profess to honor and worship.

## ORTHODOX.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Why can we not have the lecture by Gen. Oliver of Lawrence, upon the "qualifications necessary for a good school committee," which was noticed in the Reading Department of your paper of last week? It seems to me that we need just such a lecture here at the present time. The day is not far distant when the citizens of this town will be called upon to select one or more men to serve them as school committee for the ensuing year, and it is very desirable that the public mind should be early turned to the subject. The points of Mr. Oliver's lecture, given, show that it must have been eminently practical, an element strangely wanting at the present day. As he gave the lecture gratis at Reading, I presume he would come here if he could have his expenses paid. I should like an expression, through the Journal, whether it is not desirable to secure this lecture from Gen. Oliver.

WINTER FURS.—What looks handsomer or more comfortable than a fine set of furs worn by a lady? All who intend to purchase furs should call upon Mr. Haslam, who will make them up to order in excellent style, and at reasonable prices. We saw some sets made up by Mr. H., a few days since, and they reflected credit on his skill and workmanship.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening last Mr. Dennis Foley received a fall by which the radius of the left arm was fractured.

COASTING ACCIDENT.—A young man of the name of Pool, at North Woburn, received a fall while coasting by which one of his collar bones was broken.

DR. CHARLES THOMPSON has just returned from the Hospital at Boston, where he has been for the removal of a cancer near his eye. The operation was performed by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, and the large wound was filled by a piece of skin from the forehead. The Deacon is doing well.

That enemy of Mankind, Consumption! can be cured, but it is far better to prevent the disease from fastening itself on the system, by the timely use of a remedy, such as Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry affords.

FAYAL GOODS for the Holidays. See advertisement of R. L. Harper, Boston.

A DELICATE REMITTANCE.—A Texas paper mentions having received a letter from a friend, accompanied with the scalp of a Comanche Indian.

DON'T forget the Fair and Festival that is to come off, in Lyceum Hall, next Thursday evening. Gilmore's Salem Brass Band has been engaged for the occasion, and no pains will be spared to make the evenings entertainment pleasant to all who may attend.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We are making large additions to our subscription list and it is not impossible that errors may creep in. Any subscriber failing to receive his paper will please notify us without delay.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We have been gladened this week with a large addition to our subscription list. The response already made to our request for more subscribers has been prompt and generous, and nearly all the names added to our list are those of gentlemen who subscribed voluntarily, without personal solicitation, which is of course very gratifying. We know that many others will subscribe for the Journal when we call upon them at their houses or places of business, and we shall endeavor to do so, but as it takes considerable time to travel over so much territory, we respectfully ask them to hand in their names now, either at the office, or to any of our agents.

In this connection we beg to thank, most cordially, those of our contemporaries who have favorably noticed the Journal. The good opinion they have formed of our efforts is highly appreciated. We take the liberty of expressing a few of the many kind things our friends say of us; modesty forbids the insertion of the commendatory notices of our brother editors nearer home:

THE COUNTRY PRESS.—We are gratified to observe that several of the best papers published in the rural districts give evidence of prosperity. The Middlesex Journal comes to us in new type, and other attractions worthy the support of the citizens of Middlesex County. The Journal has a great deal of local information of interest to the North-eastern part of Middlesex County. It is published at Woburn. The public lectures delivered in that place are very ably reported and criticised.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Middlesex Journal, published at Woburn by John J. Pippy, Editor and Proprietor, appeared on Saturday last, in a new suit and with a new heading, looking as neat as a pin. We congratulate friend Pippy on these indications of success, and trust that his enterprise is fully appreciated, and will be rewarded with all the prosperity he desires.—City Advertiser, Charlestown.

A NEW SUIT.—The Middlesex Journal, published at Woburn, has come out with a new type and other adornments of beauty and neatness. The Editor and Proprietor, J. J. Pippy, Esq., has succeeded in making the paper one of the best in the vicinity, for local intelligence, and we are glad his efforts are crowned with merited success.—Andover Advertiser.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Regular Correspondent—

NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1858.

We are quite out of "sensations." We had an election this week which was important enough in its bearing and probable results, but it is not at all good for to get excited over a city election, which is generally considered to be an affair which can only interest remarkably common people. And this is the very reason why we have always been governed by a set of men interior in social position, education and influence, to the great talk of our citizens. True public spirit would dictate a very different feeling with regard to this matter, and where such public spirit is wanting "somebody must suffer," and that somebody, in this case, turns out to be the tax-payer. Set a thief to catch a thief, and you have the general theory of our city government for some years past.

The book trade is looking up, owing to the advent of the Christmas holidays. A great many books of no intrinsic value in themselves, which have been running to seed on the shelves of bookellers, are got up between showy covers, and worked off in quantities to people who are looking for a book-present, and pay more regard to the title, binding and illustrations, than to any other feature of the volume under consideration. As to books of real merit we have had a few this season, which are doing pretty well. "The New Priest in Concepcion Bay," is having a run just now, not exactly among a popular class of readers, but those who demand a certain degree of literary merit in a story. As the "Christmas trade" it has hardly set in yet in fair earnest, owing to the wet and uncomfortable weather of the week. The past two days, however, have been clear, wintry weather, the coldest and brightest of the season thus far. But it is probably the case that the holiday trade will be about as poor this season as it has ever been, even in the panic times of last year. For salaried people are not receiving so much as formerly, and people in business have considered themselves fortunate if they have been able to repair this season the losses of 1857; so that everyone is disposed to economize, and to look very sharply at the utility of their purchases. The "fancy goods" business, consisting of all kinds of *bijoux*, toilet furniture, etc., has never been poorer in the cities than during the past season. Nevertheless, the Broadway shops have made great preparations for Christmas sales, and the "four shilling side" is brilliant with the display of every kind of tinsel and little nothing that the heart of man can possibly desire. A great deal of this sort of thing is worked off at the charitable fairs, so prevalent about this season, as many persons will buy in that way that they would never think of paying money for anywhere else. The utility of these fairs is certainly rather questionable, though the social element in them is, perhaps, worthy of attention.

Merchants are preparing for the spring trade, which will commence now in the course of two or three weeks. Already a few dealers in dry goods, who supply the California and Texas trade, are looking about for catclothes, &amp;c., suitable for spring and summer wear. The foreign goods for spring have already come out to a considerable extent, but as importers do not of course wish to pay cash duties on them a month before they are wanted, they are shovelled in the bonded warehouses, and the importer will not know what he has in his boxes until the "sample cards" which is now due, and we shall then hear what it is to be the "rage" for 1859 in ladies dresses.

Those of our merchants who deal mostly with the West, have a rather dolorous prospect before them for spring. The store-keepers and farmers of the far West seem to have their hands full of "town lots," while they cannot raise enough from them at present to pay their debts, or even, in many cases, to save their property from the Sheriff. A great many owners of Western lands are now out East trying to exchange their property for stocks, merchandise, or, in fact, almost anything. But the prospects of trade with the South were never better.

Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness and depth of tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## THIS IS NOT OUR REST.

Rest for the spirit, rest!  
From sin a full release;  
When shall the heart, by care oppressed,  
Enjoy a perfect peace?Rest for the spirit, rest!  
'Tis not to mortal given  
On earth, it is the high behest  
Seek perfect peace in Heaven.Rest for the spirit, rest!  
'Tis not on this earth found;  
But with our Saviour, there we're blest,  
There rest and peace abound.Rest for the spirit, rest!  
Oh! may we join that choir  
Who sing the Saviour's praises blest,  
And strike the golden lyre.

North Woburn, Dec. 1858. A. H. P.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## Letter from Father Kemp's Old Folks.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1858.

Taking up a newspaper the other day, the Washington Union, I noticed the following statement. Speaking of the school system of this city, it says:—"The number of children reported to be in the city, between the ages of five and eighteen, is ten thousand six hundred and ninety-seven. Three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight of this number are in private schools. Two thousand four hundred are in public schools. Five thousand and sixty-nine are in no schools at all." This large number that attend no school at all are deprived of this invaluable privilege for want of school-houses—a deplorable state of things most truly.

Congress is again at the work of disturbing the peace of the nation, and tickling the ears of their constituents. The Senate met at 12 o'clock to-day, and were in session half an hour. Little was done in the House of Representatives but the appointment of committees. Members talk of a short session, and, I think, from the frequent conversations of members, as I chance to hear them, about all the business that will be done this session will be president making. Hale, Wilson and Clark are at their post, but the Senate is not yet full. Douglass has not yet arrived, but I presume he is busy somewhere.

Business here is rather dull, when compared to other places we have visited, and the usual greeting of hogs in the street presents a fair picture of Washington. But if the swine were the only hogs here there would be little cause of complaint. It should be stated, however, that there are many most excellent people here, as we have had abundant evidence.

The "Old Folks" have had the most gratifying success here, and far beyond their anticipation. We went to Alexandria last evening to give a concert, and were greeted with a very large audience. They started at us with a terrible suspense, not being able to make up their minds whether we were human beings or baboons, or of the rhinoceros species, but they seemed delighted, and I am certain the "Old Folks" were. We returned to Washington after the concert, affording us a ride of eight miles.

The weather to-day is delightful, and the grass is as green as in June. Mosquitoes are quite plenty here, and last evening I told one man, boldly, that I thought it was about time they were bottled up. He grinned at the idea like a cat eating paste, thinking, of course, that I was decidedly veridant.

Dec. 10. The weather is clear and somewhat cooler. We have just returned from a call on the President. He received us very cordially, but as his cabinet were in waiting he remained only a short time in the east room. He looks much better than when we were here before, and much more cheerful.

The Washington Monument remains in statu quo, but I have been unable to learn the reason why, as there is a large amount of funds on hand.

LENO.

STANWIN HALL, Albany, N. Y.,

Dec. 14, 1858.

We left Washington on Saturday morning, Dec. 11, at 6 o'clock, and arrived in New York at 9 o'clock, p. m. We stopped over the Sabbath at the Merchants' Hotel, and found excellent accommodations. On Monday morning, at one o'clock, we left New York by the Harlem Railroad, and arrived in this city at five o'clock, p. m. It was quite a strange view to leave the mosquitoes in Washington, and to find ourselves, in so short a time, where ice is to be seen from six to eight inches thick. It stormed severely when we left New York, and seems little inclined to clear up to-day. Last evening we had a fair audience, and a very enthusiastic one. I have had little opportunity to see Albany as yet, but what I have seen of it I like very much. I have just returned from a trip to Troy, about six miles from this city. It did not make a very favorable impression on my mind, as I could not avoid thinking that it very nearly resembled a camel's back.

The fare on the Harlem Road, the route we came, is very reasonable, being only two dollars, distance fifteen miles. This is one-third less than that by the Hudson River Route. In my last communication from Baltimore I should have mentioned the presentation of a Wm. L. Peabody, Esq., to the Proprietor of the Maltby House. Mr. M. was entirely taken by surprise. I never saw a man more so, and well he might be, as he knew nothing of what was about to take place. Many guests of the house witnessed the presentation, and enjoyed the scene much.

We remain here in Albany until Friday morning, when we propose to be in Utica, from thence to Syracuse and Buffalo. I perceive the Journal comes out in a new dress, and looks neat and thrifty. Success to you, Mr. Editor, and your other staff, including those little responsibilities so necessary to cheer the family circle. I must close now, as the mail will not wait for me.

LENO.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A short time since, some malicious person or persons, destroyed a portion of the fence in front of the residences of Dr. Ingalls and Dr. Thompson. The selectmen have offered a reward of ten dollars for information that will lead to the conviction of the offenders. We hope they may be found out and made to suffer the severest penalty the law allows. Some months since the fence in front of J. A. Safford's residence was used in a similar manner.

Winchester, Dec. 16th, '58.

## SOUTH READING.

## LOCALS.

Last week, on Friday, Mr. George Sweetser of the Woodville District, slaughtered a pig just 8 months old weighing 327 lbs., and this is claimed by a neighbor to be a better growth than that slaughtered by Mr. Richardson, mentioned in a recent number of the Journal, inasmuch as 327 lbs. for the first 8 months is much better, he says, than 607 lbs. in 16 months. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Sweetser both deserve a medal.

On Monday evening, a lad about 14 years old, and recently from Lowell, where he has a mother living, was detected in one of the stores in the village passing money which he had stolen from one of the inmates of the family in which he lived. The next day, it is said, he was tried, and sent to the Reform School during his minority. Perhaps, on the whole, it was the best thing that could have been done for the poor little fellow, though some seem to think the proceedings rather summary. We know nothing of the previous history of the boy.

On Friday evening of last week, there was a bonfire of a large stack of hay on the ice at the "head of the pond," and a considerable number of boys were skating near that locality when the fire broke out. What connection there was between these two facts, it was difficult for some days to determine. Perhaps it is a dark fate that the boys fled before the light of the blaze which had been kindled, yet probably but few of the skaters had any knowledge of the origin of the fire. Subsequent developments brought out facts that were not at first acknowledged. The result very likely will have an influence in the future destiny of some of the lads, and it is hoped, will serve to prevent a crime which has been many times repeated.

We understand that Doct. Cogswell intends to continue with us but a few weeks—long enough only to settle his business here and find a good man to take his place, he having received additional inducements in another locality.

We are informed that a school for writing, book-keeping, and commercial arithmetic will be opened next Wednesday evening by Mr. T. R. Wallis, a class already being engaged. He commences a class also in Bedford on Monday next.

For last week's Journal we inadvertently wrote the name of "Emory" instead of "Emmons," as being one of the firm of D. Norcross &amp; Co.

M.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

## INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

In the life of the good man there is an Indian Summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian Summer of the world ever knew—it is the Indian Summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age has gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changed to the "sere and yellow leaf," then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains enriching, rejoicing, fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a







## The Poet's Corner.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

Songs without words!—through forest leaves they quiver,  
With softer cadence time the torrent's roar;  
They mingle whispers with the rippling river,  
And sport in billows on the stormy shore.

Songs without words!—how often have I sung them,  
In the fresh morning of my life's young day,  
When hopes were false as if I had Heaven had sung them,  
Pleatons as daisies in the lap of May.

Songs without words!—how often have I sung them,  
Fanned by the breath of morn or evening sigh,  
Have joy and sorrow nately interfused,  
Throbbled in my veins and sparkled in my eye.

Songs without words!—how oft in love's pure gladness,  
Her hand in mine, we've looked sweet songs un-  
sung,  
Or deeper joy and more entrancing sadness  
Than e'er found accents on a mortal tongue.

## A GEOMETRICAL ENIGMA.

I'm a solid, a surface, a circle, a square,  
A thing in the ocean, a thing in the air;  
I'm part of a segment, whose circle so round,  
Must compass the earth, 'till in Boston is found;  
I'm a regular polygon; view me, and then  
You'll find I'm an oblong—that's queerer again.  
I'm a complement yet, and a supplement, too,  
To the usual number—pray how can that be?  
I'm never divided; 'till numbers I've seen,  
I'm the square foot of twelve and the cube of 16.  
I'm still a right angle, as every one sees,  
Yet your sort of cords get and I take some degrees.  
I'm more a diameter met in my charts,  
For I cut a circumference in two equal parts.  
I'm all trigonometry, none can deny,  
And yet I can't square the earth or the sky.  
My course is diagonal—mark of extremes  
And you'll easily find what my area means.  
Right-angled, triangles, need I tell you,  
Are always lozenges, so am I too.  
Beside a scalene, I'm obtuse and acute;  
So sum up the whole, and to save a dispute,  
I'm in every problem that "Simpson" could plan,  
Can no mathematician tell what I am?  
Add 1 of a foot to 1 of a mile,  
And there the whole mystery has been all the while.

## Miscellaneous.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Up in the Fourth District, New Orleans, says the Delta, lives a man, his infant child, and a matronly, well-behaved nanny-goat. This nanny is the happy foster-mother of the infant, which the fever, some time since, robbed of its parent proper, and she entirely appreciates the peculiar duties which have devolved upon her. When she hears the hungry cry of her poor little human charge, she is by its side in an instant, placing her teats at the service of its thirsty lips. Frequently the quick ears of the quadrupled wet-nurse hear the child's cry, when she is browsing in the street some distance from the house, and leaving her own repast, she darts hastily off to supply the wants of the "milkless bairn," dependent upon her, as Romulus and Remus were of old upon the dugs of their wolfish protectress. We believe we have told a strange story above, but truth is stranger than fiction.

SPIRITUALITY.—There is a new school of medicine. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont being ill, and getting no relief from a mundane physician, applied to his old doctor, who was dead, and in due time received a prescription that cured him. The Medical Society should look to this. The doctor already dead cannot be prevented from this unprofessional interference with the patients of their surviving brethren; but the living might be bound by new rules which should apply after their decease. This thing, if allowed, will be the ruin of all regular practice. Fortunately people cannot get their newspapers from the other world.—*Providence Journal.*

GOD-WARD OR MAN-WARD.—The editor of the New York Baptist Examiner says he fears that Mr. W. is a representative of too large a class of men in all churches, of whom it was said, when some one asked, is Mr. W.—a good man? "That depends upon whether you mean God-ward or man-ward. God-ward, no man in our church is second in the faith, prays oftener in our meetings, or gives away more money according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say he is regarded as rather tricky.

ADVERTISING.—"My motto through life has been—work and advertise. In business advertising is the true philosopher's stone, that turns whatever it touches into gold. I have advertised much, both in the weekly as well as in the daily papers; nor have I found that those of the largest circulation—of either class—benefited me the most."—*John Jacob Astor.*

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, and others squander theirs in supporting wives and families, but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

It is becoming the custom out West, for newly married people to send to newspaper publishers, along with their marriage notice, the amount of a year's subscription. This is a very sensible custom. Next to a good wife or husband, the greatest earthly blessing is a good newspaper.

In removing G. P. R. James from Virginia, to Venice, the queen, it is said has taken him from "weeds" to "sea-weeds."

That is from the "weed" it is *cheese* to the "weeds" it chooses.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man; and, though it is exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of good use to us.

A distinguished was about town says the head covering the ladies wear now-a-days, are *fire-fand false-hood*. The perpetrator of this is still at large.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore; and one of the editors says her disguise was so perfect, that she might have passed for a man if she had only had a little more modesty."

An exchange tells of an excitable gentleman, who, at a fire, headed a line of fire buckets, and as fast as they were passed to him he threw the buckets and all into the fire crying out all the while, "Pass on more buckets!"

## B. W. CONANT,

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of

## DRUGS, MEDICINES, &amp;c.

at the store formerly occupied by Mr. Charles C. Smith, Nos. 5 and 6 W. Main Street, where also may be found a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first class drug store. He pledges to the public, that every article put up in his Pharmacy shall be of the first quality.

Special attention paid to putting up Physicians' prescriptions. Compounding and delivery of Family Medicines at all hours of the day and night, and at as low as can be afforded.

He has the privilege to refer to

S. W. FOWLE, Druggist, of Boston.

CHAS. F. CARNEY, of Roxbury.

JOHN S. HARRINGTON, of Boston.

HENRY WHITE, of Roxbury.

Also Drs. Henry Bartlett, Charles E. Winslow, Bond, E. Cutting, Horatio G. Morse, John S. Flint, Henry A. Martin, Timothy R. Nute, and A. L. Cummings, City Physicians.

Woburn, May 1st, 1858.

## READY-MADE CLOTHING

## FURNISHING GOODS!!

For Fall Trade!

J. W. HAMMOND

Would respectfully call your attention to his Stock of

Men's and Boys' Clothing,

which he is

RECEIVING WEEKLY

From some of the best clothing establishments in Boston, selected with care, and

At Prices Less than the same quality has been sold for the past year!

A fine assortment of

HATS & CAPS!

which must suit the most fastidious.

UMBRELLAS IN GREAT VARIETY!

Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags!

of various qualities, together with a general assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods!

Lycum Hall Building, Woburn, Sept. 11th—2m.

## MORE LIGHT!

## KEROSENE LAMPS.

A GREAT VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS may be found at the People's Store, at low prices. Also, the best quality of OIL, Stoves, Extra Chimneys and Burners.

J. S. ELLIS.

People's Store, Oct. 2.

## COUGHS &amp; COLDS!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR COLDS!

and to prevent an untimely end, we have prepared a

proven and effective remedy for all kinds of Coughs and Colds as SWEETEST'S COMPOUND

of Dr. J. C. A. HARRIS, of New York, which is a

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## To Root &amp; Shoe Manufacturers.

We wish to call your attention to the following GOODS, which we are prepared to sell on the most favorable terms.

Black and Colored Dressings, finished especially

Black, Dr. B. and Dr. C. Dressings, for Congress Tops,

Black, Dr. B. and Dr. C. Dressings, for Congress Tops,

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Black, Dr.



# THE PIONEER.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. VIII. : : No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,  
Watched o'er their flocks, by starry light.

Hark! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant halcyons stole,  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky,  
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious host of Zion came:  
High heaven, with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

O, Zion! lift thy raptured eye;  
The long expected hour is nigh;  
The joys of nations rise again;  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart—  
Bid Satan and his hosts depart;  
Again the day-stars gleam in glory;  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

## An Excellent Original Story.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.]

### The Kansas Pioneer.

#### A STORY OF THE NEW TERRITORY.

BY CHARLES CARROLL.

Author of "The Old House at Winchester," "The Sagamore's Mark," and other stories of "Woburn," and "The Pioneer."

#### CHAPTER X. (Continued).

##### DICK BREEZE, A PIONEER.

Without being liable to the charge of forwardness, Ellen had already done her part toward establishing a certain degree of familiarity between herself and Maxwell.

Among the planters of the Southern section of our country, whose estates necessarily place them at a distance from each other, and among the scattered settlers of the Western wilderness, acquaintance ripens much more rapidly than among the closely packed denizens of cities. A general hospitality being the common virtue of both, the visitor is made at once to feel both at home, and, consequently, on the most familiar terms with his host, whose bread he has eaten, and under whose roof he has slept. This feeling naturally extends itself to all the members of the household, and is reciprocated by them. Among the planters and the better class of settlers this familiarity of sudden growth, though freed from the artificialities of metropolitan sociability, is universally subjected to the strictest rules of politeness.

Those residing on detached plantations, a greater portion of the time entirely separated from the rest of the world, and in the midst of all fear of dependence on the race of gossip, and they manifest their freedom by many words and actions, agreeable, because natural. It would be a dangerous experiment for the essentially bad man to attempt an imitation of this polite frankness, in hopes of imposing it upon his hearer as the genuine. He would assuredly be detected. It must penetrate the entire being, manifest itself as well in repose as in action, and he never will be accepted as the true one. Fools and villains will indeed be furnished food and shelter, but however expertly their hypocrisy may be administered they will obtain nothing more. Their host will maintain his dignity and his self-respect, and his household will follow the example.

After the foregoing explanation, which was, perhaps, unnecessary, but which was offered for the purpose of removing even the germ of an opinion adverse to the character or conduct of our Ellen, we again resume our narrative:

"There's Mr. Govins calling us," said Ellen. "I always like to hear you and that man. I esteem him highly for his own sake, as well as for the services he has done my father. But how strange a man is that we have left behind us. What did he mean by talking of this business?"

"How horridly you glare when you are asked him if the man was his friend. I almost thought him a madman."

"Perhaps he may be; and now I think of it, will you ask the servant who carries him food to keep him from eating until breakfast is over, and at the same time, to be careful that the man does not suspect that he is watched?"

"Yes, I will do as you desire. I should be afraid to do so, for, really for the last ten minutes you have talked and acted like an Inquisitor."

Ellen now entered the house, and Maxwell was joined by Hubbard and Govins.

"Friend Maxwell, do you know the man that came here last night, and put himself in your keeping?" said Govins.

"Better than I do. It is the man we met on the prairie, and that you called the Prairie wolf."

"You've done a right good thing, boy, a right good thing. 'Twas right to put him in a safe place. No knowing what mischief might have happened after morning."

"Then do you really think he is here for an evil purpose?" asked Hubbard.

"Think? I know it! Didn't I see him for three days talking and drinking with John Hubbard, and that that fellow? We'll search this business out, and we'll see what he's off with five years this time? Yes, we'll search it out, that's settled."

Maxwell now proceeded more particularly to recount the circumstances which had induced him to let his part in the conclusion of the night. He had just concluded his narrative as they were summoned to breakfast.

Breakfast over, some time was occupied in making necessary explanations. Govins presented his reasons for entertaining suspicions of John Hubbard and of the man whom he already considered his accomplice, in a manner so clear and pointed, that his host was soon of the opinion that they were well founded, and that the matter deserved a full investigation. The fact that Breeze had reported himself as from Leavenworth, when Govins and Maxwell both knew the contrary, thereby evidently desiring to conceal his identity, had its weight in the conclusion unanimously agreed upon, that he should, without delay, be subjected to a close examination.

Meantime the unfortunate man, because guilty, lay stretched upon an uneasy bed in that part of the house devoted to the negroes. When first placed under the joint protection

of Cato and Julius, his superstitious as well as bodily fear had reduced him to a state bordering upon apathy. Essentially a coward, he yielded at once to the dangers accumulating upon his head, and despaired of safety. Unable to think of thought sleep fled from him, but, at length, thought produced weariness, and weariness conquered thought, so that he sank into a dull lethargic slumber.

At intervals he would awaken for a few moments, and look tremblingly around him, when, catching the eye of one of his sable guards fixed upon him, he would compose himself again to sleep, apparently content.

Morning came at length. The pure air entered the window, laden with the fragrance of green leaves and flowers. The sunlight streamed through the room, gilding the wall and then the floor; even playing about the limbs of the bad man who lay there sleeping. It reached his face, and gently touched his eyelids. He awoke, but the morning brought no message of gladness to his soul. Yet it was very welcome, for in its pure, soft light these visions which tormented him in darkness could have no being.

He broke up, at my oath, I hate John Hubbard, and I'm going to have more blood on my soul for his sake; but then he'll make me rich. They tried to frighten me last night, and I let 'em, like a fool. 'Pshaw, they don't know me. How can they? I never saw this country before. I suppose they'll give me something to eat. I say, darkies, do you mean to starve me? If you don't, just show me what I can get some breakfast, or bring some here."

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of Cato and Julius, his superstitious as well as bodily fear had reduced him to a state bordering upon apathy. Essentially a coward, he yielded at once to the dangers accumulating upon his head, and despaired of safety. Unable to think of thought sleep fled from him, but, at length, thought produced weariness, and weariness conquered thought, so that he sank into a dull lethargic slumber.

At intervals he would awaken for a few moments, and look tremblingly around him, when, catching the eye of one of his sable guards fixed upon him, he would compose himself again to sleep, apparently content.

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## The Poet's Corner.

## THE FAIR THIEF.

BY THE EARL OF EORNSMOUTH, TO HIS WIFE.

Before the archer could go,  
She stole the witness of the snow;  
And more than whiteness to adorn,  
She stole the blushes of the morn—  
Stole all the sweets that other sheels  
On primrose beds and violet beds.  
Still to reveal her ardent wishes,  
She stole the grasses' silken smiles;  
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,  
And pilfered o'er her lips and teeth.  
The cherry, ripe in morning dew,  
Gave moisture to her lips and hue,  
These were her infant spoils, a store  
To which in time she added more.  
At twelve she stole from Cypris' queen  
Her air, and love-inspiring gleam—  
Stole from the dawn, and stole it  
From Pallas' sense to charm the soul.  
Apollo's wit was next her prey;  
The next, the beam that lights the day;  
She sung—amazed the syrens heard;  
And to assert her claims appeared;  
She played—the muses from the hill  
Wondered who thus had stolen their skill.  
Great Gave approved her charms and art,  
And 'till the day she stole my heart.  
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,  
Exert thy influence on the fair;  
To bring her stolen charms,  
And let her prison be my arms.

## NELLIE.

Nellie was bright and happy  
Happily as the birds,  
Gentle as the morning dew,  
Gentle as the morning dew;  
Life was all bright around her,  
Friends were all fond and true;  
Hope on her path was shining  
Bright as the morning dew;  
Yet in our home she faded,  
Faded and pined away;  
Pined till the angels took her  
Up to the realms of day.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE GOVERNORS.

A "Diastir Abroad," sending his jottings to Dwight's Journal of Music, notes very prettily the following incident which occurred aboard ship, on his passage across the Atlantic:

There was a tall slender woman, of some thirty-five, with a certain ladylike air, and also a certain precision in manner and speech, both in English and German, which, as in Peter's case, "bewitched" her. You saw the governor at once—at least you thought so. And so it proved. She was one of that class which always excites my sympathy. Necessary appendages in certain families, they hold a position some where between the kitchen and parlor, with small salary and few joys, positions, such as they are, to that very culture, and those mental endowments which make those positions hardly endurable. After many years of service, in which she has crossed the Atlantic again and again, she now was making her sixth passage, taking her small savings with her, in the hope of rest with her old mother, in the little Rhine city of her birth.

During the passage she told me some queer histories. At one time she had the charge of a little orphan girl, in poor health—hers to a million! But somehow—nobody knows how such things are brought about—the lady had fastened the chancery clutches upon the property, and there were times when this little millionaire and her governess actually suffered for the want of suitable food!

Our fraulein governess brought on board at New York one little pet, a beautiful canary bird, who, the first few mornings, awoke us by his melodies. When about a week out, our unlucky steward let the cage fall. The bystanders sprang to it, raised it—the bird lay in the bottom, dead! Good-bye, little pet of six years. She knew nothing of it. The cage was taken below, and hung up in its usual place. No one said anything, but left fraulein to find it out for herself the next morning. Some time later I saw her, with a sad face, go behind the wheel-house alone. The cage disappeared. She spoke not of her loss, but some time afterward I accidentally saw, nicely folded in clean, white letter paper, a little bunch of yellow feathers. The tears which the poor governess had shed had fallen over the stem of the vessel, and no one was the wiser. This little incident seemed to me to betray long years of loneliness, during which both her joys and her sorrows she had learned to bury in her own bosom.

The Mississippi Legislature have passed a law, granting divorces to all parties who have lived separate three years. A "ride of emigration" may be expected to set towards Mississippi. Indiana is about going out of the business.

Demonax, being asked by a wag, "How many pounds of smoke might be obtained from a hundred weight of wood," calmly replied, "Weigh the ashes, and what is wanted is smoke."

BARBERO. — Six colored barbers, of Indianapolis, were fined seven dollars and costs each, a few days since, for shaving the head of one of their companions against his will.

Porter's Spirit has an account of a dreadful old fellow, who "would rather tell a lie on six months' credit, than tell the truth for cash!"

The woman who never interfered with her husband's affairs arrived in town the other day. She is an old maid.

Never trust a person who solicits your confidence, for in nine cases out of ten you will be betrayed.

## B. W. CONANT,

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of

**DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.**

at the store formerly occupied by Mr. Charles C. Smith, Nos. 5 & 6 WADSWORTH BLOCK, where also may be found a full assortment of articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store. He pledges to the public, and Physicians in particular, that every article sold by him in Pharmacy shall be of the quality.

Special attention paid to putting up Physicians' prescriptions. Compounding and delivery of Family Medicines at all hours of the day and night, and at as low a price as can be afforded.

He has the privilege of referring to

S. W. FOWLE, Druggist, of Boston.  
JOHN F. CARNEY, " " " "  
S. A. W. A. BROWER, " " " "  
JOHN S. CARNEY, " " " "  
HENRY WHITE, " " " "  
Roxbury.

Also to Drs. Henry Bartlett, Charles E. Winslow, Ben. E. Cutting, Horatio G. Morse, John S. Flint, Henry A. Martin, Timothy R. Sate, and A. C. Cummings, City Physicians.

Woburn, May 1st, 1858.

READY-MADE CLOTHING  
FURNISHING GOODS!!  
For Fall Trade!

J. W. HAMMOND

Would respectfully call your attention to his Store

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

which he is

RECEIVING WEEKLY

From some of the best clothing establishments in Boston, selected with care, and

WILL BE SOLD!

At Prices Less than the same quality has

been sold for the past year!

A fine assortment of

HATS &amp; CAPS!

which must suit the most fastidious.

UMBRELLAS IN GREAT VARIETY!

of various qualities, together with a general assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods!

Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn, Sept. 11th—2m.

MORE LIGHT!

KEROSENE LAMPS.

A GREAT VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL PAT-

TERNS may be found at the People's Store, at low prices. Also, the best quality of OIL, Stoves, Extra Chimneys and Burners.

J. S. ELLIS.

People's Store, Oct. 2.

COUGHS &amp; COLDS!

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And the public are reminded that nothing has proved so effective in removing all kinds of Coughs and COLDS, as

LAXMOS CANDY. To this thousands of

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JOHN J. PIPPY.

Woburn, July 5, 1858.

THOMAS'

OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC!

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LUMBER!

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## To Root &amp; Shoe Manufacturers.

WE wish to call your attention to the following GOODS, which we are prepared to sell on the most favorable terms:

Black and Colored Bookbinding, finished especially for Bookbinders, and for Congress Tops, Warps, Black and Drab Bookbindings, for Shoe Shops, lastings, &c. Italian do. Silk and Cotton

Warp, do.

Shoe Buckles, Congress and Linen Canvas, Shoe Ribbons, Rosettes and Sandal Wax, Eyeballs, Corals, Shoe Lacets and Strings, all sizes and lots. Shoe Buttons of all descriptions.

Also to Dr. Henry Bartlett, Charles E. Winslow, Ben. E. Cutting, Horatio G. Morse, John S. Flint, Henry A. Martin, Timothy R. Sate, and A. C. Cummings, City Physicians.

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## PERIODICAL AGENCY

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Harper's Magazine, New York Ledger, Blackwood's " " Herald, Ballou's " " Weekly, Peterson's " " Tribune, Arthur's " " Clipper, Godey's Lady's Book, Police Gazette, Boston Daily Herald, Daily & Weekly Traveller, Frank Leslie's Magazine, and Gazette of Fashion, Weekly Post, Boston Medical Journal, Cosmopolitan, Art Journal, Household Words, American Monthly, Banner of Light, Spiritual Telegraph, Hall's Four of Health, Gleason's Weekly, of Battle Ship, Harper's Weekly, Ballou's Pictorial, N. Y. Advertiser, Flag of our Union, American Union, True Flag, Yankee Privateer, Yankee Branch, Waverley Magazine, and

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